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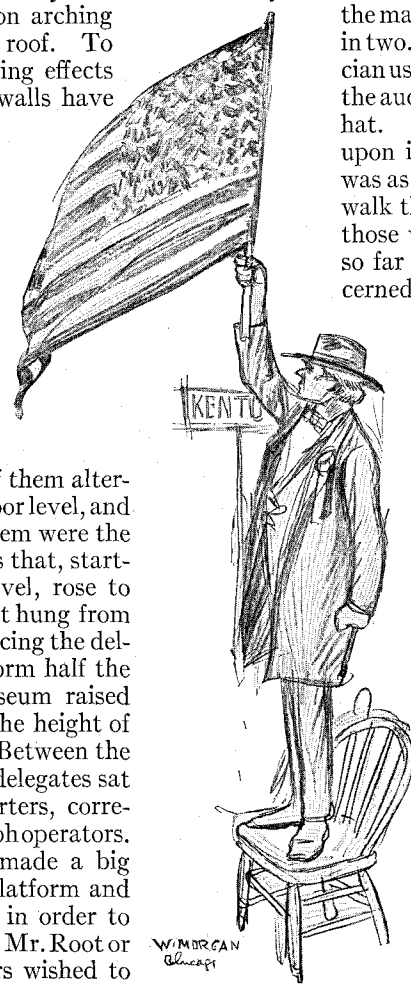
THE TWO CONVENTIONS AT CHICAGO

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

THE Coliseum in which the Republican convention was held is of the trolley-car-barn style of architecture. Its walls support on arching girders an arching roof. To obtain better lighting effects the roof and the walls have been painted a good canary yellow. During the days of the convention all you could see of the inside of the building was the yellow roof and the iron girders. The rest of the Coliseum was concealed by people. Delegates, and back of them alternates, sat on the floor level, and on three sides of them were the spectators, on seats that, starting on the floor level, rose to meet a balcony that hung from all four walls. Facing the delegates was a platform half the width of the Coliseum raised from the floor to the height of a man standing. Between the platform and the delegates sat hundreds of reporters, correspondents, telegraph operators. These press seats made a big gap between the platform and the delegates, and in order to bridge it, whenever Mr. Root or one of the speakers wished to address the delegates, or a clerk called the roll, he walked out along a gang-plank that jutted from the platform like a wharf from the main-land and cut the press seats in two. It was like the one the magician uses when he comes down among the audience and lifts rabbits out of a hat. It made the man who stood upon it pitilessly conspicuous. It was as though he had been forced to walk the plank. Indeed, several of those who ventured forth upon it, so far as their political life was concerned, *did* walk the plank. While, on the other hand, as one man stood there the lightning struck him, and the next morning he found himself famous.



Seated as they were, two-thirds of those present faced the other third, knee to knee, and eyes looking into eyes. It was a compact, confidential, "heart-to-heart-talk" kind of an arrangement. In twenty years of reporting I have never seen as big a gathering seated better. The man in the farthest gallery, up under the band-stand, that clung to the roof like a bird's-nest to a cliff, may not agree. But that he should hear or see was not the object of the convention. What was important was that the

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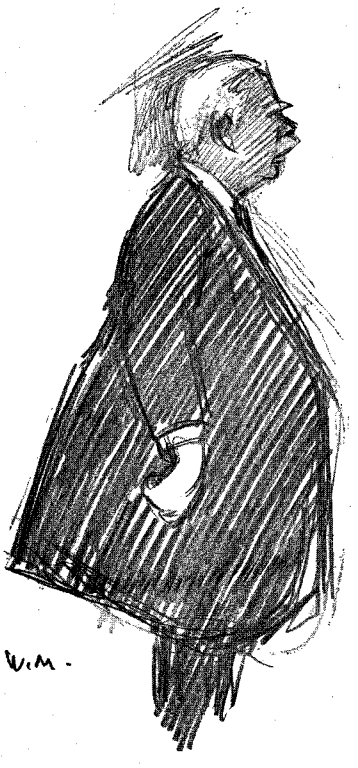
Calling the roll.

chairman, the gentleman who had the floor, and the reading clerk should hear and be heard by one thousand delegates, and that whatever of wit or wisdom, of insult or repartee passed between them should on the instant be heard by the reporters, who in their turn should be able to pass it on outside the building to eighty million waiting people. That this was possible was due to the excellent acoustic properties of the Coliseum, and to the efforts of Frederick W. Upham and the other gentlemen of the convention committee of Chicago.

When in the daily, or rather hourly, accounts of the convention you read of eleven thousand people on their feet yelling for twenty minutes, it was difficult to believe that in such chaos any progress was possible or that it could lead to any sane result. As a matter of fact, owing to experience with former conventions, and to a system based on that experience, the work of the convention struck at least one looker-on as being conducted with remarkable order, speed, and fairness. This does not refer to the work of the "steam-roller," but to the carrying on of the order of business. In the first place, neither the presiding officer nor the delegates were concerned with the ten thousand men and women who were present as their guests. In their minds those at times semi-maniacs were eliminated. The delegates were concerned only with a tall man swinging a wooden mallet, and he with a thousand men gathered compactly together at his feet in a space little larger than the orchestra floor of a theatre.



Sereno E. Payne.

The delegates sat in a block of kitchen chairs entirely surrounded by narrow aisles. In these aisles were messengers and stenographers. It was their business to see that no delegate who rose to his feet to speak was unreported. There were stenographers on the platform, stenographers on the gang-plank, stenographers below the gang-plank; but these stenographers in the aisles were the allies of the lone delegate. They saw that no crumb that fell from his table was lost. No matter in what frenzy he had spoken, no matter whether he had

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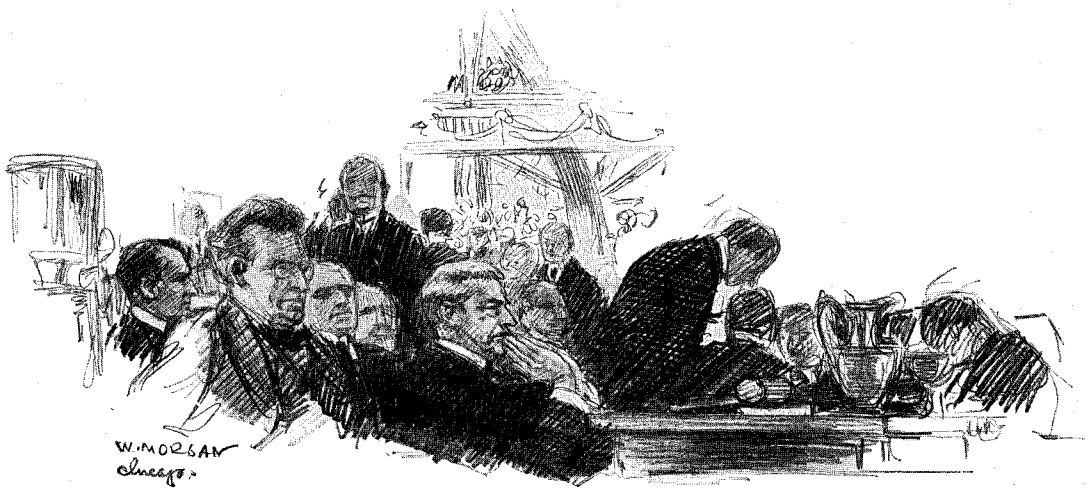
committed libel, perjury, or was guilty only of "violent and profane language," the messenger and stenographer were at his throat. With a demand for his name, the messenger thrust into his hands a card and a pencil, and the stenographer commanded that he repeat his remarks. Half the time the delegate did not want to repeat his remarks, but he felt that had he wished to do so his protest, motion, or merry jest would have gone on record and in time have reached the chairman. The chairman in his turn, in order to reach the delegates, was assisted by a staff of lieutenants with strong lungs and megaphones, expert accountants to keep score, sharps in parliamentary usage to give him advice, clerks to read resolutions, and sergeants-at-arms to keep order. These formed the machinery of the convention; the brains that directed the machinery also were on the platform, the Roosevelt leaders on one side, the Taft leaders on the other. Like admirals in the conning-tower, by means of telephones and messengers, they issued orders or received them, described the battle to the White House or to the Congress Hotel, commanded fresh guns into action or spiked those of the enemy. In spite of the shouting and the tumult, the "stampedes," demonstrations, fist fights, catcalls, challenges, and insults, this machinery of the convention worked like a clock, and, like a juggernaut, the "steam-roller" ploughed its way. For the machinery one felt nothing but admiration. What puzzled and surprised one was that those in control did not seem to know how to make the best use of it. The working parts were all there. What you missed was the stage-manager, the coaches on the side lines. No college base-ball team, no second-class theatrical company would have gone on the field, or raised the curtain, with a lack of preparation as shocking, with a team so ill-selected, with a cast so incompetent, without one man in authority to substitute a fresh pitcher for the one who had been knocked out of the box. It was not as though the convention had come to the Roosevelt and Taft managers as a complete surprise. It had been in the air for some time. It was not a carefully guarded secret. One would have thought the importance of what was at stake at that meeting might have occurred to them. In order to defeat Harvard at foot-ball, young men at New Haven go into training for six months. For six months each man who is to play his particular part is tested, tried out, coached, and cruelly driven. Veteran foot-ball players neglect their business, and from all over the country assemble to sit in judgment upon him, to coach him in what he has to do, and, if they find he cannot do



Elihu Root, chairman.

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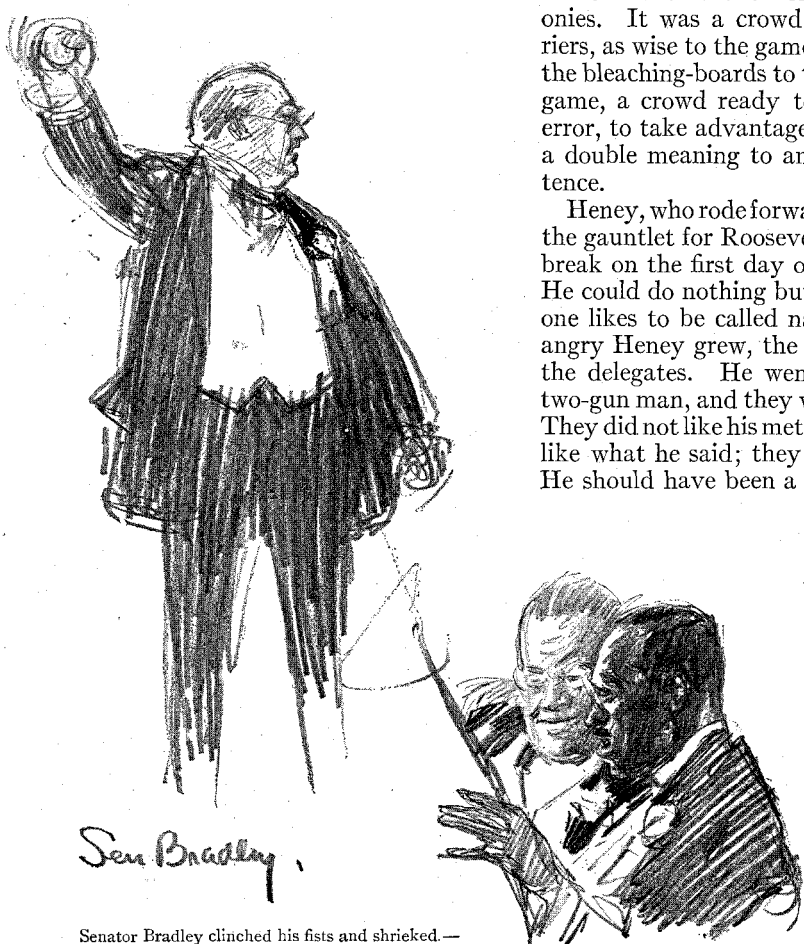
it, to throw him out and train some one who can. They leave nothing to chance. They do not act on the hope that "it will all come right on the night." They put into the field the best team they can get together, and each player knows just what he is to do and the coaches know he can do it. They go to all that trouble and preparation to win a foot-ball championship. If they lose, in a year they can try again. But if a convention nominates the wrong man, and on election day the party loses, it cannot try again for four lean, hungry years. For four years it is out of office, out of patronage, out of pocket. Knowing this, the party managers, or the managers of this or that candidate, would go into the convention, you would think, with picked men, with men they had rehearsed, drilled, trained, men who would speak only the lines assigned them, men who would not fumble the ball. Instead, most of the men placed upon the gang-plank by both the Roosevelt and Taft managers, to represent them and fight, were pathetic. They were so incompetent that the audience howled at them, not because it was opposed to them in politics, but because they were incompetent. In most instances they succeeded only in assisting greatly the other side. Apparently, no one had asked them what they planned to say and had suggested that they had better not say it. No one, when they had made themselves ridiculous, stood ready to signal them off the field; no one had authority to throw into the breach a fresh and better player.

They faced an audience of one thousand and seventy-eight men from every one of the States of the Union and of her colonies. It was a crowd as smart as terriers, as wise to the game of politics as are the bleaching-boards to the other national game, a crowd ready to jump upon an error, to take advantage of a slip, to give a double meaning to any unstudied sentence.

Heney, who rode forward to throw down the gauntlet for Roosevelt, made the first break on the first day of the convention. He could do nothing but call names. No one likes to be called names. The more angry Heney grew, the more angry grew the delegates. He went at them like a two-gun man, and they would not have it. They did not like his method; they did not like what he said; they did not like him. He should have been a "head-liner," but his turn was a failure. Any stage-manager would have called him to the wings. Instead, Heney, his own stage-manager, insisted upon remaining until Root had silenced the tumult that Heney's own tactlessness had aroused.



Senator Bradley clinched his fists and shrieked.—
Page 263.

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As a result, Root got credit for the assist, and Heney struck out. Some friend should have warned him that no man likes to be called a thief. This is especially so when he is a thief. Fort, the ex-governor of New Jersey, made a failure almost as brilliant. He was put forward to champion Roosevelt and to attack the tainted delegates. Apparently he had not prepared what he had to say. What he *tried* to say was, "We must be firm at first, because later it will be too late." He said, "We must be firm *at first*"—and stopped. It sounded as though he was admitting that later the Roosevelt crowd would surrender. A stage-manager would have told him in reading his line not to emphasize the "at first." Seated directly below him, Wadsworth, the leader of the New York delegation, lent further emphasis to the "at first" by kicking his legs in the air and shrieking in derisive, mocking laughter. The other delegates took it up. Amidst the tumult Fort was heard crying, "I don't mean what *you* mean," but his usefulness was at an end.

Among his own people he is an orator.

It was the same with the speakers thrown into the fight by the Taft managers. They were dyed-in-the-wool, hide-bound "party" men, old in years, old in traditions. They did not know there was a new step on the floor, a new face at the door. No one had told them how you spell "progressive."

Sereno E. Payne, like a Rip Van Winkle of the past, talked of Frémont. He did not know that since the days of the great Pathfinder a change had come to the map of this country, that disruption threatened his party. He could not read the writing on the wall. Below him in black and white were signs staring him in the face. They read, "Alaska," "Porto Rico," "Hawaii," "Philippines." He did not see them. Helpless against the jeers and laughter, against the howls of "How about the Payne tariff bill?" he wandered aimlessly up and down the gangplank, scolding and mumbling to himself, a maudlin, pathetic spectacle. Finally, still mumbling, he wandered away, a stenographer, grinning cynically, clinging to his elbow. Senator Bradley, of Kentucky, another old man, whose white hairs gained him no respect, was drowned out with cries of "Lorimer! *You* voted for Lorimer!" One wondered why, in the city of Chicago of all places, the managers put forward one at whom it was so easy to hurl a brick. The old man raged, stamped, lost temper, breath, and dignity. Outside of the building eighty million people waited, while inside Senator Bradley clinched his fists and shrieked, speechless with rage.

A negro followed him. Among his own people he is an orator. He began just the way an orator should begin.

"The negro of this country," he proclaimed, "looks to the Republican party for——"

"Post-offices!" yelled the delegates. Then he tried to say "populist!" and pronounced it "pop-populist," and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more. A young man from Virginia felt he had to tell us about his "native State." A Virginian may reverence his mother, his

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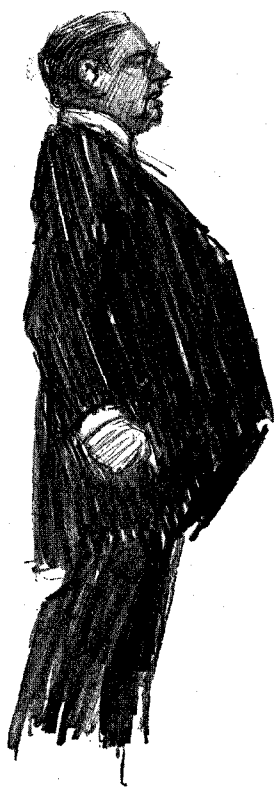
wife, his God, but what chiefly troubles him is his love for his native State. Some one should have warned this young man that he was sent down the gangplank to explain a contested election, and that the circumstance that he himself had been born in Virginia was an historical fact in which neither the delegates nor the waiting eighty millions were especially interested. But no manager told him that, and of himself no Virginian would believe that there live men with souls so dead that they'd take no more pride in having been born within any special geographical area than they do in possessing a special telephone number. So he told us about his love for his native State, and he was so unhappy over it, and spoke in tones so reverential, that a delegate imitated his mournful accents with a long-drawn "Amen!" And the young Virginian was laughed back into the arms of his native State. Another Southern gentleman suffered from the same obsession. Instead of at once getting to Hecuba, and telling the delegates what they wanted to know, he began, "The men—of Kenntuck-ee, loave—Keen-tuck-*ee!*"

At which a delegate shouted, "Then go *back* to Ken-tuck-*ee!*"

After a speaker had once made a slip, had once been ridiculed, no matter how unfairly, the delegates would have none of him. He was as helplessly at their mercy as a man in a pillory. Knowing this, one sat and wondered why the managers put forward the untrained, weak, and incompetent brother.



Governor Johnson, of California.
"Present—but *not* voting!"—Page 270.

In the language of vaudeville, why, when you have at your command "head-liners" and "top-notchers," give your audience "chasers" and "movies."

Not that there were no head-liners.

Job Hedges was one. Cynical, clever, adroit, he tricked the delegates, and they loved him for it. They laughed, but with him, not at him. And he knew just when to stop. He stopped when he had done Mr. Root just as much good as he possibly could and Mr. Roosevelt as much harm as Sam Weller did to Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, and then, like the clever actor that he is, "left them laughing when he said 'good-by.'"

For the managers the choice of cham-

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pions should not have been difficult, for when a man had something to say, and said it with self-control, the delegates heard him eagerly. They did not mind vehemence; indeed, when the indignation was honest, even though it was directed against their own faction, they applauded impartially. It was loss of temper, pomposity, incompetence they could not tolerate. On the second day, Governor Johnson, of California, and Heney, each of whom on the first day had lost his temper and his audience, "came back." They were just as earnest as on the day previous, but they were not abusive; each had himself well in hand. Each spoke "man's talk," not like a peevish fish-wife, and in consequence each of them scored tremendously.

The success of Governor Hadley was one entirely of personality.

The success of Hadley was one entirely of personality. Dramatic critics throw personality at popular actors as though it was something of which they should be ashamed. That should not be so. Personality in a man is what charm is in a

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"We want Teddy."

woman, something that cannot be explained, imitated, or acquired. A week after Hadley, in Chicago, walked down the gangplank and found himself famous, in New York the middle-weight champion of England walked into the prize-ring in Madison Square Garden, and suddenly eight thousand good American citizens stood up and cheered him. Why? Because they wanted him to defeat the American "white hope"? Certainly not! Because he was the champion of all England? Hardly! They liked his personality. He had not struck a blow; he only had walked once around the ring, smiling, bowing, holding his head high, and in that short circuit Bombardier Wells had made eight thousand friends. It was so with Governor Hadley. He had nothing to say that some one else could not have said as well. Nor was it the way he said it. It was his appearance, which is distinguished, his confidence, the way he bore himself, the respect he showed to his opponents, the respect he felt for his cause and for himself—and personality. That night, up and down Michigan Avenue, in the hotel corridors, in committee-rooms, bar-rooms, Gold rooms, Florentine rooms, the gossip, the surmise, the speculation was all of Hadley, and in the half-million of words sent out over the country by the correspondents the name of Hadley led all the rest. The next morning no one could remember what he had said that had so deeply impressed him, no one could recall any particular act of strategy, statecraft, or generalship that had excited his admiration; but for some reason, or many, overnight the name of Hadley had become famous and familiar.

It is said that that same night he was offered three different crowns which he did thrice refuse. That may or may not be true. In any event, it is politics and has no place in a story of a big meeting in a big hall. But this is certain, when the next morning he appeared upon the platform his presence started the only genuine demonstration of the convention. But convention audiences are fickle. Hadley did not long enjoy the demonstration, for within five minutes it switched to Roosevelt; half an hour later it again switched, this time to a good-looking young woman in a blue hat. Who shall say that republics are ungrateful?

It broke loose at ten minutes past three. For four hours every delegate had been sitting on a kitchen chair that each minute grew harder, smaller, and nearer to those on either side of it. For four hours he had been without food, drink, or a cigar. And he was bored, irritated, insurgent. Veter-

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ans of many conventions say it is impossible to explain the psychology of a demonstration. What floated this one, possibly, was that the Roosevelt delegates were pleased when Root permitted Hadley, who already had addressed them, again to speak. They looked upon his having the last word as an advantage. And when he came down the gangplank they cheered and applauded mightily. At this point the enthusiasm was heart-felt and genuine, but no more violent than it had been on other occasions. People had time to say it was clever of Root to let Hadley speak again as nothing he could say could now alter the final vote, and the concession gave an impression of fairness, even of magnanimity. They had time to say that when the cheering reached a higher note, it took on a new and strange significance. As one man, each reporter reached for his watch. Hadley, who had raised his hand for silence, felt the change, and lowering his arm stepped back quickly. Just as quickly, but too late, Root saw the danger and shot forward. The cheers now were yells, and halted him. A moment sooner with a few raps of his gavel he could have stopped it. Now thunder-claps could not have stopped it. From a greeting to Hadley it had swung into a demonstration for the man for whom "the fighting governor" was fighting. Hadley sat down. Root sat down. Leaning back and crossing his legs as comfortably as though he were in his own library, he began reading a typewritten document of many pages. As chairman he had effaced himself. The convention was in the hands of a mob. The demonstration fed on itself. The delirium of one man affected the one next him. They became like dancing dervishes, like those at a negro camp-meeting who have found religion. Twenty Texans rose in a solid mass and flung their arms into the air like men at calisthenic exer-

W. J. Bryan in the press seats, a sandwich in one hand.—Page 271.

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James Watson.

cises. In unison they yelled, "*We want Teddy! We want Teddy!*" They kept this up for half an hour. Their arms rose and fell with the regularity of a gang of Italians driving a hand-car. The California delegation, led by Heney, the Ruef-breaker, and Governor Johnson, stamped down the aisles cheering for Roosevelt and waving on high the banner and golden grizzly bear of their State. Parts of the delegations from the other States and Territories followed. The black and white signs that had been used to mark the location of the different delegations were plucked from the floor and brandished as standards. Eleven thousand people got on their feet, waving handkerchiefs, flags, newspapers, and cheering, or jeering at those who cheered. If on one part of the floor the noise and tumult sank, on another it burst out with the roar of a blast-furnace. Unexpected shrieks issued from unexpected sources. Old gentlemen, elderly ladies, staid business men stood on chairs and at the same time tried to attract the attention of eleven thousand people. Massachusetts began to give a yell in rhythm, other delegations or tiny derelict blocks of delegates in half-dozens followed suit. Their war-cries explained that "We are so-and-so!" the faithful six or the loyal two, and they wanted "Teddy!" It had lasted half an hour when a young woman in a blue dress and blue hat leaned out like Barbara Freitchie from the balcony and waved a bill-poster on which was printed a likeness of Roosevelt. She was a very excited, very good-looking young woman. She might have been a twin-sister to Miss Blanche Ring. She was extremely graceful. In pantomime she made a speech, waving her arms in the air, pointing at the portrait, shaking her fist at the Taft men and throwing kisses to the Roosevelt delegates. Instantly the entire attention of every one in the Coliseum was centred upon her. The audience liked her. It liked her so well that the tempest rose again, the "roof-tops seemed to sway," men and women went entirely crazy. Delegates

The gentleman from Texas.

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who had sunk into the kitchen chairs breathless, panting, unable even to whisper, at sight of the girl in the blue hat returned to life. Unable to express themselves like ordinary human beings, they crowd in the aisle, with policemen plucking at her skirts, with the body-guard holding her on her feet, the lady in dumb show made a speech. At least we could see her lips moving, her eyes flashing, her

Mr. Root subduing "Bill" Flinn.

gave imitations of Indians, coyotes, cowpunchers, noon-day whistles, motor-car sirens. Nothing could silence them. They were as raucous, as persistent as an alarm-clock at six in the morning. The gallant Californians rushed to the balcony and escorted the lady in the blue hat to the floor. In spite of sergeant-at-arms, policemen, and shrieking delegates, in a flying wedge they swept her down the aisles, jammed with howling men, to the platform and lifted and dragged her to the reporters' tables. Three of her body-guard were jostled off the tables and disappeared beneath them. But no one sympathized with them. The lady and her guard of honor were kicking and tramping upon the instruments of the telegraph operators, and the telegraph experts were fighting mad and trying to hurl them into space, but no one sympathized with them either. Lifted high above the clinched fists trembling on high. It was a very interesting moment. Outside the Coliseum those same eighty million people still patiently waited for those they had sent there to nominate a presidential candidate. Inside, delegates waiting to do that very thing were gathered from Alaska's icy mountains, from Arizona's burning plains, from the land of the sheltering palm ruled by the Sultan of Sulu, from the rock-ribbed State ruled by the Boston and Maine Railroad. But something forbade it. Something frustrated the wishes of the sovereign people of these United States and their legally, more or less, appointed delegates. It was the wife of a real-estate agent of Chicago in a blue frock and a blue hat. And did any one object? Certainly not! *Had* any man been so base he would have been launched into Wabash Avenue and the arms of the ambulance surgeon. What did it prove?

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Did it prove we are a gallant nation or that we are a very good-natured nation? One thing is certain, had the lady attempted the same performance in London she would by now be wearing broad arrows in Halloway jail and forcibly feeding from a stomach-pump.

There is nothing more baffling than to know what is and what is not what Broadway calls "drama." One lone female holding up an entire convention sounds like drama. But it was not. There was no "thrill" to it. It was only comic and entertaining. The real thrill, when it came, was big, not on account of what actually happened, but on account of what lay behind it, on account of what it meant. The clerk was calling the votes for chairman, and in vehement, aggressive shouts the men were howling at him the name of either McGovern or Root. The clerk came to the delegates from California. He had called the name of Governor Johnson, of Truxton Beale, of Francis J. Heney, and, in stentorian, defiant shouts, each had thundered back the choice of the followers of Roosevelt. For an instant the clerk remained silent, and then loudly and distinctly called, "Mrs. Florence C. Porter!" And for the first time in the history of the United States a woman, in a firm, clear, sweet voice, cast her vote in a national convention. That was drama! That was where we got the first thrill. And while eleven thousand men and women howled and cheered her, the gray-haired, gentle-faced gentlewoman bowed her head and happily smiled.

The actors in the convention drama gave us one other thrill. That was not because any one actually did anything thrilling, but because he refused to do anything at all. It came when the first Roosevelt delegate, during the vote on the nomination of a candidate, in answer to his name, shouted, "Present, but *not* voting!" Then the audience and the delegates knew that a majority of the Roosevelt delegates would obey the wishes of their leader. It grew more thrilling when Root tried to rule that if a delegate "refused to perform his duty," the clerk should call upon his alternate. This brought Fosdick to his feet, and, with all the traditions of the commonwealth of Massachusetts back of him, he told Mr. Root no one could steal from him his vote or force him to vote for any one for whom he did not choose to vote. Mr. Root appeared more than pained. During the duel that followed, he looked like a man who, on finding a belligerent lion in his path, lacks the courage to attack and is afraid to run away.

There would have been more thrills had it not been for the "steam-roller." After you have shoved even a lawn-mower over the grass, you have noticed that there is very little of thrill left to the grass. That was the way the Roosevelt delegates were left after Mr. Root and the "steam-roller" had mowed them down. But they took it with true American humor. No one could say they were not good losers. On a motion, on an amendment, Mr. Root could call for the "ayes" and "noes," and the Taft delegates would bellow "ay" and the Roosevelt delegates, in much louder tones, to make up for the fact that they were in the minority, would drown out the "ayes" with frantic "noes." But, strange to re-

Among those present.

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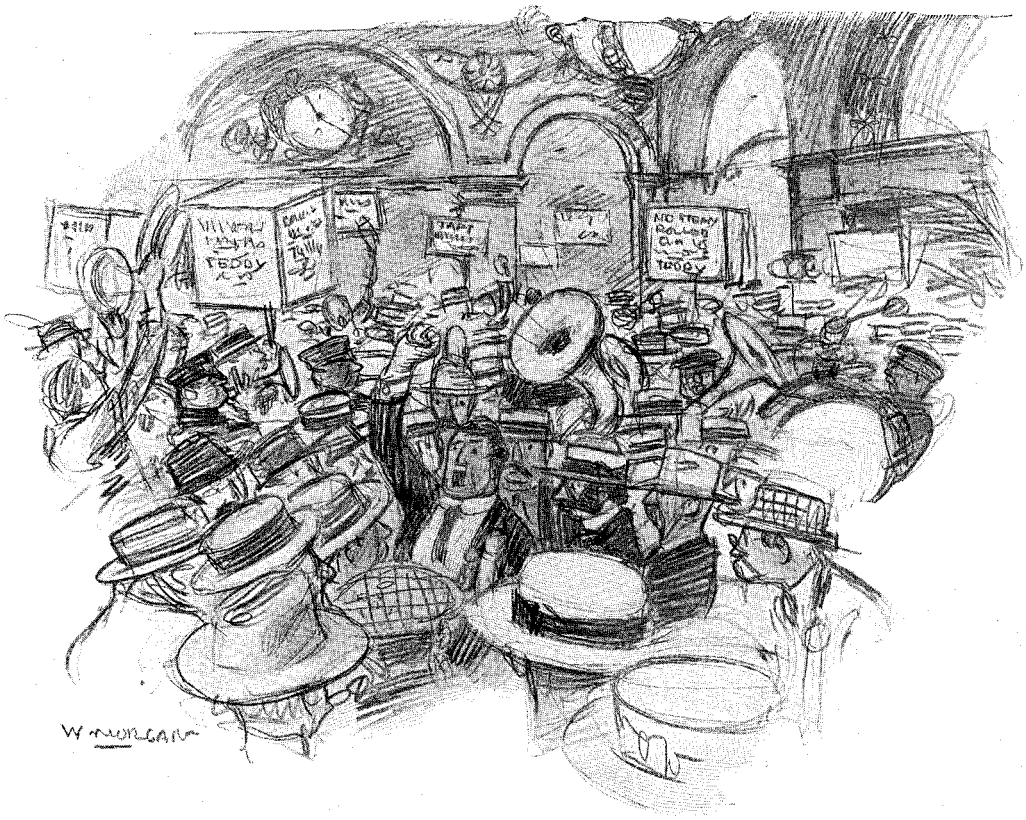

A quiet evening at the Congress Hotel.

late, the increased volume of sound did not deceive Mr. Root.

"The ayes have it," he would invariably decide. And then the Roosevelt faction would howl mockingly, and, as though to admit that the laugh was on them, blow "toot, toot" on police whistles, and in chorus, in measured cadences, give a very excellent imitation of the puffing and hissing of a gigantic steam-engine. After a half-hour of this, one of the Roosevelt delegates leaped excitedly to his feet on a point of information.

"What is the point of information?" asked Root benignly.

"Don't you think, sir," inquired the delegate innocently, "that your 'steam-roller' is exceeding the speed limit?"

Another delegate called cheerily, "Draw your fires, Root! She'll go without steam now."

And Allen, of Kansas, promised if the Taft men would give him a hearing he would not "put any sand in your gasoline."

It was all perfectly good-natured, honest give-and-take, except when everybody was very ill-natured, and even then it was honest give-and-take, especially when Will Cooke, of Illinois, got a punch on the jaw and a Missouri delegate knocked down a policeman. What was fine about it was that it was perfectly American, perfectly democratic. William Jennings Bryan, sitting in the press box with a sandwich in one hand and with the other clasping the hand of an admiring delegate or policeman, was only one sign of it. All men present were free and equal. It was no House of Commons. No faction was classed as "labor" delegates, no other as "sons of somebodies." The only distinction was that some men were bossed and a few men were the bosses, and that distinction held as good with one faction as with the other. If one side yelled "Flinn," the other retaliated by hurling at them "Penrose" or "Big Steve." But except that one man wore the collar of

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The birth of the new party.

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one boss and the other man the collar of another boss, they were all perfectly free and equal. Personally, had I twice been an ambassador or were I a college president, it would chafe my neck to wear the collar of Barnes of Albany. But possibly neither the ambassador nor the college president sees the collar he wears. Only other people see it. There is another president of another college who refused to wear the collar of a boss. At Chicago the one college president was permitted to make a speech nominating Taft for the presidency, at Baltimore the other college president was nominated for the presidency of the United States. Maybe wearing collars is going out of fashion.

But whether bossed or unbossed, the convention was a fine family party. It had gathered like an "old-home-week" crowd from every part of this country, and each delegate learned much that was new about men of other States and left behind him in Chicago a lot of things it was good to unlearn. He found that no matter from which particular State a delegate came he was much like the man from home, that Massachusetts was not more intelligent than Wisconsin, New York more wicked than California. Each tried his wits against those of other men, and, whether he won or lost, he returned to his home broader and wiser. And to have been one of the one thousand and seventy-eight who came from every part of the Union to nominate a possible chief magistrate will enable each, when he gets back home, to help educate the folks concerning this big, unwieldy country of ours; and whether at the convention the lightning struck him, or only a sergeant-at-arms, for that brief and tumultuous experience he is the better citizen.

This article is concerned only with the Coliseum, or it would be pleasant to try and tell of the life during the week of the convention outside of that building—of the excellence of the hotel arrangements, of the hospitality of the city and her citizens, of the great and beautiful lake front. Than Chicago, no city is so well adapted for the purposes of a convention. She gave the visitors a little stretch of Michigan Avenue from the Blackstone to the Chicago Club, lined with theatres and hotels, and left them to themselves to parade and serenade, to plot and to fight. And when they were overheated with combat, with marching and countermarching, with the drinking of toasts to rival candidates, just across the avenue she calmed them with grass-covered acres, gorgeous sunsets, cooling breezes from the lake, and a theatrical moon that looked down and said, with the sage of Concord, "So warm, my little friend?"

The second of the two conventions began at midnight and lasted but a very few minutes. It was held in a hurry in Orchestra Hall, a beautiful building adapted to symphony concerts, charmingly decorated, discreetly lit. In appearance it differed as widely from the Coliseum as does Madison Square Garden from Maxine Elliott's Theatre. There were other differences, but there were no differences among those present. Every man and woman in the hall had but one idea, one party, one candidate. It was as easy as taking money out of a blind man's hat. Had Roosevelt asked them for the theatrical moon hanging over the lake, they would have yelled "Yes, and after that?"

In that convention that gave birth to the new party, there was nothing in the enthusiasm rehearsed, arranged, or forced. The only force used was outside by the police to prevent those who wanted to be present at the accouchement from trampling each other to death.

To those of us who had rushed from the Coliseum straight to Orchestra Hall, the effect was like stepping from a board meeting of railroad directors, from a post-mortem in a coroner's office on a corpse, into a Zuni snake-dance.

At this late day you do not need to be told of that eventful midnight meeting. You have read of it. On another page you can see it in a picture drawn by Mr. Wallace Morgan. It is a correct picture, as I know, because he drew it against my knee-cap as I was balancing on the backs of two velvet orchestra chairs. As Mr. Morgan himself shouted up to me, "In comparison with that other convention, *this* one is more—more clubby!"

Not only is Mr. Morgan a great artist, but he is a great describer. It was all of that!

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AN ALASKAN CATHEDRAL

By John Warren Harper

Its walls are bound by the ages round,
Its font is an ice-rimm'd sea,
Its nave is the gorge where the ice packs forge,
Its dome is eternity!

The white drifts swirl round its shafts of pearl,
Far up 'long the shining pass,
The sunset's glow o'er its crests of snow
Is its windows of stainèd glass.

Oh! man of sin, wouldst thou enter in,
Wouldst thou kneel at its glittering shrine?
Where the ice-bound trail is the chancel rail
Far above the last, lone pine?

Where the twilight falls on its opal walls,
And the lights of the night are hung,
Where its altar gleams in the starlight beams
And its censer, the moon, is swung?

Where the silence speaks and the snow-clad peaks,
With their glow of splendid stars,
Are the candlesticks, and its crucifix
Is the North light's shimmering bars?

Oh! man of sin, wouldst thou enter in,
Canst thou up to that altar climb?
Where the snows are driven wouldst thou be shriven
Where the moonlit crystals chime?

Oh! its crags are bold and the stars are cold,
Hast thy spirit then no qualms?
When hunger and want like the gray wolf gaunt
At its door shall ask of thee alms?

Far down in its crypt by the ice pack gript,
Are forms that are silent and cold,
And stiff in its bands are the vandal hands
That would rob its coffers of gold.

Oh! man, beware of those altars fair,
Of that "holy of holies" untrod,
Where the ice crags ring and the planets swing,
And the only priest is God.

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LETTERS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

II

WITH this second instalment of the selection from Meredith's Letters appear the first that are given from the long and deeply interesting series to his friend John Morley, now Viscount Morley of Blackburn. The friendship, as will be seen, was already of long standing; it continued uninterrupted till Meredith's death. Lord Morley edited the *Fortnightly Review* from 1867 to 1883, the period of these first letters, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* from 1880 to 1883.

[To John Morley.]

MICKLEHAM, *Jan.* 2, 1870.

MY DEAR MORLEY: Very glad to hear from you—I called on Morison. He told me of your passage to Glasgow and lecture on Count d'Orsay, a capital subject for a philosopher. I shall read it in the "Fortnightly."—Some fear struck me that you would not find things well at Lytham.

I should have written to ask leave to review Tennyson's Arthurian Cycles; but I could not summon heart even to get the opening for speaking my mind on it.—I can hardly say I think he deserves well of us; he is a real singer, and he sings this mild fluency to this great length. Malory's Morte Arthur is preferable. Fancy one affecting the great poet and giving himself up (in our days!—he must have lost the key of them) to such dandiacal fluting.—Yet there was stuff here for a poet of genius to animate the figures and make them reflect us, and on us. I read the successive mannered lines with pain—yards of linen—drapery for the delight of ladies who would be in the fashion. —The praises of the book shut me away from my fellows. To be sure, there's the magnificent "Lucretius."

Fred Maxse has been corresponding with Ruskin.—Anon, anon. I am not at liberty to write of the latter's monstrous assumption of wisdom.

Ah! the Hindhead and a Southwester on it in March or April!—Yes! and then to Florence.

Let me hear when you are in London. I shall not be up till about the 11th or 12th. We will dine at the Garrick, an you please. Good luck speed the "Pall Mall."—I rejoice to hear that your head is teeming. Did I tell you that Fred and I went to sit under Bradlaugh one evening? The man is neither to be laughed nor sneered down, nor trampled. He will be a powerful speaker. I did my best to make Greenwood understand that. It was really pleasant to hear those things spoken which the parsonry provoke. Here, at a party where our Willie entertained company of his own age, the hostess feared to see the children standing in a ring because (she said—and she is by way of being independent) the little —— (parson's children—he begets annually—the children die decennially—and he is "chastened" but sees no natural curse—!) the little—— might think it was meant for dancing!

[To John Morley.]

BOX HILL, *July* 25, 1870.

MY DEAREST M.: . . . I am glad you like the verses. The next batch you will find plunge deeper. Mind, I swore them as to you, and you (though you blinked at the time, as much as to tell me I was intimidating you) consented to take them. —I am in poor mood for writing: an attack of stomach keeps me singular in ideas, and, like the contemplative dervish, with a fixed eye on the centre of my being, whence does not issue song at present.

The war of '70 is direct issue of '66. Just as we abused the Prussians then we howl at the French now, but the tremendous armaments on both sides were meant for this duel, and it mattered very little what was the pretext for the outbreak. Surely it's a case of Arcades Ambo. The

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French felt themselves perpetually menaced by distended Prussia, irritated by her tone, even alarmed by the rumor and dread of projects the existence of which her antecedents might seem to warrant. At any rate it was a fight to come on; and here we have it; and if we are energetic and wise it may be the last of the great fights of Europe. The two foremost States in war and intellect may well be committed to cut the bloody tangle. I feel deeply for the Germans; I quite understand the ardor of the French. I think their cause, from their point of view, thoroughly good, and not likely to succeed. Armies can't do it: they can't check the tide of a great nation. As to the Emperor, he appears to have thought the season for a trial of the new breech-loader field-pieces and Mitrailleuse had come, just as Bismarck could not afford to delay in trying his needle-gun on the Austrians. The Emperor had note of warning that his routed Prussians were also busy perfecting mysterious instruments. Poor devilry! All devilry is poor in the contemplation. But it is still the chief engine of history. You and I are forced into our channels by it. Friend, in the woods, you and I may challenge the world to match us in happiness. Out of them I feel myself pulled back a century or so.—And into a splash of shuddering matter.

By the way, you must remember that the Emperor did not make the grief against Prussia. It came to his hand. It was deep in the French heart. I turn to the "Book of Orm" and find a refrain—

> "Grow, Seed, blossom, Brain,
> Deepen, deepen, into pain."

Title of piece "The Devil's Mystics." There!

Again—

> "God feared the thing He fashioned
> And fled into a cloud!"

Public of Britain! Here he is—your poet!

> "Since that day, with cloudy face,
> Of His own handiwork afraid,
> God from His Heavenly hiding-place
> Peered at the thing He made."

Aha! If He made Bismarck and Napoleon according to the view of the Stock Exchange, the British Spinster, Clericus and Press (siding for once with their betters), then no wonder!—I would not mind our language if it came from an unselfish people: but a people notoriously craving peace for comfort's sake, and commerce's —they do but scold, they provoke contempt.—I regret bitterly that I am not out on a post of observation. I may still go for a month.—Your loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Arthur G. Meredith.]

BOX HILL, DORKING,
ENGLAND, *Oct.* 25, 1870.

MY DEAR ARTHUR: . . . I am not very rich at present, but I don't want you to be without pocket-money and minor comforts. —See that you have warm clothing for the winter—all that is really needful I gladly pay for. I leave it to your good sense to take measures to avoid chills, and to take daily reasonable exercise, and not to walk to excess. Your gastric attack last year will serve for a warning. Don't ever sit in clothes you have sweated in: the trouble of going upstairs and "grooming" yourself saves trouble, and worse, in the end. Fellows who contract illnesses are usually guilty (I don't say always) of indolence—carelessness is only one form of indolence. —You will note that I lay stress on the physical condition. I do so for the reason that it is the index to the moral condition in young men. It is ten to one that a healthy lad is of good general worth. If not physically healthy he will not be of much value. The day comes when we are put to the test, and it is for this day we should prepare with cheerful heart. Don't imagine me to be lecturing you. I have favorable reports of you, and I merely repeat simple words of advice that it will be well for you to keep in mind.—Tell Professor Zeller, with my compliments, that if there is a fund for the wounded soldiers in Stuttgart, I shall be glad if he will put my name down for the subscription of £1, which he can charge to the next account. I cannot afford more just now. The French peasantry around Sedan claim everything of us that we can give. They are barely held up in life by the bread we are able to furnish; and a third of France will be demanding succor in the winter.

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Horrible to think of!—But do not let compassion or personal sympathy make your judgment swerve. This war is chargeable upon France, and the Emperor is the Knave of the pack. Two generations of Frenchmen have been reared on the traditions of Napoleonism, and these meant the infliction of wrongs and outrages on other nations for the glory and increase of their own. They elected a Napoleon for chief because of his name, and in spite of his known character. It is said, the French peasantry did not want war; that their ignorance offended in electing this man; but who can deny that it was the Napoleonic prestige which gave him his first step to the throne by overwhelming votes? This man was the expression of their ignorance, or folly, or vanity; he appealed to the Napoleonism in them, and had a prompt response. A more ignoble spectacle than the recriminations of Emperor and people upon one another as to the origin of the war, after defeat, history does not show. The Germans, on the contrary, reap the reward of a persistently honorable career in civic virtue. Consider what the meaning of civic virtue may be. It comprises a multitude of other virtues. As to German boasting, why the English also are great boasters. See the best in those about you. I say this, and I admire and respect the Germans, and God knows my heart bleeds for the French. But my aim, and I trust it will be yours, is never to take counsel of my sensations, but of my intelligence. I let the former have free play, but deny them the right to bring me to a decision. You are younger, have a harder task in doing that; you have indeed a task in discerning the difference between what your senses suggest and what your mind. However, try not to be let into some degree of injustice to your host, the German people, out of pity for France.—We had a capital time at Eastbourne, good bathing, Willie paddling up to his knees in salt water half the day. Now we have the autumnal gales and Box Hill looking on the last colors of the year. I saw your Grandpapa Meredith on my way to Captain Maxse's; he had been unwell, but was better; he asked after you and so did Mrs. M. They were anxious as to your situation in the territory of war. Captain Maxse is out and out French; Mr. Morison intensely German; Mr. Morley and I do our utmost to preserve an even balance. There is talk of an armistice, but Paris must fall before the French will seriously treat for peace. Count Bismarck gives audience to-day to that deleterious little Frenchman Thiers, who has been poisoning his countrymen for half a century, and now runs from Court to Court, from minister to minister, to get help to undo his own direct work. Count Bismarck will be amused, for he has a keen appreciation of comedy. Philosophers would laugh aloud at the exhibition of the author of the "Consulate and the Empire" in the camp at Versailles. Modern France has been nourished on this lying book.—Here in Mickleham we are naturally anxious about the Nonancourt* people. The latest telegrams say that the Germans are moving on Dreux—no great distance from the colony. You can fancy how sad the Old House looks now the good old man has gone.†—God bless you, my dear boy. If you have anything to narrate of the war, the wounded, the prisoners, etc., it might be useful to me. Train your eyes to observe, and while they are at that work keep the action of your mind in abeyance. Young eyes can observe shrewdly, but the opinions of young men are not quite so important.—I am your loving father,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To —— ——.]

BOX HILL, *March* 23, 1871.

MY DEAR ——: I will answer as plainly as you have written. I cannot but be shocked and grieved to think of the effect my manner of speaking has had in clashing with your "opinions, ideas, and likings." But that this should prompt you to tell me that it makes my society seem baneful to you; and that only with me do you suffer the consciousness that you fail to get new strength, and that your complaint of me is not captious because I am the only friend who has ever caused you to complain—these are accusations which point in one direction, that is, to the end of our intimacy. You consent to say that upon the

*At Nonancourt, in Normandy, on the Avre, Mrs. Meredith's three brothers lived and owned wool-spinning mills—close neighbors of the Waddington family, owning cotton mills on the same river.

†The death of Mr. Justin Vulliamy, his wife's father.

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larger matters we are one. I have thought so, and have considered the minor differences too small to dwell on, the possible expression of them by one or the other of us too mean a subject for the preciousness of friendship in our short life to brood on. For I am sensitive, and I likewise have thought myself here and there roughly used by you. But I pardoned the offending minute when the hour had struck, and never thought of identifying the offence with my friend. I chose to blame myself, as the safer way of closing a slight wound. It seems that I have been roughening you for six months. When I last came over to you I was bright with the happiness of being with you, and I remember I denounced (as I supposed I might do to a friend) a poem that struck me as worthless. I spoke like a man coming off a country-road fasting. It may be too often my manner. I might well think my friend would not let it live with him, and that he knew my mind better than to allow a sense of variance to spring from such differences in open talk. Possibly a nature that I am proud to know never ceases in its growth, is passing now through some delicate stage which finds me importunate; or you feel that you have outstripped me, and are tempted to rank me with the vulgar. I can bring a thousand excuses for a letter that I have read often to assure myself it is among the things which are, but arrive only at the conclusion I have named. We will see one another as little as we can for two or three years, and by and by may come together again naturally. And if not, you will know I am glad of the old time, am always proud of you, always heart in heart with you on all the great issues of our life, and in all that concerns your health and fortunes. I suffer too much to-day to desire that any explanation should restore us to our past footing. Almost I am tempted to hope that I am quite valueless to you, for as I am not a man to send such a letter as you have just written to me, without deeply weighing every word in it and probable signification of its burden to the reader, or without weighing my feelings well against my friend's, so I am not the man to receive one without determining to abandon a position that has exposed me to be wounded. What you have permitted yourself to write and I to quote from you, cuts friendship to the ground. That I should be the only one of your friends ever to have done you harm, is not a nice distinction to reflect on. But I think I have said enough. I have answered you plainly and fully, and as to a sane man master of the meaning of his words and meaning exactly what they commonly convey.—I am ever yours faithfully and warmly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Arthur G. Meredith.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, SURREY, ENGLAND, *April* 25, 1872.

MY DEAR ARTHUR: . . . What you say of our religion is what thoughtful men feel: and that you at the same time can recognize its moral value, is matter of rejoicing to me. The Christian teaching is sound and good: the ecclesiastical dogma is an instance of the poverty of humanity's mind hitherto, and has often in its hideous fangs and claws shown whence we draw our descent.—Don't think that the obscenities mentioned in the Bible do harm to children. The Bible is outspoken upon facts, and rightly. It is because the world is pruriently and stupidly shamefaced that it cannot come in contact with the Bible without convulsions. I agree with the Frommen that the book should be read out, for Society is a wanton hypocrite, and I would accommodate her in nothing: though for the principle of Society I hold that men should be ready to lay down their lives. Belief in the religion has done and does this good to the young; it floats them through the perilous sensual period when the animal appetites most need control and transmutation. If you have not the belief, set yourself to love virtue by understanding that it is your best guide both as to what is due to others and what is for your positive personal good. If your mind honestly rejects it, you must call on your mind to supply its place from your own resources. Otherwise you will have only half done your work, and that is always mischievous. Pray attend to my words on this subject. You know how Socrates loved Truth. Virtue and Truth are one. Look for the truth in everything and follow it, and you will then be living justly before God. Let nothing flout your

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sense of a Supreme Being, and be certain that your understanding wavers whenever you chance to doubt that he leads to good. We grow to good as surely as the plant grows to the light. The school has only to look through history for a scientific assurance of it. And do not lose the habit of praying to the unseen Divinity. Prayer for worldly goods is worse than fruitless, but prayer for strength of soul is that passion of the soul which catches the gift it seeks.—Your loving father,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Frederick Greenwood, to whom the next letter is addressed, was an author and journalist; originator and publisher of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. When Yates Thompson purchased this and turned it into a Liberal organ, Greenwood and other members of the staff formed the *St. James's Gazette*. It was Frederick Greenwood who first suggested to Disraeli that purchase of the Suez Canal shares which made England master of that gate to the East. He subsequently edited the *Antijacobin*.

[To Frederick Greenwood.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *March* 12, 1874.

MY DEAR GREENWOOD: I should like to review "Spain and the Spaniards" of Azamar Batuk; and also "Yu-pe-la's Lute" by Mrs. Webster, if I see stuff in it. Will you leave them out for me? I want work. My poor "Beauchamp" is not thought good for the market by George Smith, who is (as he always is) very kind about it.—Your faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To John Morley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 22, 1874.

MY DEAR MORLEY: I thank you very much for stepping over the obstruction for our mutual convenience in the matter of "Beauchamp." Greenwood and Maxse told me that the work pleased you. I need scarcely assure you that I look upon your appreciation of my labor as a good reward of it. I write for you and men like you. Consequently when the greater paymaster failed me, I hoped the work might be accepted where it would be more suitably accommodated, feeling quite certain that you would allow nothing to stand in the way of your estimation of it on its merits. Your reluctance to undertake the burden of so lengthy a production, I cannot but think reasonable, and I gladly meet your kind proposal that I should cut it short as much as I can, without endangering the arteries. I will get the MS. from George Smith immediately, and do my utmost upon it. It strikes me that the parts to lop will be the letters, a portion of the Visit to Normandy, the heavier of the electioneering passages, introductory paragraphs to chapters, and dialogues passim that may be considered not vital to the central idea. That, which may be stated to be the personal abnegation coming, in spite of errors here and there (and as it were in spite of the man himself), of a noble devotion to politics from the roots up, I think I can retain uninjured—possibly improved by the exclusion of a host of my own reflections. At any rate they can be reprinted subsequently. Chapman will buy the book for the 3 vol. issue. It rests with me that this should be brought about. I will take the liberty to let you know to what amount, and when, the task of excision has been performed.

My little ones, I am glad to say, are well, and so is my wife, whom I join in sending her compliments and regards to Mrs. Morley.

Let me add that I await the continuation of the essay on Compromise with some impatience.—I am your obliged and faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To John Morley.]

BOX HILL, *July* 1, 1875.

MY DEAR MORLEY: . . . I have looked I forgot to tell you, at Tennyson's "Queen Mary," and I had great pleasure of my reading. I saw no trace of power, but the stateliness, the fine tone, the high tone, of some passages, hit me hard. Curiously too, in him, the prose is crisp, salient, excellent. The Songs, if we had not Shakespeare's to show what are not literary forcings to catch a theme to point a comparison, would do. As it is, "Milking the cow" smells of milking the brain. Mary's "Low-low" is an instance of public consciousness — before Victoria's people. —

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But the work seems to me to be good, and how glad I am to have it of him!—Your faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Mr. John Dennis tells how, sitting in the Garrick Club in the early hours of the morning, Meredith told him he had composed an address to Carlyle on his eightieth birthday. This he wrote down and gave to Mr. Dennis.

TO CARLYLE.

GARRICK CLUB.

This eightieth year of thine sits crowned in light
To lift our England from her fleshly mire:
Two generations view thee as a fire
Whence they have drawn what burns in them most bright:
For thou hast bared the roots of life with sight
Piercing; in language stronger than the lyre:
And thou hast shown the way must man aspire
Is through the old sweat and anguish Adamite,
As at the first. Unsweet might seem his fate.
Sole with a spade between the stars of earth!—
Giving much labor for his little mirth,
And soldier-service till he fail to strike:
But such thine was, and thine to contemplate
Shall quicken young ambition for the like.

GEORGE M.

[To R. L. Stevenson.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 16, 1879.

MY DEAR STEVENSON: I have had but the song of a frog for a correspondent since your letter reached me, and my note is Batrachian still. A hint of suppressed Influenza seems to have been the cause; my customary specific of hard exercise, with which I generally sweat out all attacks, has this time failed. I do nothing but read, and that flimsily.—We have all been grieved to hear of your illness. Mariette says, "Il a mangé trop de pickles!" I fear it may be from overwork. Take my advice, defer ambition, and let all go easy with you until you count forty:—then lash out from full stores. You are sure to keep imagination fresh, and will lose nothing by not goading it.

My "Egoist" has been out of my hands for a couple of months, but Kegan Paul does not wish to publish it before October. I don't think you will like it: I doubt if those who care for my work will take to it at all. And for this reason, after doing my best with it, I am in no hurry to see it appear. It is a Comedy, with only half of me in it, unlikely therefore to take either the public or my friends. This is true truth, but I warned you that I am cursed with a croak.—I am about one quarter through "The Amazing Marriage," which I promise you, you shall like better.

Paul cannot yet let me have a copy of the "Donkey in the Cevennes," of which I am very hopeful.

We fully expect you and look for you to come to us in May. Please bring good weather. Let me hear that you progress and can put one leg forward. Then we can calculate that the other will follow, and we will count the days till we have you. Our plans are, to fill the cottage with friends during May, June, and part of July; after which we go to Dauphiné for some weeks, home about the end of September. . . . My wife condoles with you, greets you, and will be glad to welcome you, of this from me be well assured. I beg you to present my compliments to your father and mother.—Yours very cordially,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To R. L. Stevenson.]

GOLDRILL HOUSE, PATTERDALE, WESTMORELAND, *July* 28, 1879.

MY DEAR STEVENSON: I am here with the Editor of the "Fortnightly," battling with rain and mists, and stiff from a recent stiffish path up and down crags of a sufficient slope for brooks and kids. Now and then we have a spot of sun. He would smile, but he must cry, and he has got a tragic handkerchief, and with horrid iteration of stage action he resumes it when we are expecting him to give us a countenance. There is a nymph whose death he caused by giving too much.—I am not so far from you, my host says. It is his intention to write to you shortly apropos of work in his imperial contemplation. I have ventured to assure him that there will be no man better for it. He and I have been wonderfully pleased with the Cevennes excursion and the Donkey. I prize Modestine above the cause. The night in the Pine Forest is memorable. I should have written of it in the fresh burst of my satisfaction, but knew not where to aim to hit you.—The

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diplomatic Kegan has dealt me a stroke. Without a word to me, he sold the right of issue of the "Egoist" to the "Glasgow Herald," and allowed them to be guilty of a perversion of my title. I wrote to him in my incredulous astonishment. He replied to me, excusing himself with cool incompetency. He will have to learn (he is but young at it) that these things may be done once—not more.

I fancy I shall leave Morley for Box [Hill] on Tuesday, hardly later, except perchance on the tempting of a fine day. Give my compliments with addition of warmth to them to your Mother and Father. Henley wrote for my Essay on Comedy. I have directed my wife to post it to him.

Adieu. Keep strong work in view, for you are of the few who can accomplish it. Let me hear of you when the mood is on you, and encourage the mood to come.—Your friendliest

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To R. L. Stevenson.]

BOX HILL, DORKING,
ENGLAND, *June* 16, 1880.

MY DEAR STEVENSON: We have all had great rejoicing over news coming direct from you, "drawn from the Springs." Mariette, Will, my wife and I congratulate you on your temerity. We all want to know when it is that we are to see you. Bear that in mind, and let us hear of you when you turn your face east to the Island again. We had rumors of you: first from Walter Pollock, who came down to Leatherhead to lecture on Dumas the Elder: then from Leslie Stephen, on his visit to us at the head of six of the famous corps of the Sunday Tramps: but these rumors were vague, though they blew note of a Wife and had thunder in them. Let me tell you that our household roars at the absence of any communication from her lord concerning the lady. Has he married Enigma—to tell of whom is [to] split the head? Is she American?—Californian?—Scottish washed in Pacific brine?

The Sunday Tramps visiting us were L. S. for leader or Pied Piper, Morison, Fredk. Pollock, Croom Robertson, Edgeworth and another. Will and I shouldered a sack of cold sausages, 'Polinaris and Hock, and met them at old Dorking Station. Thence away to Leith Hill, where, in splendid sunlight, we consumed the soul of the sack, talked spiritedly (you may have been mentioned among the brilliant subjects), rolled and smoked. Then down the piny clefts of the hill by Friday Street into the sloping meadows each side the Tillingbourne leaping through Evelyn's Wooton, along under Ranmore to our cottage and dinner. To this day the walk has a bubbling memory: L. S. in a recent number of the "Pall Mall" has described it in the philosophic manner.—By the way, you have heard that Morley has the "Pall Mall"? Greenwood is off to the "St James's Gazette," after a snap with George Smith, who has a son-in-law that is Gladstonite. Hence Gladstone's victory at the elections precipitated the fall of Greenwood, the foe of Gladstone. But the fall of very mighty heroes is to rise. Greenwood towers in his new paper: the poor "Pall Mall" drags on melancholily, as it were with bowels out, for Greenwood marched the whole of the "Pall Mall" staff away to his drumming, and Morley has to be abroad recruiting.

Last year I was down with Morley at Ullswater. We talked of you and he wrote to you in your hills near Edina, but had no answer. He wanted to engage you to do some work for the "Fortnightly"—had it in his mind to propose Travels in the Vosges or Hartz, I think. Leaving Westmoreland I took my family to France, where it was discovered that Will had Whooping Cough; an illumination to me, for in the Spring I had been seized with an incomprehensible attack, Mariette as well, all the symptoms the same as Will's. I used to cough at night until the works threatened a strike, and I was frightfully overthrown by it. I was partly under the shadow of it when you last saw me. I left my family in Normandy and crossed Touraine and the centre of France to Clermont Ferrand, by rail through the Chaulat, a bit of your Cevennes country, to Nîmes, on to Marseilles and Bordighera, back to Dauphiné. After a couple of weeks in the Norman home we returned to our cot. Here I have been working ever since. The children are well. I have an idea of sending Will to

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Westminster School for the term after Christmas. I fancy I have more to say, but there's no space. We have heard on all sides great praise of your Cevennes tour. The article on Thoreau is good reading.

Let me hear from you again.

I am, with my heartiest salute to Mrs. Robert Louis, your faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Both dogs, Islai and Jacobi, in sound condition.

[To Arthur G. Meredith.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *June* 19, 1881.

MY DEAR ARTHUR: I have been struck to the heart by hearing ill news of your health from Lionel Robinson. He was here yesterday, and told me of your having had to consult a physician in London about spitting of blood. Let me know of your present condition immediately, and of how you feel affected, and what you think to be the cause of it. . . . Our cottage can now supply a bedroom, and this is at your disposal for as long as you please. When I was informed of your wishing to throw up your situation at Lille that you might embrace the profession of Literature, I was alarmed. My own mischance in that walk I thought a sufficient warning. But if you come to me I will work with you in my chalet (you will find it a very quiet and pretty study), and we will occupy your leisure to some good purpose. I am allowed the reputation of a tolerable guide in writing and style, and I can certainly help you to produce clear English. You shall share the chalet with me. Here you will be saving instead of wasting money, at all events. It will in no way be time lost. After all, with some ability, and a small independence just to keep away the wolf, and a not devouring ambition, Literature is the craft one may most honorably love. I do not say to you, try it. I should say the reverse to any one. But assuming you to be under the obligation to rest, you might place yourself in my hands here with advantage; and leading a quiet life in good air, you would soon, I trust, feel strength return and discern the bent of your powers. Anything is preferable to that perilous alternation of cold market and hot café at Lille. I had no idea of what you were undergoing, or I would have written to you before. . . . —Believe me, ever at heart, your affectionate father,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Arthur G. Meredith.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *June* 23, 1881.

. . . We have been long estranged, my dear boy, and I awake from it with a shock that wrings me. The elder should be the first to break through such divisions, for he knows best the tenure and the nature of life. But our last parting gave me the idea that you did not care for me; and further, I am so driven by work that I do not contend with misapprehension of me, or with disregard, but have the habit of taking it from all alike, as a cab-horse takes the whip. Part of me has become torpid. The quality of my work does not degenerate; I can say no more. Only in my branch of the profession of letters the better the work the worse the pay, and also it seems, the lower the esteem in which one is held for it. . . . Your loving father,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Admiral Maxse.]

BOX HILL, *March* 19, 1882.

MY DEAR FRED: The news of the Governor is not so good as I had hoped, but often the changes are surprising, and health seems given from the hand, after a painful dragging on for weeks. I suppose things to be well with Olive. Your pen-sketches of scenery and the picture forwarded to Mariette give me a breath of the Riviera. But here also we have had Midsummer in March. Day upon day a cloudless heaven, strong sun-heat, flowers profuse, leaves bursting—a return of the bell' età d'oro. At present I count five months of predominating S.W. wind. I have known winters as mild, but never followed by so soft a Spring.—(Interrupted by the call of a cleric, an amiable and a Liberal, who informed me in the course of the conversation that he had recently been entertaining a "pure agnostic." In reply I informed him that I should find it hard to hit on a friend of mine who was not a pure agnostic. He took it mildly.)—Morison was here on Saturday, did not sleep here,

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as he has to finish his Macaulay for the Series.* He spoke of you, strongly appreciating you. He gave me a bad bit of news of Frederic Harrison's brother—thrown from his horse in the park and now lying in St. George's Hospital, paralyzed all but two fingers: case apparently hopeless, and meanwhile his little girl has died of diphtheria.

Nothing advances in the House of Commons. I am of opinion that Gladstone, whatever the outlook for the party, should go to the country at once. I should, in that event, not be astonished at an increase of the Liberal majority. The feeling of disgust at the ignoble action of the Conservatives against Bradlaugh and in badgering Gladstone is as general as it can be with so torpid a people.—My wife, Mariette and I were in town with friends the first week in March. Saw Mrs. Langtry in a play not possible with any public but the English. They swallowed it with relish: "Ours." The realism is such that in a hut on the heights before Sebastopol you jam your shoulders against the door to keep out the snow-storm, and yet you receive 3 ladies fresh from England without a spot of mud, snow, or wet on their skirts, and you give them lodging and provision. She is the ideal Shepherdess of the chromolithographs. She has to faint, and she takes three gaunt strides to fall on the ready knees of the dame prepared to receive her. She has to make love, and does it with all her arms and breasts. Very handsome—not a shade of mystery or variableness: the heroine for bold dragoons. —Saw Irving as Romeo. The Love Play ceases to present a sorrowful story, and becomes a pageant with a quaint figure ranting about.

I must come to a close. The doctor interdicts writing. I just manage to do my morning's work. Any little in addition nearly finishes me; for the seat of the malady is the pen. When I returned from London after a holiday I was getting better, and now am once more shaky, though improved by comparison with what I was. Give my love to the Governor and Olive. Mariette is delighted with her picture. A word from Venice would be welcome.—Yours ever affectionately,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

*"*English Men of Letters.*"

Read "Numa Roumestan," if you can lay hand on it. I do not care for the other novels of Daudet, but this is a consummate piece of work.

[To M. André Raffalovich.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 23, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR: Your article on Th. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" was prompted, I think, rather by enthusiasm for the lady who stands close and in contrast with him than by an accurate knowledge of his works, nature and teaching. Our people over here have been equally unjust, with less excuse. You speak of vanity, as a charge against him. He has little, though he certainly does not err on the side of modesty:—he knew his powers. The harsh judgment he passed on the greater number of his contemporaries came from a very accurate perception of them, as they were perused by the intense light of the man's personal sincereness. He was one who stood constantly in the presence of those "Eternal verities" of which he speaks. For the shallow men of mere literary aptitude he had perforce contempt. The spirit of the prophet was in him.—Between him and his wife the case is quite simple. She was a woman of peculiar conversational sprightliness, and such a woman longs for society. To him, bearing that fire of sincereness, as I have said, society was unendurable. All coming near him, except those who could bear the trial, were scorched, and he was as much hurt as they by the action rousing the flames in him. Moreover, like all truthful souls, he was an artist in his work. The efforts after verification of matters of fact, and to present things distinctly in language, were incessant; they cost him his health, swallowed up his leisure. Such a man could hardly be an agreeable husband for a woman of the liveliest vivacity. But that is not a reason for your passing condemnation on him. Study well his writings. I knew them both. She did me the honor to read my books, and make him listen to extracts, and he was good enough to repeat that "the writer thereof was no fool"—high praise from him. They snapped at one another, and yet the basis of affection was mutually firm. She admired, he respected, and each knew the other to be

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honest. Only she needed for her mate one who was more a citizen of the world, and a woman of the placid disposition of Milton's Eve, framed by her master to be an honest laborer's cook and house-keeper, with a nervous system resembling a dumpling, would have been enough for him.—He was the greatest of the Britons of his time—and after the British fashion of not coming near perfection; Titanic, not Olympian: a heaver of rocks, not a shaper. But if he did no perfect work, he had lightning's power to strike out marvellous pictures and reach to the inmost of men with a phrase.

We have had Mr. Louis Stevenson in our Valley, staying with his wife and father and mother at the inn. He dined with me several evenings, and talked of you. We speculated on the impression produced by his costume de Bohème, which he seems to have adopted for good—an innocent eccentricity at any rate.

[To Mrs. George Meredith.]

Box Hill, *Feb.* 15, 1884.

Dearest Marie: Your Forsaken Husband, in looking at the topless tree of our garden, compares himself therewith, though he does not dare name it the Silver Fir, lest you should be set swearing aloud that never did he bear any resemblance to the currency. Your card was welcome. I shall look for a report of the "Flat." "Diana" rather in the Doldrums.

To-day a brisker air, but last night was breathless.—I rejoiced to think that it was favorable for London.

There is a card from Miss M——, saying nothing, but curious as a literal transcript of the gaping of joint eyes and mouth!

Give a cripple's love to Aunt Mary Anne. I am sure you will have remembered me to Mrs. Blackwell.

Enclosed is A. and N. ticket in case of your needing it. I trust with all my heart that you and the blessed Riette will have a right joyful holiday.—Yours with full affection, George M.

[To R. L. Stevenson.]

Box Hill, *March* 24, 1884.

My Dear Stevenson: Nothing so pleasant can come to me as your good word of any of my writings—if I except the news of your reviving strength: and on that head I want more. I heard in the papers of your recovery from an illness unknown to me. Are you now much better? All our household inquires very anxiously: my wife, Mariette and Will, and all send their love to you with warmth. Mine I trust you know of. In the winter I read "Treasure Island," the best of boys' books, and a book to make one a boy again, without critical reserve as to the quality of the composition. The Buccanneers are real bloody rascals, no sham of it.—I wish I could come to you. I have developed a spinal malady and can walk not much more than a mile. On the other hand I can work passably well, and am just finishing at a great pace a two-volume novel, to be called "Diana of the Crossways"—partly modelled upon Mrs. Norton. But this is between ourselves. I have had to endow her with brains and make them evidence to the discerning. I think she lives. She appears by instalments in the *Fortnightly Review*, commencing May or June. I hope to have done with her—have her out of me—in April. Then if I were well enough I think I would fly to the Riviera. I have no such sweet prospect. I am a cripple. All this winter we have had a Riviera temperature: and to me in need of bracing it has been a scourge.—On Sunday the tramps come to us, Leslie Stephen, Fred Pollock, and others not named yet. I should venture to give them hopeful news of you: but pray confirm it. I shall await a letter from you anxiously. Should you be too busy to write instantly—often the case with me—confide the task to Mrs. Louis, to whom I and we all send respectful and amicable greetings. Have you met Edmond Sartoris of Hyères? He is building a house there: a man with steadfast good stuff in him. Adieu, my dearest fellow, and know me always warmly your friend,

George Meredith.

[To Mrs. Leslie Stephen.]

Box Hill, *March* 24, 1884.

Dear Mrs. Leslie: Your wedded philosopher (if such thing there be, and pray pose him with the question) will tell you that facts do not always testify to facts,

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and least of all the concrete for witness of the moral. I am always wishing to come, I have often to decline your charitable invitation. I am now writing daily very hard, and though the work flows to its end in full view, my health at present is of a kind hardly to bear the strain. If I come to London I lose the next morning for work; I am besides but a tottering dummy at the festal board. It would have been a great pleasure to meet Mr. Lowell,* whom I love. But you will have him and be fully blest.

Meanwhile I hope to finish with the delivery of the terrible woman afflicting me (a positive heroine with brains, with real blood, and demanding utterance of the former, tender direction of the latter) by the end of April; and then I will venture to offer myself for an afternoon when I can see the whole family; say, an hour.—Request, I beg, the Captain of Tramps to inform me of his numbers and route on Sunday next: and bid him arrive by half-past five, that the thirsty troop may be refreshed by Russian tea, and not to have to drink tumblers of water at dinner, as I saw them doing on their last visit. I trust the children are well, and am your most faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Mrs. Leslie Stephen.]

BOX HILL, *May* 19, 1884.

DEAR MRS. LESLIE: I have by an old engagement to go to Mr. Morison on the 21st, and I doubt of my being released on the day following. If in town I will venture to present myself at your hour of meeting in the middle of the day, for I greatly wish to see, on the chance of hearing, the fair Fiddler.

"Diana of the Crossways" keeps me still on her sad last way to wedlock. I could have killed her merrily, with my compliments to the public; and that was my intention. But the marrying of her, sets me traversing feminine labyrinths, and you know that the why of it never can be accounted for. I shall be free certainly after the first week in June; and then I believe I visit Lady Lawrence at Prince's Gate, when I may hope to see you and your ambiguous lord and the children. —I am, most faithfully yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

* James Russell Lowell.

[To W. E. Henley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *June* 24, 1884.

DEAR MR. HENLEY: I will certainly come if I can. Any work of Louis Stevenson's or yours will be sure to interest me. The doubt is owing to the serious illness of my wife.* The crisis is over, but she is lying at a friend's house under the Doctor's hands in town, and I give her all my spare hours, now that I have no longer to be in constant attendance. "Deacon Brodie" has a sound of success in the title. I should like to help the launch and will try.—Believe me, most truly yours, GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Miss Marie Meredith.]

BOX HILL, *July* 7, 1884.

MY OWN DEARIE: I have a telegram from Lady Lawrence, inviting me to go to Prince's Gate, and stay as long as I like, to-morrow. So I go, but cannot stay more than two days. I shall take up your flowers to André—the best we can find, jolly Dandelions, horse Daisies, double Marigolds—things he can wear with pride in Piccadilly. Mama seems going on pretty well. Papa still suffers from the persecution of invitations to dinner, which is becoming intense; mixed with summonses to be a Vice-President of strange Societies. His three bags are in perpetual motion, and we know but the name of home. As for work, it is treated as the whiff of a cigar. No sooner do I take pen in hand than a telegram arrives, Bags are packed, Cole shoulders them, Ampleford nips ticket, and away I fly, after supposing myself settled yesterday. Will left this morning. God bless my dearie. I pray for constant good news of her. Love to the Aunts and cousins, from my dear Girl's Papa, GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Frederick Greenwood.]

BOX HILL, *June* 5, 1885.

MY DEAR GREENWOOD: I do not reply to reviews of my work, favorable or the

* In June, 1884, Mrs. Meredith underwent a severe operation in London.

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reverse. But the friendliness of your little note in the St. James of yesterday is out of the regions of criticism, and I may notice it to thank you. Innovators in any department have a tough struggle to get to the field through the hedge for a hearing. Mine has lasted about thirty-five years, and still I have only to appear for the bawlers to be in uproar. As I know the world I do not complain. I am sensible not the less of generous voices. We are at issue on politics. You are a man who can rise to pure ether while in the sweat of the fray, and often, though we rarely meet, I grasp your hand. Here I am in the very pits of tragic life. My wife is desperately ill. There is no hope. She has twice passed under the hands of the surgeons, bearing it stoically. All my philosophy is at strain. She has a trained and devoted nurse, now the mainstay of our little home. Happily I can write, and have that refuge—the sole one. Adieu, dear friend.—Your faithful,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To John Morley.]

BOX HILL, *June* 21, 1885.

MY DEAR MORLEY: I am glad thankfully that you wrote at once—for two reasons—one the blackest: that it came in time. She was pleased and comforted, signifying "Write to him." She has to-day evil symptoms. We know not how long the hunted bit of life will last. When I touched on your proposal to bring your wife, her cheek had a quiver at the offer, but she pointed to her mouth. Speechlessness oppresses her. The malady has now reduced her self-command, she cannot help excessive fretfulness. She bore the two operations with a noble fortitude.

Happily for me, I have learnt to live much in the spirit and see brightness on the other side of life, otherwise this running of my poor doe with the inextricable arrow in her flanks, would pull me down too. As it is, I sink at times. I need all my strength to stand the buffets of the harsh facts of existence. I wish it were I to be the traveller instead. I have long been ready for the start, can think prospectingly of the lying in earth. She has no thought but of this light—and would cry to it like a Greek victim under the knife.

For me to see you here would be a great rejoicing.—As I said, I live with you; absence cannot put a soiling finger on the love. That will last.—Do not forget the Admiral. He is as fond of you as I—reveres you; and you are at present more necessary to him. God with you.—Ever your loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To W. Morton Fullerton.]

BOX HILL, DORKING,
ENGLAND, *Nov.* 15, 1886.

DEAR SIR: I have to plead an absence from home in excuse for the delay in my reply to you. Let me assure you that I am sensible of the honor you do me in thinking about my work at all. As for me, I am, I trust, to the full as modest a person as I am bound to be. In origin I am what is called here a nobody, and my pretensions to that rank have always received due encouragement by which, added to a turn of my mind, I am inclined to Democracy, even in Letters, and tend to think of the claims of others when I find myself exalted. This is the advantage I have gained from sharp schooling. Good work is the main object. Mine I know to be faulty. I can only say generally that I have done my best to make it worthy. On the other hand, simple appreciation, without comparisons of me with contemporaries, is welcome to my heart. Some one—is it you?—accuses me of cynicism. Against that I do protest. None of my writings can be said to show a want of faith in humanity, or of sympathy with the weaker, or that I do not read the right meaning of strength. And it is not only women of the flesh, but also women in the soul whom I esteem, believe in, and would aid to development. There has been a confounding of the tone of irony (or satire in despair) with cynicism. I must have overcharged the dose, to have produced such an impression. But enough of myself; I do not willingly take to the theme. Americans appear to have received my work very generously. Since their most noble closing of the Civil War, I have looked to them as the hope of our civilization: and in reading Professor Jebb's account of Sophocles on the Harvard stage, I have seen that they have the

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spirit to excel in classics and belles lettres. Therefore I am justly flattered by their praise, if I win it; their censure, if they deal it to me, I meditate on.

Should you visit England, know that there is, about 23 miles S. W. of London, a small cottage warmly open to you. The country is beautiful; nowhere in England is richer foliage or wilder downs and fresher woodland. My daughter and her governess will entertain you below, I in the chalet, which is my study, on the borders of the wood above. There I work and sleep, living en hermite—though not cynically.—I am your most faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To George Stevenson, of Glasgow, a cousin of R. L. S.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 21, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. STEVENSON: . . . Will you say that my conscience is hollow as a drum when it requires a tap outside to give sound? I reserved the reply to your acceptable offer of your etchings until I had finished correcting proofs of a new volume and gathered matter par le monde to discourse on; for the hermit of the chalet sees little that can make him an amusing correspondent. Work from your hand will give us full pleasure, be sure. . . . Latterly I have been forced to discontinue prose, owing to evil digestion and nerves. Verse does not tax me so heavily. Even letters have to be postponed. I am, believe me, sensible to the kindness of your proposals of your tonic highlands. If I had time! I may yet do so before the yellow season is over.

We Liberals, Radicals, practical Christians, are going through a gloomy time. Politics, even when they have us in thorniest thickets, do not obscure me. I see under the edge of the cloudiest. But it is nevertheless distressing to observe one's countrymen bemuddled by their alarms and selfish temporary interests. On Tuesday night I was a guest of the Eighty Club, was introduced to Gladstone (who favored me with the pleased grimace of the amiable public man in the greeting of an unknown), and heard a speech from him enough to make a cock robin droop his head despondently. We want a young leader. This valiant, prodigiously gifted, in many respects admirable, old man is, I fear me, very much an actor. His oratory has the veteran rhetorician's artifices—to me painfully perceptible when I see him waiting for his effects, timing those to follow. Morley and Asquith are able lieutenants. The captain is nowhere. Were he present, and of a size to be distinguishable, the majority, to judge of them by their temper, would stone him.—At any rate you can say that Scotland leads to light. Haldane, the member for East Lothian, brings down Dillon on a second visit to me next Sunday week. You are an artist. I should like you to see and study Dillon's eyes. They are the most beautiful I have ever beheld in a head—clear, deep wells with honesty at bottom. It must be admitted that he had no theme save the political.

Present my homage to your wife and believe me, most faithfully yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To W. G. Collings.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 5, 1887.

DEAR SIR: Letters addressed to my Club are not so numerous as to cause my ordering that they shall be forwarded; and thus it is that yours will have come to my hands too late, I fear, for my reply to serve in your discussion. Still you shall have it, the subject being important.—I do not abjure wine, when it is old and of a good vintage. I take it rarely. I think that the notion of drinking any kind of alcohol as a stimulant for intellectual work can have entered the minds of those only who snatch at the former that they may conceive a fictitious execution of the latter. Stimulants may refresh, and may even temporarily comfort, the body after labor of brain; they do not help it—not even in the lighter kinds of labor. They unseat the judgment, pervert vision. Productions cast off by the aid of the use of them, are but flashy trashy stuff—or exhibitions of the prodigious in wildness or grotesque conceit, of the kind which Hoffmann's tales give, for example; he was one of the few at all eminent, who wrote after drinking. Schiller, in a minor degree—not to the advantage of his composition. None of the great French or English.—Yours very truly, GEORGE MEREDITH.

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[To G. P. Baker, now professor at Harvard.]

BOX HILL, DORKING,
ENGLAND, *July* 22, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR: When at the conclusion of your article on my works, you say that a certain change in public taste, should it come about, will be to some extent due to me, you hand me the flowering wreath I covet. For I think that all right use of life, and the one secret of life, is to pave ways for the firmer footing of those who succeed us; as to my works, I know them faulty, think them of worth only when they point and aid to that end. Close knowledge of our fellows, discernment of the laws of existence, these lead to great civilization. I have supposed that the novel, exposing and illustrating the natural history of man, may help us to such sustaining roadside gifts. But I have never started on a novel to pursue the theory it developed. The dominant idea in my mind took up the characters and the story midway.

You say that there are few scenes. Is it so throughout? My method has been to prepare my readers for a crucial exhibition of the personæ, and then to give the scene in the fullest of their blood and brain under stress of a fiery situation.

Concerning style, thought is tough, and dealing with thought produces toughness. Or when strong emotion is in tide against the active mind, there is perforce confusion. Have you found that scenes of simple emotion or plain narrative were hard to view? When their author revised for the new edition, his critical judgment approved these passages. Yet you are not to imagine that he holds his opinion combatively against his critics. The verdict is with the observer.

In the Comedies, and here and there where a concentrated presentment is in design, you will find a "pitch" considerably above our common human; and purposely, for only in such a manner could so much be shown. Those high notes and condensings are abandoned when the strong human call is heard—I beg you to understand merely that such was my intention.

Again, when you tell me that Harvard has the works, and that Young Harvard reads them, the news is of a kind to prompt me to fresh productiveness and higher. In England I am encouraged but by a few enthusiasts. I read in a critical review of some verses of mine the other day that I was "a harlequin and a performer of antics." I am accustomed to that kind of writing, as our hustings orator is to the dead cat and the brickbat flung in his face —at which he smiles politely; and I too; but after many years of it my mind looks elsewhere. Adieu to you.—Most faithfully yours, GEORGE MEREDITH.

(To be continued.)

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Cruising In August

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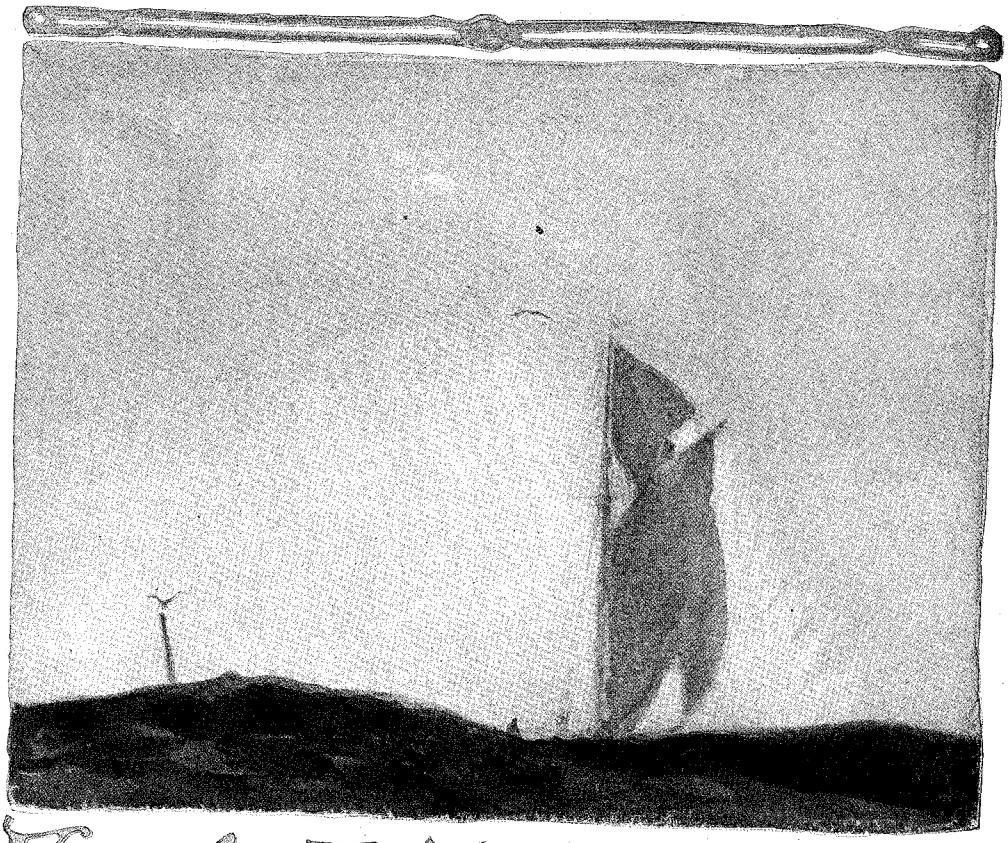
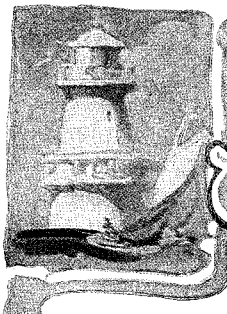


Verse by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

Pictures by W. J. Aylward



WHEN the north-west wind is blowing hard,
And blue and white is the sky,
And the sharp-cut waves are streaked and scarred
Where the darting squalls race by;
When the leeward shrouds are whelmed in green
And the leeward deck's afoam,
And a dancing wake all white is seen
Back toward the shores of home—
Oh, that is the day my heart would choose
For setting sail on an August cruise.

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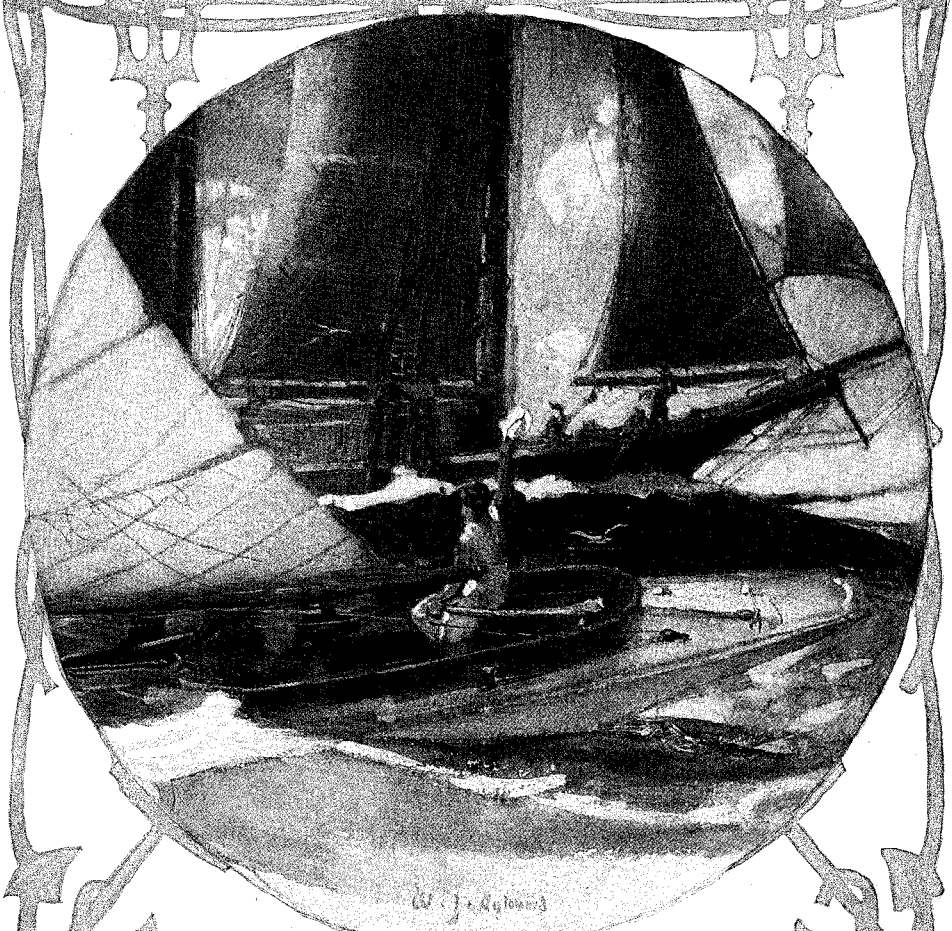
WHEN the salt south-wester comes in its strength
Till the ripples that marked its way
Grow and grow to the ground-swells' length,
And our faces drip with spray;
When the water is gleaming in burnished belts
Of purple and bronze and blue,
As the hazy veil above us melts
And the burning sun breaks through—
Oh, that is the day I would not lose
From the trea ure-days of an August cruise!



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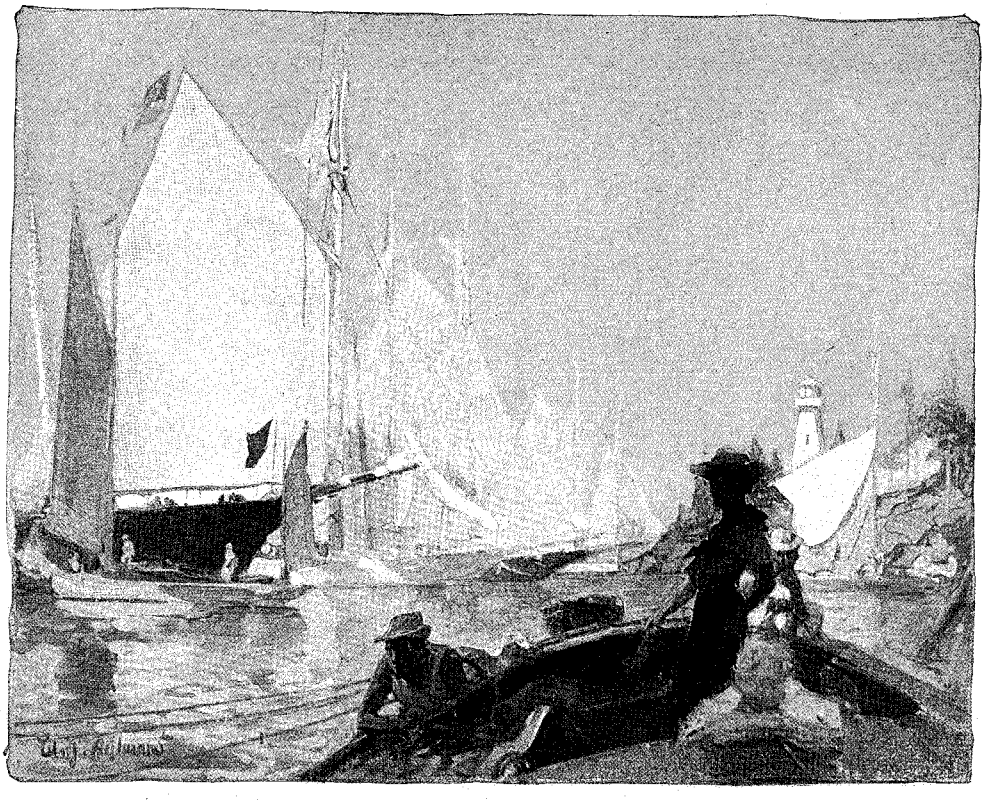

WHEN the sun smiles down on a morning swim
At an anchorage unvexed,
And nobody knows what the weather's whim
Will yield for a harbor next;
When into some port we creep at last,
As the breeze with the daylight ends,
And the stars shine over the fading mast,
And a long, still sleep descends—
Ah, such are the days that the blest ones use
Who quit all else for an August cruise!

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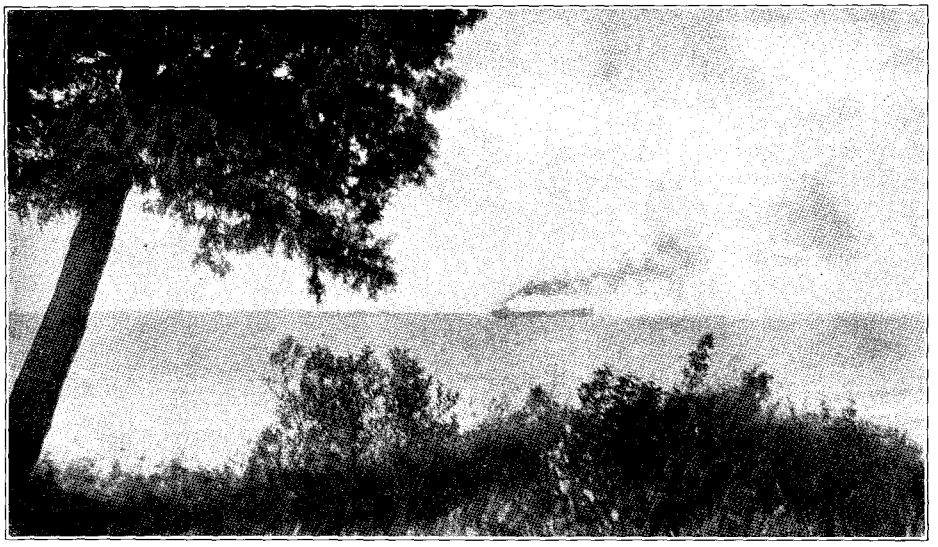

A lake vessel at the Straits of Mackinac.

THE FRENCH IN THE HEART OF AMERICA

BY JOHN FINLEY

IN THE WAKE OF THE "GRIFFIN"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM A PAINTING BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN

I

THE preface to this story should begin in France a century and a half before the building of the *Griffin* just above the falls of Niagara. One might go still farther back, but this is as far as one can tangibly trace the ancestry of that vessel which first carried sail upon the waters of the great northern inland seas of the New World. So I begin in the year 1534, and at Saint-Malo, on the coast of France. There many a pilgrim goes to visit the tomb of Chateaubriand, lying out beyond the white ramparts, shut away by the tides for a part of every day from the shore. The Breton peasants, carrying their cauliflower to market, wondered at my greater curiosity to know the birthplace of Jacques Cartier than to see the burial-place of Chateaubriand. But every man born in the Mississippi Valley has far greater reason for gratitude to Cartier than Chateaubriand; for Cartier, unwittingly to be sure, but none the less certainly, showed the way, not to Asia, as he hoped, but to that valley with which Asia had nothing to make compare, rich even beyond Chateaubriand's glowing but not altogether accurate description.

In the town hall of Saint-Malo there are exhibited a few fragments of weathered wood, guarded as relics of that little vessel, *Le Petite Hermine*, which Cartier was obliged to leave in Canada because so many of his men had died there of scurvy and exposure that he had not sufficient crew to man all of his three ships back to

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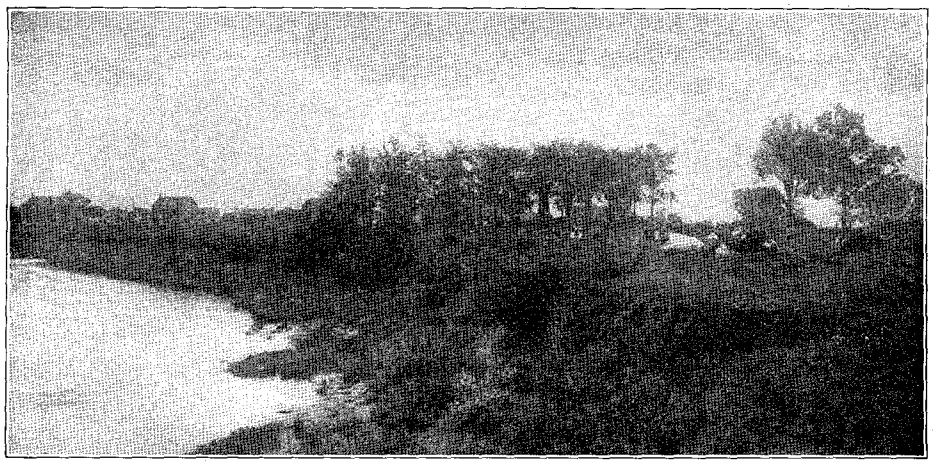

The monument to Jacques Cartier stands in the grove of trees. Just below in the Saint Charles is the place where it is supposed Cartier moored his vessels.

France. Hail was beating upon the roof of the museum at Saint-Malo when I was examining these bits of wood—the first to taste the fresh inland waters of the north—and so suggestive of Canadian rigors was it that I could but think that it was a specially prepared stage storm. The heroic, dramatic values of that portentous adventure seemed greater in that picturesque setting than when, a few months later, I tried, amid mud and weeds and rushes, to identify the place in the Saint Charles River, back of Quebec, where Cartier had moored this ancestor of the *Griffin*. But it is because we are prone to see only the mud and weeds that I would have this story remembered. I should have no reason to recall this long dead past if it were not to help us to-day of the New-World valleys, north of New England and back of the Alleghanies, to realize not merely what material advantage we owe to French enterprise, but also and especially what glory of heroic adventure lights the background of even the most commonplace and sordid landscapes.

Cartier got no farther, to be sure, than Montreal, but that was a thousand miles inland from the coasts which, but a few years before, had been the dim verges of the world, infested by real griffins and by fiends. He had opened the gates of the north, upon whose great posts of rock should be written that possessing paragraph from Parkman: "Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glimmering pool; wilderness, oceans, mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France gave to civilization"—a domain which she can never lose except by her and our forgetting the glorious story of its conquest.

It was exactly a hundred years after Jacques Cartier moored his three little vessels behind the gray "scarped rock" of Quebec that Champlain died beneath that same rock, having laid there the first foundations of Canada. But he was not only the "Father of Canada"—the first great apostle to the savages—he was the prophet of the farther valleys, of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi. The remarkable map published in 1632, composed from his own observations and the data brought or sent him by friars, priests, and *coureurs de bois*, whom he had persuaded from cloister and camp and city to the New World, and then despatched still farther west, gives no intimation of that valley; the rivers all run toward the Atlantic. But I suspect, as I hope, that one of his *coureurs de bois*, Nicolet, the son of the Cherbourg courier, who in 1634 had looked over the watershed into the Missis-

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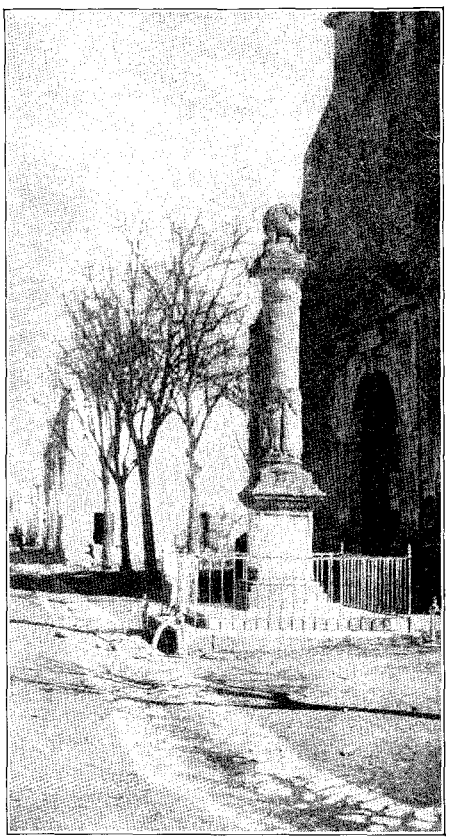
sippi basin, brought to Champlain whose hand was soon paralyzed and no longer able to add a line to his precious map, some news of that valley which his compatriots were to possess and which was to become the heart of another empire.

There is reason, therefore, for remembering with gratitude, in the United States as well as in Canada, this stanch spirit who put upon the map of the world, even with pathetic inaccuracies, the Great Lakes—the water path into the Mississippi Valley, the path for the flight of the *Griffin* and its mighty flock.

The two countries find in France the common ground for this gratitude—in Champlain's birthplace, that most picturesque fortress town of Brouage, surrounded by the salt marshes. Once the sea, I am told, touched its massive walls. There are still to be seen, several feet below the surface, iron rings to which mariners and fishermen moored their boats—they who used to come to Brouage for salt with which to cure their fish, they whose stories of the Newfoundland cod banks stirred in the boy Champlain the desire for discovery beyond their fogs. The boys in the school of Hiers-Brouage, a mile away—in the *mairie* where I went to consult the parish records—seemed to know hardly more of that land which the Brouage boy of three centuries before had lifted out of the fogs by his life-long heroic adventure. Which makes one feel that till all French children know of, and all American children remember, Brouage, the story of France in America needs to be retold. The valley of Canada has not forgotten; but I could not learn that citizens of the other valleys had made pilgrimages to this spot. The church in front of which the monument to Champlain stands, the church in which he was probably baptized, is closed awaiting repairs. The wall of what was by tradition his home has fallen into ruin. And only the well curb is left of the convent where the Recollect friars used to live in peaceful meditation before they followed Champlain, inflamed of his spirit, out among the red savages.



Monument to Champlain in Brouage in front of the church in which he was probably baptized.

If this preface were to speak of the experiences of these friars and priests who came after them, of those who "led the way," as Bancroft said, into every river that was entered and around every cape that was turned, the journey into the valley beyond would be too long delayed. It was of that valley that La Salle, the builder of the *Griffin*, was dreaming in 1668, as he looked across Lake Saint Louis from the shores of his seignory, a few miles above Montreal ("the seigniory of Saint-Sulpice," as he called it—but "of La Chine," as his enemies named it from the rapids which a little way below laughed continually at those who had hoped to find their way through these waters to China). There, in the "most dangerous place in Canada," tutored in the language and ways of the Indians, his thoughts made "alliance with the sun," as Lescarbot would have said, and dwelt on exploration

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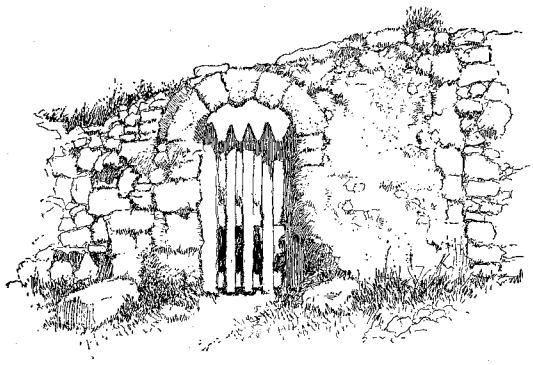

Wall and outer entrance to house in Brouage where, according to local tradition, Champlain was born.

and empire out in that country where a river "must needs flow into the Vermilion Sea." It was of that valley that he dreamed when he was building Fort Frontenac (now Kingston) on his new seignory, a little farther on his way to the West—clearing the forest, building ships for the navigation of Lake Ontario, and establishing a school for the Indians. It was of empire in that valley he dreamed while lodged in a miserable street in Paris waiting through a long winter for a patent that would give him leave to explore and fortify it as a possession of France. And it was, finally, with that patent doubtless upon his body, that he still dreamed as he prepared for the building of a vessel on the Upper Lakes that should in turn carry equipment for a vessel which he hoped would find the way of the waters to the Gulf of Mexico or the Western Sea.

II

THE city of Paris bears the sailing ship upon her shield, though she sits a hundred miles or more from the sea. Whatever the significance of that symbol has been to the inhabitants of that city, it has a peculiar appropriateness, probably never realized before, in the fact that the iron, cordage, and anchors for the first vessel with sails that was to traverse the inland waters of the New World were carried out from Paris to the first shipyard back of the mountains, in the midst of the forest above the mighty falls of Niagara.

Jason, sailing for the Golden Fleece in Colchis and braving the fiery breath of the dragon, had not undertaken a more perilous or a more difficult labor than he who bore from the banks of the Seine the equipment of a vessel in which to bring back to France, as he hoped, the fleece of the plains and the forests. We are now accustomed to call those who crossed the plains of the West and the Rocky Moun-

House in Brouage where Champlain is said to have lived.

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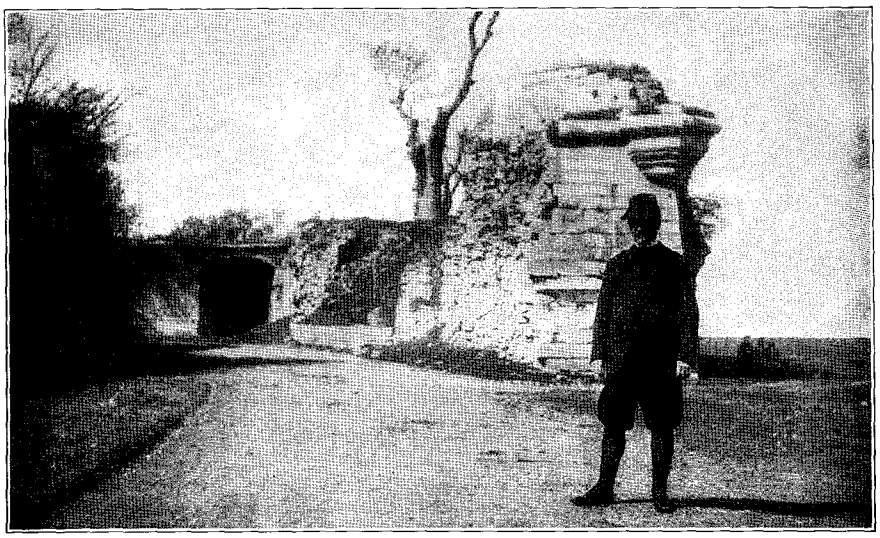
tains for the gold-fields of California, nearly two centuries later, the "Argonautæ," but the first American Argonauts set forth from Paris and built their *Argo* on what is now Lake Erie, on the edge of the Field of the Bulls, near a place now grown into a beautiful city, which bears the very name of the wild bull—the buffalo—and within sound of the roaring of



The walls of Brouage. Sea marshes visible.

the dragon that had frightened away all earlier explorers—so accurately do the details of the story of Jason's adventure become real history.

La Salle gathered his ship-carpenters and his ship furniture in Paris, between his journeys to Rouen (the place of his birth) and elsewhere for the means of purchase. But before the winter had come in Normandy his messengers were out amid snows and naked forests in continuance of that voyage toward the Western Colchis.

In the autumn of 1678 a Franciscan friar, Hennepin, set out alone—the first solitary figure of the expedition, a gray priest—from the gray rock of Quebec, in a birch canoe, carrying with him the "furniture of a portable altar." Along the way up the Saint Lawrence he stopped to minister to the habitants, too few and too poor to support a priest, saying mass, exhorting, and baptizing. Early in November he arrived at the mission at Fort Frontenac, which he had two or three years before helped La Salle to establish in the wilds. Soon La Salle's lieutenants appeared, with most of the men, and while some were despatched in canoes to Lake Michigan to gather the buffalo fleeces against the coming of the ship whose keel had not yet been laid, the rest (La Motte, Hennepin, and sixteen men) embarked for the river by which the upper lakes empty into Lake Ontario and the Saint Lawrence, that is, the Niagara. After a tempestuous voyage up and across the lake they found the mouth of this river whose torrent fury gathered of "four inland oceans" stopped even the canoes. Then, led of the priest, they toiled up the cliffs called the "Three Mountains," because, I suppose, of the three terraces. (Having climbed up the face of the cliff in winter, with a heavy camera for my portable altar, and broken the icicles in order to make my way across a narrow ledge to the top of the precipice, I am able to know what this journey must have meant to those first European travellers.) Once on the upper plateau, they marched through wintry forest and at length, in "solitudes unprofaned as yet by the pettiness of man," beheld the "imperial cataract"; "the thunder of water," as the Indians called it; or, as Hennepin described it, that "vast and prodigious cadence of water which falls down after a surprising and most aston-

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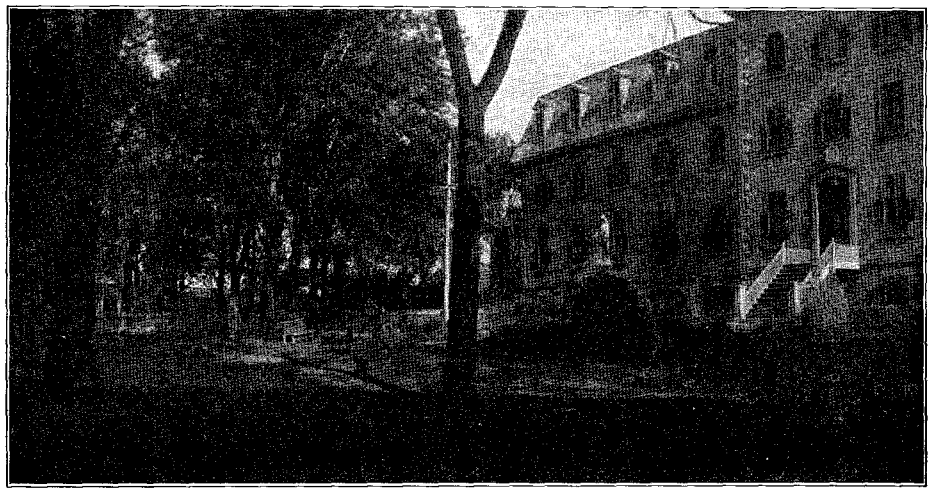
ishing manner, insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel, those of Italy and Switzerland being but sorry patterns." To this priest, Hennepin, we owe the first description and picture of Niagara, probably now more familiar to the world than any other natural feature of this continent. He has somewhat magnified the height of these falls, but they are impressive enough to acquit him of falsification and powerful enough to run virtually all the manufacturing plants in the United States if they could be gathered within reach. As it is, less than four per cent of the water that overflows from the four upper Great Lakes into the lower lake, once known as Lake Frontenac and now as Ontario, is diverted for utilitarian purposes, and yet it supplies the American and the Canadian almost equally between the two shores over three hundred thousand horse-power. What the conversion of the strength of this Titan, for ages entirely wasted and for a century after Hennepin only a scenic wonder, means or may mean to industry in the future, is intimated in some statistics furnished by a recent writer on the Great Lakes showing the relative cost per month of a certain unit of power in a number of representative American cities. (And they are more significant as one contemplates the diminishing available and accessible supply of coal in the United States, which, according to a reliable estimate, will be exhausted by the year 2027, and the entire supply by 2050.)

I take these as I have found them: Boston, $937.50; Philadelphia, $839.25; New York, $699.37; Chicago, $629.43; Cleveland, $559.50; Pittsburgh, $419.62; Buffalo, $184.91; Niagara Falls, $144.17. They intimate a wonderful advantage possessed perhaps beyond any other site in America by the strip of shore on which La Salle's men from the banks of the Seine and Hennepin, the priest from Calais, that December night in 1678 encamped, building their bivouac fire amid the snows, a few miles above the falls, and so opening to the view of the world a natural source of power and wealth more valuable than extensive coal-fields or rich mines of gold or silver.



Seminary on the site of the seigniory of Saint-Sulpice.

It was but a great water-fall to La Salle and Tonty and Hennepin—an impeding, hostile object. And to the half-mutinous, quarrelsome workmen, French, Flemings, Italians, it was a demon, no doubt, whose very breath froze their beards into icicles. It was, in reality, potentially the most beneficent single incarnate force bounded by any one horizon or sky in that New World —a force developed by the tipping of the continent a little to the eastward after the Upper Lakes had been formed and by the consequent emptying of their waters into the Saint Lawrence instead of the Gulf of Mexico.

The file of burdened men, some thirty in number, toiling slowly over the snowy

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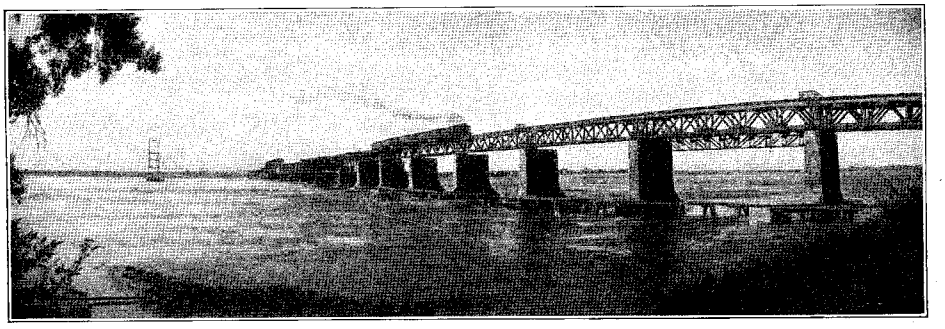
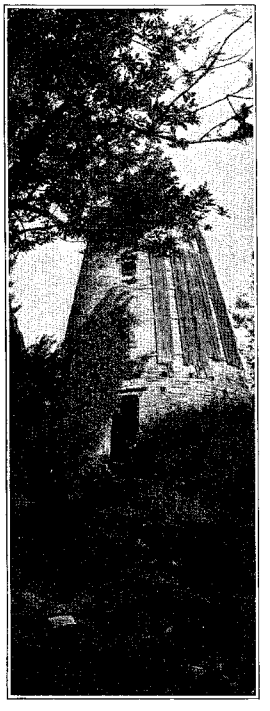


Photograph by a Canadian priest.

Looking across the Saint Lawrence River from the site of the seigniory of Saint-Sulpice.

plains and "through the gloomy forests of spruce and naked oak trees," the priest accompanying with his altar lashed to his back, reached a favorable spot beside calm water five miles above the cataract. (The site is identified as a little way above the mouth of Cayuga Creek, just outside the village of La Salle in the State of New York. There is a stone erected by a local historical society to mark the spot. When I saw the bronze tablet its inscription was almost illegible, covered with ice and the snow that was falling upon it.) There began the felling and hewing of trees that were to touch the farther shores of Michigan. Some of the material brought from Paris had been lost by the wreck of La Salle's smaller vessel on the way up Ontario, but enough must have been saved to give this forty-five-ton vessel full equipment, for in the spring she was launched. The "friar pronounced his blessing on her; the assembled company sang 'Te Deum'; cannon were fired, and French and Indians. . . shouted and yelped in chorus as she glided into Niagara." She carried five cannon and on her prow was carved such a "portentous monster" as doubtless finds double among the grotesques of Notre Dame—a griffin (that is, a beast with the body of a lion and the head, beak, and pinions of a bird), in "honor of the armoreal bearings of Count Frontenac."



French mill at Lachine on the site of seigniory of Saint-Sulpice.

Through spring and half the summer she lay moored beyond reach of the jealous Indians, but near enough so that Hennepin could preach on Sundays from the deck to the men encamped along the bank. When La Salle, who had been obliged by disasters to go back to Fort Frontenac during the building of the ship, again appeared above the falls in midsummer, the *Griffin* was warped up into the placid lake, and on the 7th of August anchor was lifted and the fateful voyage was begun. There was (as when the Greek *Argo*, the "first bold vessel, dared the seas") no Orpheus standing high upon the stern and raising his entrancing strain. Nor did a throng of proud Thessalians or of "transported demi-gods" stand round to cheer them off. The naked Indians, their hands over their mouths in wonderment, or shouting "Otkon, Otkon," alone saw the great boat move out over the waters without oar or paddle or towing-rope. For music, there was only the "Te Deum" again, sung by raw, unpractised voices, such as one might hear among the boatmen of the Seine. It was not such music, at any

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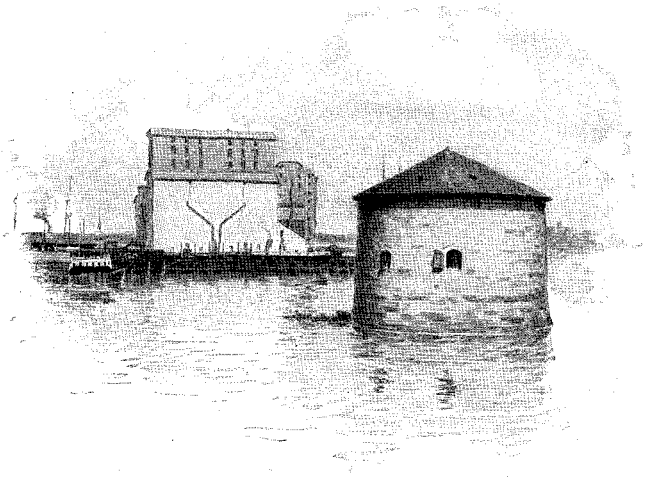
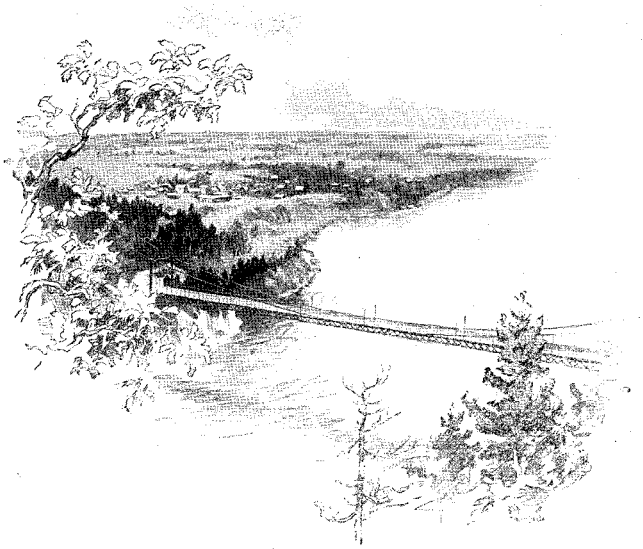


View from a boat approaching Kingston, near the site of Fort Frontenac.

rate, as that of Orpheus, to make plain men grow "heroes at the sound." Doubtless no one felt himself a hero. The only intimation of any consciousness of a high mission comes from Hennepin, who, when the *Griffin*, some days later, was ploughing peacefully through the straits that lead to the Mer Douce ("verdant prairies dotted with groves and bordered with lofty forests" on either side, "herds of deer and flocks of swans and wild turkeys" within sight, and the "bulwarks plentifully hung with game"), wrote: "Those who will one day have the happiness to possess this fertile and pleasant strait will be very much obliged to those who have shown them the way." "Very much obliged?" No, Hennepin, of the hundreds of thousands who now pass through or across those straits every year, or of those thousands who possess its shores, not a hundred, I venture to say, remember "those who showed the way!" They have forgotten that "the first European voice that Niagara ever heard was French!" Sainte Claire, even, the name you gave to the beautiful strait beyond the "symplagades" of your voyage, in gratitude, and in honor of the day on which you reached it, has become masculine in tribute to an American general. If your later praying to that patron of seamen, Saint Anthony of Padua, had not availed to save you from the peril of the storm and you had gone to death in unsalted water, you could hardly have been more completely forgotten. One has spoken now and then lightly of the vow made by your commander, La Salle, to build a grateful chapel to Saint Anthony, if your lives were spared from the storm, forgetting that so long as the Mississippi runs to the sea there will be a chapel to Saint Anthony (Saint Anthony's Falls), in which gratitude will be continually chanted for the preservation of the ship and its crew to find haven in quiet waters behind Point Saint Ignace.

There, La Salle in scarlet, knelt before



View of Niagara River from a ledge on the side of the cliff above Lewiston, N. Y.

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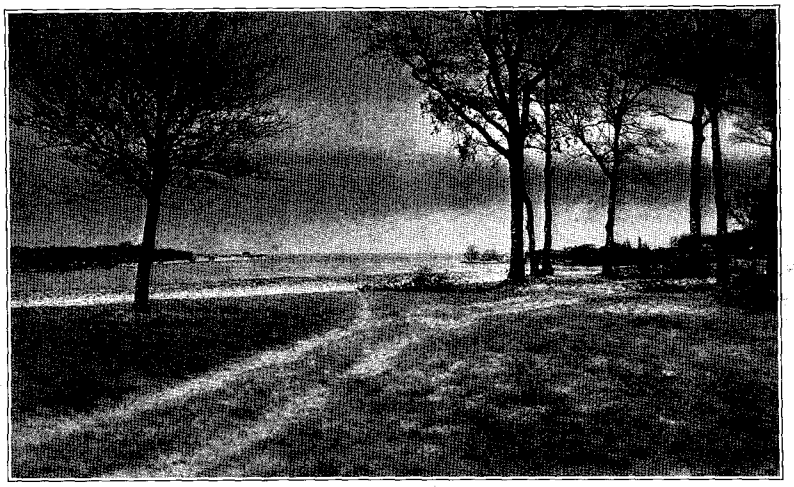
the altar (where Marquette's bones were doubtless by that time gathered by his devoted savage followers), and thence they passed on to an island in Green Bay, the goal of their journey.

From that far port the first cargo carried of sails was sent back to the shore on which the *Griffin's* timbers were hewn out. That it never reached harbor of that actually brought back the golden fleece, and priceless—the fleece of the plains if not of the forests. Day after day its gold is hung against the sky as grain is lifted from the ships into elevators which can store at one time twenty-three million bushels of wheat.

The coasts of the lakes up which the *Griffin* led the oarless way are three thou-



The mouth of the Niagara River and Lake Ontario in the distance.

calm shelter, or of any other, we know, but that loss, once the path was written in the waters, is hardly of consequence, save as it helped further to illustrate the indomitable spirit of La Salle.

III

WHAT good came to Thessaly or Greece of the yellow peltry that Jason brought back is not even kept in myth or fable. The mere adventure was the all. They did not even think of its worth in money. The goat-skin was valueless, except as a proof or token, and the boat *Argo*, though the greatest ship known to the early myths of Greece and though dedicated to Neptune at the end of the voyage, became the pioneer of no such mighty fleet as did the *Griffin*. The list of the Greek ships and commanders in the "Iliad" even offers but a pygmy analogy. And if you were to go to Buffalo to-day, near the site of that first ship-yard, a little farther away from the falls, you would know that the successors of La Salle in new *Griffins* have sand three hundred and eighty-five miles in length (including those of the lower lake "Frontenac," which was also first touched of French keels over four thousand miles). The statistics of the traffic which has grown in the furrow of that wind-drawn plough would be fatiguing if they did not carry to heights of wide and more exhilarating view. We of America have occupied and apportioned the billion acres of French domain among fifty millions of people. Here is an added domain in which no landmarks can beset, but which has been divided among all mankind.

I give a few graphic comparative facts which I have gathered from recent books about the waters over which France first found the way:

Nearly as many people live in States that have ports upon those shores as in all France to-day.

The lakes have a tonnage equal to one-third of the total tonnage of North America.

They have made possible a saving in cost of transportation (and so of produc-

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tion) of several hundred million dollars in a single year.

Six times as much freight passes over these lakes as through the Suez Canal in a year.

Three thousand vessels and twenty-five thousand men are required to move the hundred million tons of freight which every year would fill a train encircling the globe.

ny and black, their powerful heads and long steel backs just visible above the blue water, they course the western Mediterranean from spring to winter. It is an intruding and perhaps whimsical but fascinating thought that the wings of the griffin have become evolved into the air-ships which first began successfully to fly in America near the shores of the lake on

The Niagara River and cliffs up which the French climbed bearing equipment for the *Griffin*.

If one were to stand on the shore of that "charming strait" between Erie and Huron, the Detroit River (which Hennepin so covetously describes, wishing to make settlement there, until La Salle reminded him of his "professed passion for exploring a new country"), one would now see a vessel passing one way or the other every twelve minutes, on the average, day and night during the eight months of open navigation.

Nor are they small sailing vessels of a few tons' burden, but great sailless, steam-propelled hulks carrying from five to ten thousand tons.

So it is no fleet of graceful galleons—half-bird, half-lion as the *Griffin* was—that have followed in her wake up what Hennepin called "the vast and unknown seas of which even the savages knew not the end." They have, in the evolution of nautical zoology, lost beak, wings, and feathers, and now, like a shoal of wet lions, tawwhich the *Griffin* itself was hatched. It is not a far-fetched or labored thought which pictures that simple, rough-made galleon —very like the model of the ship on the shield of Paris—as leading two broods across the valley above the falls: one of lions that cannot fly, and one of air-ships that cannot swim—the brood of the sea and the brood of the sky, hatched from one nest at the water's edge.

The ships of the lion brood—some of them are five or six hundred feet in length and carry eleven thousand tons of cargo. I have seen the skeleton of one of these iron-boned beasts, and I have been told that eight hundred thousand rivets go into its creation. Hearing this, one can but hear the deafening clamor caused by La Salle's driving the first nail or bolt in the first boat, Father Hennepin declining the honor because of the "modesty of [his] religious profession."

As to the cargoes that these ships bring

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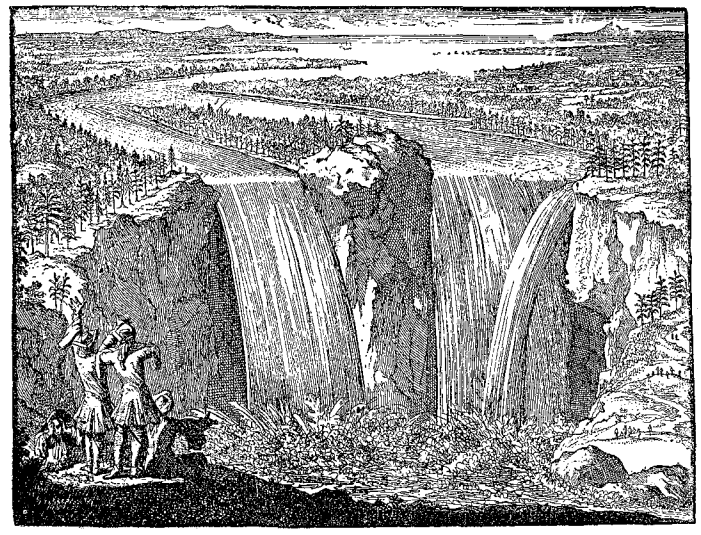
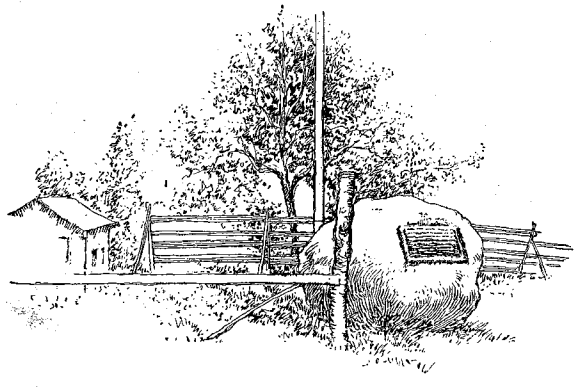


Hennepin's drawing of Niagara Falls.

back, the story is even more marvellous. First in quantity is iron ore, twenty-four million tons in one year, and that from the shores of Superior where Joliet had made search for copper mines, where Father Allouez, in the midst of reports of baptisms and masses, tells of nuggets and rocks of the precious metal, and where has grown up in a few years the "second greatest freight-shipping port on earth"—a port that bears the name of that famous French *coureur de bois* (Dulhut), Duluth. Twenty-four millions of tons and there are still a billion and a half in sight on those shores, which have already given to the ships hundreds of millions of their dark treasure.

After the ore, lumber, fifteen hundred million feet in one year, a waning amount from the vanishing forests that once completely encircled these lakes. Alexander Pope, whose "Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day" I have quoted, speaks of *Argo* seeing "her kindred trees descend from Pelion to the main"—from the mountain to the sea where Jason's boat was launched. So with the departure of the *Griffin* from the Green Bay island might a prophetic poet have seen her masts beckoning all the kindred trees to the water in which one hundred and sixty billion feet of pine have descended from the forests of Michigan alone—and that is but one of the circling States. And there is this singular fact to be added, that nearly a third of the annual cargo now goes to the Tonawandas, the "greatest lumber towns" in the world, that have grown up almost on the very site of the ship-yard at the mouth of Cayuga Creek, a little way above the falls.

And after the ore and lumber, grain—the fleece of the fields, immensely more valuable than that of the forests, two hundred million bushels in one year, and eleven million barrels of flour, "a fortnight's bread supply for the entire world." And, after ore and lumber and grain, fuel and other bulky necessities of life.



Stone and tablet marking the site of the building of the *Griffin*, near La Salle, N. Y.

The causal relation between the building and journey of the *Griffin* and these statistics cannot of course be established, but what no inspired human prophecy could have divined, or even the wildest dreaming of La Salle have imagined, is as sequential as the history that has been made to trace all New-

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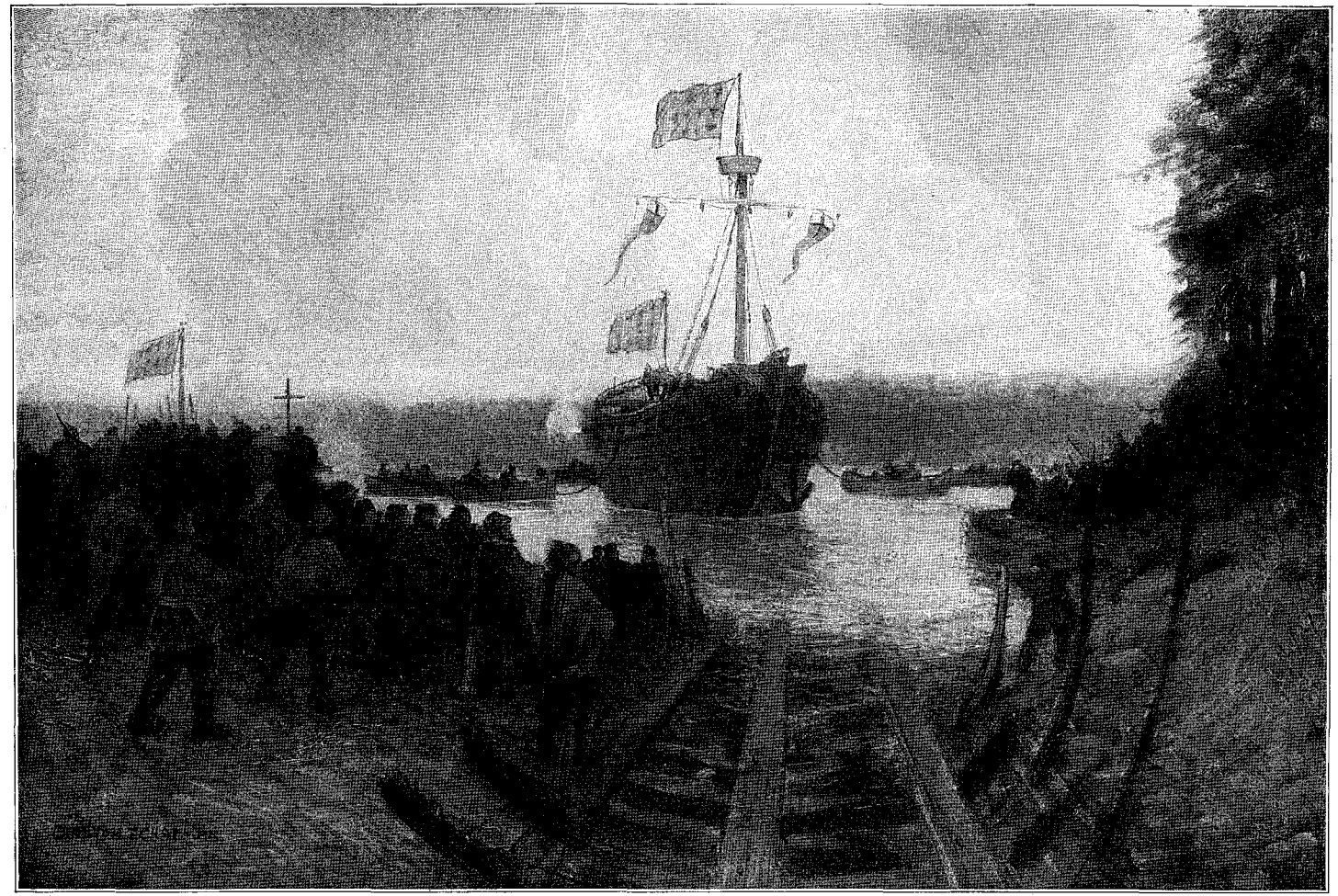

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

The launching of the *Griffin.*

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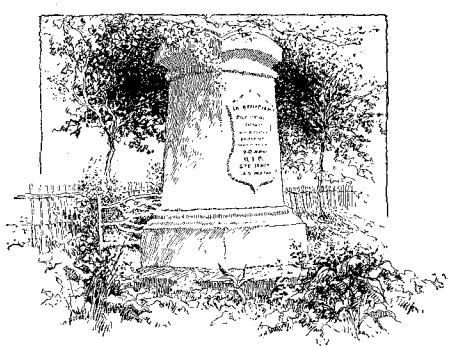
World development in the wake of the caravels of Columbus. The storms of nature and the jealousies in human breasts thwarted La Salle's immediate ambitions, but what has come into that northern valley has followed closely in the path of his purposes, the path traced by his ship built of the trees of Niagara and furnished by the chandleries of Paris.

Point Saint Ignace, where Marquette had his mission before embarking for the discovery of the Mississippi.

The mystery of the vanishing of this pioneer vessel only enhances the glory of its venture and service—as its loss but gave new foil to the hardihood of La Salle and Tonty. We can imagine the golden-brown skins scattered over the blue waters as the bits of the body of the son of the King of Colchis strewn by Medea to detain the pursuers of the Argonauts. It was the first sacrifice to the valley for the fleece. In the depths of these lakes or on their shores were doubtless buried the bones of these French mariners who first of Europeans trusted themselves to sails and west winds on those uncharted seas. But this is not the all of the tragic story. The *Griffin* carried in her the prophecies of other than lake vessels. She had in her hold on that fateful trip the cordage and iron for the pioneer of the river ships. So when she went down she spoke to the waters that engulfed her the two dreams of her builder and commander: one dream, the navigation of the lakes; and the other, the coursing of the Mississippi to the Gulf.



Monument to Père Marquette, Point Saint Ignace, Michigan.

The Spanish council which decreed long ago that "if it had pleased God that . . . rivers should have been navigable, he would not have wanted human assistance to make them such" would be horrified by the sacrilege that has been committed and is being contemplated by the followers of the men of the *Griffin*.

They have made a canal around the falls which Hennepin first saw breathing a cloud of mist over the great abyss—a canal that, supplemented by other canals along the Saint Lawrence River, allows vessels of fourteen feet draught to go from Erie to Montreal and so on to the sea. They have deepened the straits where the *Griffin* had to wait for favorable breezes and soundings to pass from Erie to Huron —the "symplagades" of the New-World voyage. They have made canals on either side of the Sault Ste. Marie—the rapids of the Saint Mary's River, by the side of which the Saint Lusson took formal possession of all that northern empire—canals through which fifty-one million tons pass every year toward the east and south. They have made and deepened harbors all the way around the shores till ships two hundred times the size of the *Griffin* can ride in them.

Yet this is not all. The symbols of La Salle's vision revived in the lakes memories

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of the days when their waters ran through the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf, the very course which La Salle's unborn *Griffin* was to take. When the continent tilted a little to the east, and in the tilting poured the water of the Upper Lakes over the Niagara edge into the Saint Lawrence, that same tilting stopped the overflow down into the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico at the other end of the lakes. But so slight was the tilting that the water still seeps over, in places, when the lakes are high, and sometimes even carries light boats across. Of late engineers have in effect been undoing with levels and scoops and dredges what Nature did in a mighty upheaval. They are practically tipping the basins back the other way, and making currents to run down the old channel toward the Gulf through the valleys of the Des Plaines and the Illinois to the Mississippi.

The Rapids, Sault Ste. Marie.

And so that dream which the dying *Griffin* spoke to the lake, and the lake to the rivers in the time of flood—when intercommunication was possible—is to be realized, except that steam will take the place of winds, and screws of sails.

Meanwhile a great battle of the lakes is waging—a "battle of levels" some one has called it—between those on the one side who wish to maintain the grandeur of Niagara (much as it was when Hennepin first pictured it), or who for utilitarian reasons do not wish its thunderous volume diminished except for their local uses, or who fear disaster to their harbors and canals all around the lakes, deepened at great expense, if water is led away toward the Mississippi; and on the other side those who think of the health of millions at the western end of the lakes and of the commercial hopes of other millions in the Mississippi Valley waiting for the *Griffins* of the lakes to come with more generous prices for their produce and to bring to their doors what the rest of the world has now to send to them by the more expensive rail.

Some day, engineers intimate, the great upper lake, Superior, will be made a reservoir where enough water will be impounded in wet seasons for a steady and more generous supply during the dry seasons; in which event there will be water enough to keep Niagara in perennial beauty and power, to fill all the present and prospective harbors and canals to their desired depth, to float even larger

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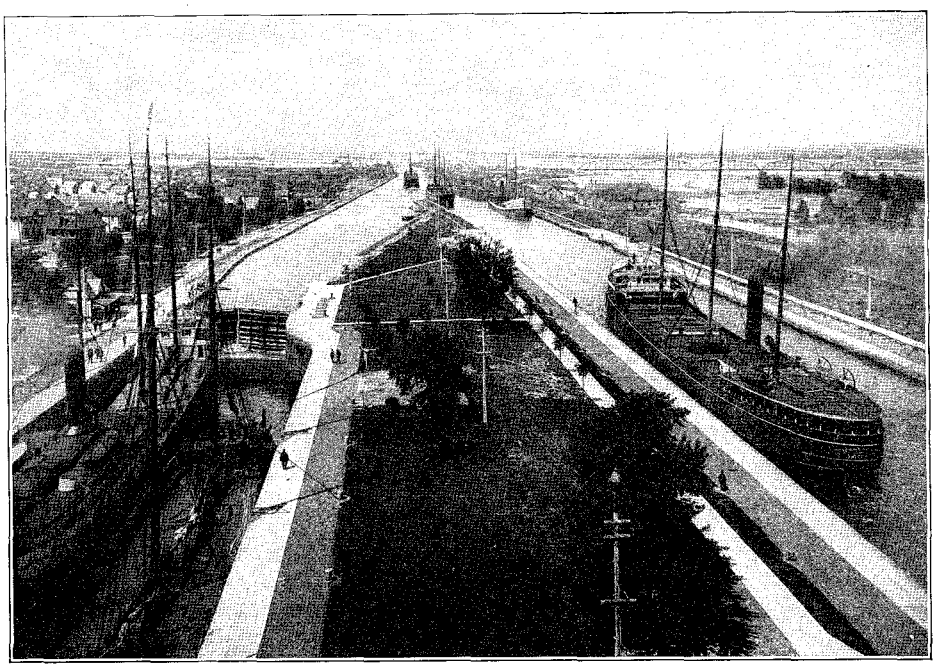

Sault Ste. Marie Canal. "The Soo."

fleets of *Griffins*, and at the same time to make the Mississippi, as the Frenchman who saw it visualized it, and as President Roosevelt expressed it, "a loop of the sea."

This is but the merest intimation of the prophetic service of the water-pioneers. And when the prophecy of those precursors, as interpreted in terms of steam and locks and dams, unknown to them, is fulfilled, it is not beyond thinking that a captain of a sea-going vessel of ten or twenty thousand tons, from Havre or Cherbourg or Marseilles, may some day be calling in deep voice, as last summer in a room on the top floor of a Chicago "skyscraper" I heard a local descendant of the *Griffin* screeching, for the lifting of the bridge that will open the way to the Mississippi, the heart of America.

(To be continued.)

The Chicago River.

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THE TITANIC

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

PARTING

BELOVÈD, you must go—ask not to stay,
You are a mother and your duties call;
And we, who have so long been all in all,
Must put the human side of life away.
For one brief moment let us stand and pray,
Sealed in the thought that whatsoe'er befall
We, who have known the freedom and the thrall
Of a great love, in death shall feel its sway.—
You, who must live, because of his dear need,
You are the one to bear the harder part;—
Nay, do not cling—'tis time to say good-by.
Think of me then but as a spirit freed—
Flesh of my Flesh, and Heart of my own Heart
The love we knew has made me strong to die.

TOGETHER

I CANNOT leave you, ask me not to go,
Love of my youth and all my older years;
We, who have met together smiles or tears,
Feeling that each did but make closer grow
The union of our hearts— Ah! say not so
That Death shall find us separate. All my fears
Are but to lose you. Life itself appears
A trifling thing— But one great truth I know,
When heart to heart has been so closely knit
That Flesh has been one Flesh and Soul one Soul,
Life is not life if they are rent apart—
And death unsevered is more exquisite,
As we, who have known much, shall read the whole
Of Life's great secret on each other's heart!

TO A. W. B.

HERE's to you, gallant friend,
Gentle and brave!
You, who full fathom deep
Lie 'neath the wave.
You were a soldier still
Up to the last,
Doing your Captain's will
As in the past.

Not from a bullet's flight,
Not under arms,
But in the Ocean's night
Of wild alarms.
Calm in the midst of fears,
Taking command,
Courage! in spite of tears
For Fatherland.

We, who have known you long
Gallant and gay,
First in the dance and song
Pleasure and play,
Knew, too, the valiant soul
That would stand by
(Women and children first!)—
Ready to die!

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SOME EARLY MEMORIES

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senator from Massachusetts

I

TO begin an essay or a speech or a book with an apology is never desirable. When, however, one writes about oneself, or ventures to record one's personal recollections, some explanation seems almost necessary. Yet for what follows I can give no better warrant or excuse than a passage from a very great book which it is to be feared is not as much read now as it ought to be or as it once was: "The life of every man, says our friend, Herr Sauerteig, the life even of the meanest man, it were good to remember, is a poem; perfect in all manner of Aristotelean requisites; with beginning, middle, and end; with perplexities and solutions; with its will-strength (Willenkraft) and warfare against fate, its elegy and battle-singing, courage marred by crime, everywhere the two tragic elements of pity and fear; above all, with supernatural machinery enough, for was not the man *born* out of nonentity, did he not *die* and, miraculously vanishing, return thither?"

I was born in Boston, as I have been credibly informed, on May 12, one pleasant Sunday morning in the year 1850. The house in which this event occurred belonged to my grandfather, Henry Cabot, for whom I was named. It was a square stone house of smooth granite, large, comfortable, facing south and open on all sides. Two short streets called respectively Otis Place and Winthrop Place ran out of Summer Street, and, curving to the left and right, met and formed a horseshoe. At the bottom of the horseshoe stood our house with a small private lane on one side, which was closed by an iron gate. This lane led to our stable and thence turned to the east and meandered in the form of an alley into Federal Street. It was not much used except by the owners and as an access to our stable, but it offered a short cut to the business quarter of the town, and was not overlooked by those who were familiar with the neighborhood and anxious to save time. One morning somebody met Rufus Choate, who lived in Winthrop Place, hurrying down this alley and expressed surprise at meeting him there. "Yes," said Mr. Choate, "ignominious but convenient," and passed on.

Back of the house was a garden, an ample garden, which ran out also beside the house to the street. Here stood a weather-worn statue of a garden nymph, which, with the assistance of a young friend, Sturgis Bigelow, I pushed over one happy day and was thereby involved in an Iliad of woes, not because of the mischief itself, but because I undertook to lay the responsibility on my companion, a mean-spirited effort that aroused my father's just anger, which I greatly dreaded, although he never inflicted the slightest physical punishment upon me. The garden was a sunny and sheltered spot, and behind the nymph of bitter memories stood some fine pear-trees, in which my father took deep interest, and I have still the medals with which their fruit was crowned at various horticultural expositions.

As I recall the old house (it was not really very old, but it was large and solid and spacious, with a fine air of age and permanence) it seems to me as if there was an atmosphere about it and its garden, and about the quiet court in front, and the like solid houses surrounding it, which no longer exists in Boston or in any American city. All that quarter of the town indeed was pervaded by the same atmosphere. Hard by was Summer Street, lined with superb horse-chestnut trees, beneath whose heavy shade the sober well-built houses took on in spring and summer an air of cool remoteness. Further to the east, where Summer and Bedford Streets came together, stood the New South Church, with a broad green in front and trees clustering about it. A little further to the south was Essex Street, which was dignified by great English elms. Two of these elms in front of the house where Wendell Phillips lived lingered on long after

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trade had taken possession of the whole region. They seemed in their last days of gaunt survival, like a melancholy protest against the destruction of the old town.

It was long before I reasoned out the underlying meaning of all this, long after our old house had been swept out of existence by the new street which was pushed through into the quiet court to make way for the roaring tides of business, which now ebb and flow over the spot without anything resembling a house to be seen anywhere in the neighborhood. The fact was that the year 1850 stood on the edge of a new time, but the old time was still visible from it, still indeed prevailed about it. I do not think that it was in itself a very remarkable year, and it has always seemed to me most noteworthy from the extreme and disagreeable ease with which one's age could be computed from it, but the year 1850 came nevertheless at a memorable period and had memorable companions. I have often said and written that there was a wider difference between the men who fought at Waterloo and those who fought at Gettysburg or Sedan or Mukden than there was between the men of Leonidas and the men of Napoleon. This is merely one way of stating that the application of steam and electricity to transportation and communication made a greater change in human environment than had occurred since the earliest period of recorded history. The break between the old and the new came some time in the thirties, and 1850 was well within the new period. Yet this new period was still very new, hardly more than a dozen years old, and the ideas of the earlier time—the habits, the modes of life, although mortally smitten and fast fading—were still felt, still dominant. The men and women of the elder time with the old feelings and habits were still numerous and for the most part quite unconscious that their world was slipping away from them. Hence the atmosphere of our old stone house, with its lane and its pear-trees and its garden nymph, indeed of Boston itself, was still an eighteenth-century atmosphere, if we accept Sir Walter Besant's statement that the eighteenth century ended in 1837, but at all events it was utterly different from anything to be found to-day.

The year 1850, too, stood well beyond the zenith of the romantic movement, still dominant everywhere, but on the downward slope, as one can see to-day. On the other hand, the unrest, which was apparent in all directions, and the revolt against the reaction of 1815, was just culminating. Two years before, in 1848, the outbreak had come, and the movement which was to result in the consolidation of the United States and of Germany, in the unification of Italy, the liberation of the slaves, the emancipation of the Russian serfs, and the wide extension of democratic and representative government was resuming its sweeping and victorious march, which had been checked at Waterloo. It was the day of the human-rights statesmen just rising to power, of the men who believed that in political liberty was to be found the cure for every human ill, and that all that was needed for human happiness was to give every man a vote and set him free. Thus, it happened that the year 1850 came at the dawn of a new time, at the birth of new forces now plainly recognized, but the meaning and scope of which are as yet little understood, and the results of which can only be darkly guessed, because the past has but a slim light to throw upon the untried paths ahead. But that which was first apparent to the child born in 1850, as he came to consciousness during the next ten years, was the old world that still surrounded him, for a child, happily for himself, sees only what is near to him—his present seems to have existed always and is haunted with no shadow of change.

In 1850, Boston had a population of 133,000, which by 1860 had risen to 170,000, about one-fourth of the present population of the city proper, if we take the average for the decade. The whole State of Massachusetts had only a million people in 1850, less than one-third of its population to-day, much less even than the population now gathered in Boston and in those suburbs which can be distinguished by no outward sign from the city itself. The tidewaters of the Back Bay still rose and fell to the west of the peninsula, and that large region now filled in and covered with handsome houses had no existence. The best houses in that day were in Summer Street and its neighborhood, then just beginning to yield to the advance of trade, or else were clustered on the slopes of Beacon Hill. Opposite to us in Winthrop Place, for example, were two large stone houses with gardens at the side like our own, one occupied by Joshua

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Blake, my great-grandfather's brother, the other by George Bancroft, the historian, and later by Samuel Cabot. On one side our neighbors were the Hunnewells and on the other the Bowditches. In Winthrop Place lived Rufus Choate, and close by in Summer Street or its immediate vicinity were the houses of Daniel Webster and Edward Everett, of the Grays, Gardners, Frothinghams, Bigelows, Lees, Jacksons, Higginsons, and Cushings. The list might be indefinitely extended, but I have mentioned names enough to show, especially to Bostonians, the character of that quarter of the town now extinct except for purposes of trade and commerce.

Boston itself was still small enough to be satisfying to a boy's desires. It was still possible to grasp and to know and be known by every one in one's own fragment of society. The town still had personality, lineaments that could be recognized, and had not lost its identity in the featureless, characterless masses inseparable from a great city. I do not say that this was an advantage; I merely note it as a fact. Local character may easily be repellent. Many of us prefer not only the interests and pleasures which only very large cities can give, but also the unmarked vagueness which is typical of huge hordes of people as it is of the wastes of ocean. Whatever its merits or defects, Boston in the first decade of the second half of the nineteenth century still had a meaning and a personality, and even a boy could feel it. It may have been narrow, austere, at times even harsh, this personality, but it was there, and it was strong, manly, and aggressive. It would still have been possible to rally the people in 1850, as they were once rallied against the British soldiers on a certain cold March evening with the cry of "Town born, turn out!"

Yet again, whatever the advantages or disadvantages of this condition, Boston still offered for a small boy an opportunity to live contentedly within its limits. We could play in each other's gardens or yards, for generous gardens and large yards still existed, a bequest of the eighteenth century, when there seems to have been more land and more leisure for city gardens than there is to-day. Best of all, we had the Common, where we could disport ourselves as of right. There we played all the games, rising, as we went, on to foot-ball and base-ball. There in winter we coasted on the "Big Hill" and on the long path running from the Park Street corner, very near to the other "Long Path" made memorable by the "Autocrat," but which was less suitable for sleds than for lovers. We skated, of course, on the Frog Pond; and on the Common we also waged Homeric combats with snowballs against the boys from the South Cove and the North End, in which we made gallant fights, but were in the end as a rule outnumbered and driven back. What was more serious, the ever-increasing number of our opponents gradually by sheer weight pushed us, and still more our successors, from the Common hills and the Frog Pond to seek coasting and skating in the country. This was luckily not such a heavy infliction as might be supposed, for between 1850 and 1867, when I went to Harvard, the country was reached as soon as one stepped outside of Boston. One had but to cross the mill-dam to attain to the country, for the towns close to Boston were still small and rural and had not yet become paved portions of the big, absorbing city.

I have spoken first of that which is most important to a well-constituted boy, as I hope that I was—that is, of his opportunities for play and amusement. But what is technically called education began at the same time. I remember distinctly hearing my father say one evening: "That big boy is five years old and cannot read. It is time that he went to school." The statement gave me no pleasure; quite the contrary. My world, I thought, was very well as it was. However, the command had gone forth from the Olympians, and to school I went the following autumn. A friend of my mother, Mrs. Parkman, had formed the idea of getting together the sons of a few of her friends who were about the same age as her own boy and thus making a little school, which she could teach herself. The plan was carried out with great success. The school was small, the boys were picked. Mrs. Parkman took an intense, affectionate, and personal interest in each one of us, the sort of interest that no money could buy, and then she was herself very different from any school-teacher I have ever known or heard of before or since. A descendant of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, of the best New England stock on both sides of the house, she was a well-bred woman in

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the fullest sense, and, what was rarer perhaps in those days, a woman of the world in the best sense. She possessed unusual abilities, real learning, and was widely read. When I was at her school I regarded her with the settled hostility with which I think most vigorous boys regard any one who tries to teach them anything which is not a sport. In later years, after I had graduated from Harvard, married, and settled in Boston, Mrs. Parkman became one of my best and dearest friends. There are few friendships which I look back to with more pleasure. She was one of the cleverest and wisest women, one of the cleverest and wisest persons I ever knew. I delighted to talk with her about everything which was interesting me as a young man. She had both wit and humor, wide knowledge of men and books, and intense beliefs, as well as strong likes and dislikes, but she never meant to be intolerant or unfair. She died prematurely and made a great gap in my friendships, one of the kind that time closes perhaps but never fills.

I suppose that I then learned to read and write, because I have no clear remembrance of a time when I did not possess those two accomplishments. I am certain that I was then taught the rudiments of arithmetic, because such acquisition as I effected was painful, both at the time and in recollection. Anything relating to figures or mathematics I regarded with a settled hate, both then and afterward. I also remember that I began the study of French, which I liked, and I think I recall it chiefly because the teacher, Dr. Arnaux, tall, thin, grave, dark, and solemnly polite, presented a figure the like of which I had never seen before upon my little Boston horizon. These were some of the things I learned or which were thrust into me, but of education in its true sense I got nothing except a single sentence from Mrs. Parkman: "Use your mind. I do not care what you answer if you only use your mind." At the time her words seemed to me only the outcry of a very natural irritation, a distinctly hostile utterance, but in some way the phrase stuck in my memory, and in years long after I came to think that to know how to use one's mind comprises pretty nearly the whole of education. There is, however, one memory connected with this first school, although very far removed from any idea of tasks and lessons, which I must record. Mrs. (Fanny) Kemble at that time lived much in Massachusetts, where she was warmly admired and had many friends, especially among the women of my mother's age. One of her closest and most intimate friends was Mrs. Parkman, and I remember Mrs. Kemble's coming to the school and reading to us. I had forgotten where this occurred, but my old friend, Henry Parkman, has reminded me that it was at Mr. Ticknor's house. She read that noblest of old ballads, "Chevy Chase," which I recall, and no doubt other things the recollection of which has perished. How she looked I cannot now picture to myself, for the earlier image is blotted out by a much later one obtained when I heard her read in public on several occasions and when she was an elderly woman. What I retain of that earliest time is the memory of her deep melodious voice and a sense which lingers with me still that she was an awe-inspiring personage at whom I gazed in round-eyed wonder.

But Boston and winter—although I loved the heavy snow-storms and the coasting and skating—Boston and winter and school and what passed for education were not the lesser but the worser part of life. Life in its full sense was united indissolubly with the summer and the sea. I had something of the sea in Boston, for my father was a China merchant, and, after the fashion of the merchants of those days, had his office in the granite block which stretched down to the end of Commercial Wharf. My father's counting-room was at the very end in the last division of the block, and from the windows I could look out on the ships lying alongside the wharf. They were beautiful vessels, American clipper ships in the days when our ships of that type were famous throughout the world for speed and stanchness. I wandered about over them, making friends with the captains, the seamen, and the ship-keepers, and taking a most absorbing interest in everything connected with them. They brought me from China admirable firecrackers and strange fireworks which I could not make go at all. From them, too, came bronzes and porcelains and pictures and carved ivories which I was wont to look at wonderingly, and ginger and sweetmeats and lychee-nuts (then almost unknown here), of which I used to partake with keen delight. For the teas

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and silks which filled the holds I cared nothing, but the history and adventures of the ships interested me greatly. I was indifferent to those which my father had bought and which rejoiced in such names as the *Alfred Hill* and *Sarah H. Snow*, but I cared enormously for those which he had built and named himself. There was the *Argonaut*, his "luckiest" ship, in which he told me I had an interest or share. I still have a stiff picture of her painted by a Chinese artist in the Western manner, and a very beautiful ship she must have been. Then there were two named for the heroes of one of my father's best-loved books, the *Don Quixote* and the *Sancho Panza*. Then there were others, crack ships in their day, whose names appealed to my imagination—the *Kremlin*, the *Storm King*, the *Cossack*, and the *Magnet*. But over all was the mystery and the fascination of the sea, and those who have been born by it and have fallen under its spell are never happy when long parted from the ocean and the ships. Longfellow, who had in high degree the art of putting into pleasant, refined verse what many people thought and could not express, has given once for all in words what many a New England boy, born by the sea, has felt, and having once felt, has never forgotten:

> "I remember the black wharves and the slips,
> And the sea-tides tossing free;
> And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
> And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
> And the magic of the sea."

Such I know was my feeling, and I can see the ships now and the look of the wharf and the men as I gazed at them from the window of the counting-room or wandered about the decks. I can see, too, the ship-yard at Medford, long since departed, and Mr. Lapham, the ship-builder, and the vessels on the stocks. It was one of the most exciting joys of my life to drive out to Medford with my father and stroll about the ship-yard while he inspected the ship in process of construction. I am far from decrying steel and iron, but for mere grace and beauty the old clipper ship from the day she spread her wings and set out under full sail can never be approached by anything made of metal with smoking chimneys and military masts.

I have drifted with the ships far away from the summer of my boyhood, but the mention of my drives with my father to Medford brings me naturally back to them, because in the spring it was his habit to drive down on Sunday, the only day he had free from business, to see our little place at Nahant and overlook the gardens there, in which he took a great interest. There were no Sunday trains in those days and electric cars were still in a remote future, so that the only way was to drive. Our vehicle was a large buggy. We changed horses at Lynn, leaving our own horse there to be fed, and went on to Nahant with a horse from the livery-stable. At Nahant we lunched, bringing our luncheon with us, examined the work on the place, and wandered about by the edge of the sea and among the closed houses, which only took off their shutters and opened their eyes when summer came. The empty, shut-up houses gave an air of remoteness and solitude to the little peninsula much more tangible than if it had been merely uninhabited. To a small boy the whole expedition had a taste of adventure which was very satisfying. The part, however, which I liked best was the drive. My father was the best of companions. He had that somewhat rare gift of being perfect company to a child. He was the kindest and most generous of men. I never remember a harsh word from him except on one or two occasions, when he spoke to me sternly because he thought I was not telling the truth or was exhibiting either physical or moral timidity. He was a man of great courage, entirely fearless, and was said to have had a high temper, but although I realized his courage I never knew that he had a temper until one night, when, as we were going to the theatre, at a dark place on the Common, two men pushed into us; there were words, I saw something glitter in one man's hand, and then he was knocked down in the snow by my father, who merely said as we passed on, "I think that man had a knife." My confidence in my father was so absolute that at the moment the whole thing seemed a matter of course. As I look back upon it now it does not seem quite so simple. There had been a storm and the weather was just clearing. I can see the shine of the distant gas-light on the new-fallen snow, the sudden collision of the two men with my father, then one of them on his back in the white drift with something glittering in his

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hand. Then we were walking quietly along and I have no recollection of either fright or excitement. My faith in my father was too great to admit either emotion. Perhaps I shall be pardoned if I say a few words now about him, for he filled a dominant place in my earliest years. He was open-handed and generous in the highest degree to the poor, to all who were connected with him, to any one whom he could help. When the war came he was unable to go, for he was not only too old, which he would not admit, but he had injured his knee in a fall from his horse, could not walk freely and rode with difficulty. But he was an intensely loyal man and gave to the support of the war in every way. It was the habit to subscribe money to equip regiments. John C. Ropes, afterward an eminent lawyer and the distinguished military historian, raised a great deal of money for this purpose. He told me that my father always gave, and on one occasion when there was some especial need my father handed him a check signed in blank and told him to fill it up as he pleased. Mr. Ropes said it was the only blank signed check ever given to him. My father enjoyed above all things the power of giving. He was overwhelmed, overburdened with business cares which broke him down and caused his premature death. My mother begged him to retire, as he had an ample fortune for those days, but his reply was: "If I retire and live on a fixed income I shall not be able to give as I do now, and I want to be able to give without stopping to think about it."

But it was not his generosity, although he was continually giving to me, that made those Sunday drives so fascinating. It was his companionship. My father talked freely to me and we held long conversations. He talked to me about his ships, and about the place at Nahant, and about his cotton-mill, and about politics, and above all, he used to repeat poetry to me, not only nonsense jingles, or the simple rhymes of the school-room, or the verses of Cowper and Mrs. Hemans, of Campbell and Southey, but he would recite to me long passages from Scott and from his two favorite poets, Shakespeare and Pope, a queer combination. I cannot remember the time when I did not know the "Universal Prayer," or when I could not repeat "The stag at eve had drunk his fill," and

> "Awake, my St. John, leave all meaner things
> To low Ambition and the pride of kings."

My idea of what the last poem meant was as vague as my knowledge of Bolingbroke, but the swing and ring of the verses greatly caught my fancy. It was in this way that I acquired an affection for Pope's rolling and balanced lines, which was found quite odd when I grew up, because Queen Anne's poet had long been out of fashion. My father was fond of books and liked to talk of them to me, young as I was, and my earliest reading took, of course, the line of my father's fancies. He was very fond of Cervantes, and I early became familiar with our illustrated copy of "Don Quixote," pored over the pictures and read all that I could understand. He was a lover of Scott, and in my tenth year I read all the Waverley Novels through from beginning to end. I have repeated the performance more than once since, but the joy of that first reading can never be felt again. The pleasure of living in that other world filled with adventure and with fascinating people was beyond description. I understand that Scott is now no longer read and that the young and wise regard him as a poor creature. If this be true the loss is the world's and the present generation's, and

> "Out of the day and night
> A joy has taken flight."

In the same way I was led to an early admiration of Macaulay and to a far earlier reading of Hawthorne, Dickens, and "Robinson Crusoe." I am inclined to think, as I set down the names of these books, which I turned to because my father talked about them, that his tastes were conservative, that he was not appealed to by the romantic or transcendental movement going on about him, and that, apart from Shakespeare, his particular adoration, he was very eighteenth century in his tastes. I am confirmed in this by the fact that among his books, and he had many, there was a particularly handsome and very complete set of Horace Walpole, for whom he seems to have had a peculiar affection. I am afraid that what I have just written will give the impression that I must have had the most precocious literary tastes, which was not at all the case.

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These books I have mentioned I was led to read in part at least by hearing my father talk of them, and Scott was purely voluntary reading on my part. But I also devoured eagerly all the children's books of the time, especially fairy tales, for which I had an inexhaustible appetite. I also read all the works of Jacob Abbott, as well as Sandford and Merton, one of the most preposterous books ever written, but which had an undoubted charm which I find it hard to explain. I was familiar with the poems of Jane Taylor, and accepted as perfectly natural the ferocious punishments therein meted out to youthful transgressors. The extremely humorous side of those poems, quite unintended by the authoress, has been, I may add, a source of real pleasure to me all my life, as I have been able to recall those jingling verses better than many more valuable things. I also read all Miss Edgeworth's writings — "Parents' Assistant," "Frank," "Harry and Lucy," and "Rosamond and the Purple Jar." At that time the intolerable didacticism of the stories did not bore me, nor did I have the satisfaction of appreciating the brutal immorality of such persons as Rosamond's mother in her treatment of her luckless and deceived offspring.

But I have spent a long time in getting to Nahant and my summers there. I have drifted away on the sea of literature as I did before on the clipper ships. Neither perhaps is so very distant, for Nahant has been much connected with literature, and from her bold headlands she has watched "the stately ships go on to their haven under the hill" from the days of the long, low boats of the Vikings to the huge steamships throbbing and smoking as they come up out of the ocean or start forth to Europe. A bold, rock-bound peninsula of singular beauty thrust out into the sea between Cape Cod and Cape Ann, the home from the early part of the seventeenth century of a few fishermen and farmers, Nahant at the beginning of the nineteenth century began to draw people from Boston, who sought for life out of doors, by its fine sea air and by the chance for fishing and shooting. In the early twenties gentlemen from Boston built a stone hotel on the extreme point of the peninsula. Cottages followed, built here and there on the bold cliffs and headlands, and the place was fairly launched as a summer resort. It became well known, sharing with Newport the distinction of being one of the first and most famous of New England watering-places. Willis, and later Curtis, described it in prose and Whittier pictured its beauties in verse. Prescott and Longfellow and Agassiz made their homes at Nahant in summer, and Motley and Sumner came there every year. Then Mr. Paran Stevens, forerunner of the promoters and combiners of a later day, cast his eyes upon it and determined that he could make it a great watering-place like Newport, a destiny for which Nahant was too small and altogether unsuited. But this experiment was in full tide when my earliest memory begins. The picturesque stone hotel had given way to a huge wooden barrack containing hundreds of rooms, ugly, tasteless, with no quality but size. A telegraph line was run to Lynn, "hops," bands, and balls were of frequent occurrence, and various attractions were furnished, including Blondin, whom I remember wheeling a man over a tight-rope stretched high across one of the coves which indented the shore. There was a brief period of gayety and success, the hotel was full, and fashion seemed to justify the anticipation of Mr. Stevens. Its fame indeed even travelled across the ocean. On September 7, 1858, Henry Greville writes in his diary: "An amusing letter from Fanny Kemble, dated Nahant, U. S. (a favorite sea-bathing place near Boston), received to-day, says: 'How you would open your eyes and stop your ears if you were here! This enormous house is filled with American women, one prettier than the other, who look like fairies, dress like duchesses or *femmes entretenues*, behave like housemaids and scream like peacocks.'" The glimpse through English eyes is not flattering, but it is vivid and interesting, perhaps not without value even now.

So far as my own knowledge is concerned I remember only dimly that the Olympians of the family used to go to the hotel for various entertainments, that there was music, and that I was taken there once to see Signor Blitz (why Signor?) and his trained canaries. The only other recollection connected with the hotel in its brief hour of splendor is of the first diplomatist I ever saw. I have seen many since those days, some most interesting men, but as a rule I have found them, especially when they were what is called

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"trained," quite arid and unprofitable. Lord Napier, minister from England to the United States in 1857, was very distinctly of the former class. He brought letters to my father, and he and Lady Napier dined often at our house and drove with my mother. A boy of seven notes not at all the appearance of persons so old as to be friends of his parents, but I have been told since that she was charming and handsome. An old photograph which lies before me, despite its imperfections, certainly justifies the latter adjective. There were also two Napier boys, who made a far stronger impression upon my mind than did their parents. I remember playing and fraternizing with them very cheerfully, although I had a wholly vague, but none the less deep-rooted, hostility to England. This feeling was traditional and in the air, but I am sure that I derived mine from my father. He had been in England several times when a young man. I have his passport, issued to him by Governor White, of Louisiana, the father of my friend, the present chief-justice of the United States. My father then lived in Louisiana, where he was engaged in business, but the governor of a State as a source for passports curiously illustrates the alteration in the power and position of the States since the early thirties. He had enjoyed his visits to England, where he was very kindly welcomed by his uncle and cousins, and I never heard him speak harshly of any one whom he met. Nevertheless, he resented deeply the attitude and policy of England toward this country, as well as the contemptuous abuse heaped up on us by her writers, and this resentment became more intense when England's feeling toward us was revealed by her conduct at the beginning of the Civil War. But although my opinions were strong and sound as to Great Britain, I played cheerfully and contentedly with the sons of the minister and found them excellent companions.

The passing glamour of the big hotel, however, was only an incident in the earlier summers that I remember. It was Nahant itself that I cared for. Many, many years afterward Senator Hoar said of me and to me in a speech at Clark University, that I had suffered from one great misfortune—I had not been brought up in the country. I told him after the speech-making was over that I had one great compensation in being brought up by the sea, and he admitted the truth of what I said as a fact which he had forgotten. The love of the sea which a child acquires who has been reared at its very edge deepens through life, and nothing can ever replace it. I played upon the beaches and on the rocky cliffs; I loved the sea smiling and beautiful in the midsummer heats, and I loved it even more in the great gales of the autumn, when the huge seas broke over the cliffs and ledges, filling me with interest and excitement as I watched them by the hour together.

Nahant not only meant the sea and summer and out-of-door life, but there was no school there, and, instead of lessons, I learned to swim and in time to row and sail a boat, accomplishments really worth having and one of the rare portions of my education which have been of use and pleasure to me my whole life through. There was, too, a certain enchantment about the place—the mystery and magic of the sea, I suppose—and such dreams and imaginings as I had were all connected with Nahant and not with Boston. It is said that Robert Louis Stevenson once declaring that "every child hunted for buried treasure," Henry James replied "that he never had," to which Stevenson made the obvious answer: "Then you have never been a child." I was not at all imaginative, but I constructed an elaborate romance of treasure hidden at Nahant. Little as I knew it then I was in a region peculiarly adapted for such dreams. Captain Kidd and other pirates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but especially Captain Kidd, are popularly believed to have buried treasure all along the New England coast. As a matter of fact, they probably concealed some of their plunder at various points, for little deposits have been found here and there. The belief, however, was magnificent and wide-spread, even if the treasure was small, scattered, and uncertain. Not far from where I lived, although I never heard of it until much later, at a place called Dungeon Rock, in the Saugus Woods, a worthy family, under the direction of mediums and spirits, slowly and painfully, with hammer and chisel, drove a tunnel into the solid rock in search of a cave where an Indian princess, an Indian chief, and sundry pirates had been imprisoned with all their treasures by a landslide or earthquake, of which geology, differing with the spirits, gave no indication.

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The work of these poor people afterward became an attraction to sightseers, and they earned a living by the fees they received for exhibiting the work of their wasted lives.

I also got a glimpse of the Captain Kidd belief many years later. One summer in the eighties a good-looking elderly man came to me and asked permission to dig on my place at Nahant, near East Point, just by the edge of the cliff. He said that the spirits had told him precisely where the treasure was buried in large pots packed in a great chest. Mindful of my own early visions I gave him the required permission, but after his excavation had reached such a size that it began to threaten serious damage I told him to stop and sent him away. He went obediently, but came back at night secretly and dug more and deeper, enlarging the hole to the serious distress of my gardener, but naturally finding nothing. He was a fine-looking, sturdy man who had worked all his life as a bridge-builder and contractor, and his hard-earned savings were all being absorbed by crafty mediums who were encouraging him in his search for buried treasure.

I have wandered far from my own early imaginings, which were as innocent of any knowledge of Kidd and eleventh-century buccaneers as they were of spiritual manifestations and designing mediums. Mine was simply the boy's dream of buried treasure. I made up my mind that on the side of one of the cliffs near the house where I then lived there was a cave which had been closed up by the fall of a rock suggested by a long crack and a projecting shelf. I fixed the place in my memory by slipping there one day when I was pounding the rock, and as I fell I brought my teeth sharply together, biting clean through my tongue, an incident as real as my cave was imaginary and a good deal more painful. But although I made no impression on the hard surface of the rock, I pictured the cave and fitted it up and filled it with treasure in my own mind, greatly to my own satisfaction. I became finally so pleased with my invention that I confided an account of it to my companion and contemporary, Sturgis Bigelow. He was so interested that I gave him to understand that I had seen all these wonders, and I produced an old and rusty shot-gun which I had found in the garret as something which I had brought from the cave. He was duly impressed, so much so indeed that he told his father and then informed me that his father said that there was no such cave and that the gun had probably belonged to my grandfather. What defence I made I do not remember, but this unpleasant scepticism not only impaired my reputation for truth but wrecked my own belief, and I do not recall that I sought further to develop my cave, which was a loss I have never ceased to deplore. My only other attempt to carry out my dreams of buried treasure had an equally unfortunate ending. Russell Sullivan and I and one or two other boys put some of our hard-gotten quarters and half dollars in a small box and buried it deeply in a sand bank which ran along the edge of the marshes where Arlington Street now is. Then from time to time we would go secretly and mysteriously and dig up the box and examine it. The pleasure of this performance is almost as hard to explain as that of Stevenson's "Lantern Bearers," but I can testify that it was quite as real and quite as exciting. One sad day, however, we found that our box had been broken open and rifled. Sullivan and I, quite unjustly I think, suspected one of our fellow treasure-hiders and treated him with marked coolness. I am inclined to believe that some more practical treasure-seeker from the "South Cove" had observed our movements and had profited accordingly. But in any event this melancholy experience terminated my effort to acquire or to pretend to acquire buried treasure.

These memories of my first ten years all melt together. I cannot pick them apart and date them as some more fortunate writers of reminiscences seem able to do. I can only give them in mass as they arise before me out of the dead years. But some of the figures of that time stand forth very clearly before my mental vision, both those who made my little world and those whom I afterward knew to be of great importance in the larger world of men and whom I still distinguish salient and defined despite the uncertain and fluctuating lights of one's earlier memories.

I have already spoken of my father who was so much to me as companion and friend. Next in the household was my grandfather, Henry Cabot, for whom I was named. He was over seventy when I first recall him clearly, a tall, erect, very fine-

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looking man who gave no impression of age or feebleness. He went to his club (the old Temple Club) and down town every day, although he had no business, having long since retired from the bar, and he was a great theatre-goer. When not at the theatre he was always at home in the evenings and used to sit up very late, reading, as I was told. He certainly got up late in the morning and I seldom saw him without a book. It seemed to me as if he knew everybody and that everybody knew him. His friends were constantly coming to see him. I thought at the time that they were all of his age, which I regarded as enormous. I learned later that some of them were young men, the fact being that he was a very agreeable and charming man who attracted both young and old. He had, as I look back on it, most perfect manners. He left the reputation of an excellent talker, but of that I could not judge. He was always very kind to me, but I looked up to him with awe, for he impressed me with an air of distinction which I could not have defined then, but which I fully realize now. I do not know why I had a feeling of awe, for he was always most gentle in his manner, and as he had a way, if I asked him for money, of pulling out a handful of change and letting me take my choice among the coins I felt a peculiar affection for a method of giving quite unexampled in my experience. I used to try his patience, I fear, by getting him to tell me how he hid under the sideboard and watched Washington at breakfast with his father when the President stopped at my great-grandfather's house in Beverly, on his journey through New England in 1789.

Many years afterward there came to me in a curious way a written reminder of this little incident which had strangely enough escaped destruction. When I wrote my memoir of George Cabot in 1876 I went carefully through the Washington papers in the State Department and took copies of all the correspondence between Washington and Mr. Cabot. I did not find anything relating to the Beverly visit, nor indeed was there any reason why I should have found anything. Some fifteen years later my friend, William Endicott, then in the Department of Justice, was directed to examine all the papers in the archives relating to the acquisition of the District of Columbia and the laying out of the city of Washington in order to settle some question which had arisen in regard to the title to the Potomac flats. There was an immense mass of papers, including many letters from Washington, all official and all relating to the establishment of the Federal city. Yet in this unlikely company Mr. Endicott found my great-grandfather's letter inviting Washington to stop at his house in Beverly. Washington preserved everything, but how this little note from a friend had strayed into such a collection has never been explained. I will give it here because it is connected with my story and because it seems to me to have the pleasant grace of the elder day when Horace Walpole was writing letters and Gibbon was telling the story of the Roman Empire.

BEVERLY,
October 24, 1789.

SIR: The public papers having announced "that the President of the United States is on his way to Portsmouth in New Hampshire," it immediately occurred to me that your route would be through *this village*, and that you might find it convenient to stop here and take a little rest: should this prove to be the case, permit me, Sir, to hope for your acceptance of such accomodation and refreshment as can be furnished in my humble dwelling, where two or three beds would be at your disposal.

I am fully aware that by indulging this hope I expose myself to the imputation of vanity as well as ambition and therefore should hardly dare to have my conduct tried by the cool maxims of the head alone, but would rather refer it to the dictates of my heart, which, in the most affecting concerns of life, I believe to be a sure guide to what is right.

I have the honor, Sir, to be with sentiments of the most profound respect

your devoted and most obedient servant

GEORGE CABOT

The President of the United States

I have always liked since to think, as I have recalled this trifling anecdote, that I have known and talked with some one who had seen Washington. But this was the only incident of the past I ever extracted from my grandfather. I used to importune him to tell me stories of the distant time

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when he was a boy and especially all about his father. I remember well his kindly refusal and his then adding: "My boy, we do not talk about family in this country. It is enough for you to know that your grandfather was an honest man." It is a regret to me now that I never could get more from him, for he had seen much of the world and had known many interesting people. He entered Harvard in the class of 1800, but became involved in one of the absurd outbreaks common in those days and known as college rebellions, and did not graduate. He was at Cambridge long enough, however, to be a member of the Porcellian Club, and I remember how glad I was to find his name on the list when I became a member of the club myself, more than seventy years later. Washington Allston was in the same class, and my grandfather kept up his friendship with him always.

Mr. Cabot was also a life-long friend of Daniel Webster, personally as well as politically. They were both fond of gun and rod, and I have a long letter from Webster telling my grandfather about a day's fishing and describing the trout he had caught. My grandfather had Webster's signature appended to some other bits of paper less valuable than this delightful letter, which I think worth giving for the glimpse that it affords of the sport of many years ago:

SANDWICH, *June* 4,
Saturday mor'g
6 o'clock

DEAR SIR: I send you eight or nine brook trout, which I took yesterday, in that chief of all brooks, Mashpee. I made a long day of it, and with good success, for me. John was with me, full of good advice, but did not fish—nor carry a rod.

I took 26 trouts, all weighing . .	17 lb 12 oz.
The largest (you have him) weighed at Crokers	2 " 4 "
The 5 largest	3 " 5 "
The eight largest	11 " 8 "

I got these by following your advice; that is, *by careful & thorough* fishing of the difficult places, which others do not fish. The brook is fished, nearly every day. I entered it, not so high up as we sometime do, between 7 & 8 o'clock, & at 12 was hardly more than half way down to the meeting-house path. You see I did not hurry. The day did not hold out to fish the whole brook properly. The largest trout I took at 3 P. M. (you see I am precise) below the meeting-house, under a bush on the right bank, two or three rods below the large *beeches*. It is singular, that in the whole day, I did not take two trouts out of the same hole. I found both ends, or parts of the Brook about equally productive. Small fish not plenty, in either. So many hooks get everything which is not hid away in the manner large trouts take care of themselves. I hooked one, which I suppose to be larger than any which I took, as he broke my line, by fair pulling, after I had pulled him out of his den, & was playing him in fair open water.

Of what I send you, I pray you keep what you wish yourself, send three to Mr. Ticknor, & three to Dr. Warren; or two of the larger ones, to each will perhaps be enough—& if there be any left, there is Mr. Callender & Mr. Blake, & Mr. Davis, either of them not "averse to fish." Pray let Mr. Davis *see* them—especially the large one—As he promised to come, & fell back, I desire to excite his regrets. I hope you will have the large one on your own table.

The day was fine—not another hook in the Brook. John steady as a judge—and everything else exactly right. I never, on the whole, had so agreeable a day's fishing tho' the result, in pound or numbers, is not great;—nor ever expect such another.

Please preserve this letter; but rehearse not these particulars to the uninitiated.

I think the Limerick *not* the best hook. Whether it pricks too soon, or for what other reason, I found or thought I found the fish more likely to let go his hold, from this, than from the old fashioned hook.

Yrs.

D. WEBSTER.

H. CABOT, *Esq.*

Among the people who came constantly to the house I well remember Charles Sumner. He was the friend of my grandfather and of my father, too. When respectable Boston shut its doors upon him on account of his course upon slavery our house and that of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, as Mr. Adams himself told me, were the only ones still kept open to him. He came frequently to dinner when he was at home and passed several weeks with us always at Nahant, a habit which he maintained until his death.

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But in those first ten years he is only a figure in memory—tall, solemn, impressive, and looked at by me with distant awe. He is vivid to me in that period upon only one occasion, and then he stands out on the background of memory very sharply indeed. It was not long after Preston Brooks's attack upon him in the Senate chamber, of which I knew nothing at the time. My memory is merely that one afternoon my father took me to the State House to the point which was then the corner of Mount Vernon and Beacon Streets. He lifted me up and placed me on the coping of the terrace wall so that I could look over the heads of those about us. Thence I saw a crowd stretching far away and filling the streets in every direction. Presently an open carriage drove up with some gentlemen seated in it and stopped near the spot where I was placed. Then a tall man, who I knew was Mr. Sumner, stood up in the carriage and at the sight of him a shout rose from that crowd the like of which I have never heard since, and I have heard, in the course of my life, many crowds, and some mobs, cheer and yell. Then memory drops the curtain and I remember no more. In after years I spoke of this recollection many times, both to my family and to others, but nobody seemed to recall the incident and I began to think that it was all a trick of memory, which is so fond of tricks. At last Mr. Pierce's biography appeared, and there at the proper point appeared an account of the scene which I remembered. Years afterward I found among my mother's papers a copy of the *Boston Atlas* for Tuesday, November 4, 1856. In that veracious chronicle I read that Mr. Sumner had passed the previous Sunday at the house of Mr. Lawrence in Brookline. The next day he drove to the Roxbury line, where he was received by the mayor and Mr. Quincy. There the procession was formed and marched to the State House. Then the reporter continues: "The scene at the State House was beyond description. The area in front, the long range of steps leading to the capitol, the capitol itself, the streets in the vicinity, the houses, even to the roofs, were packed with human beings. The assembled thousands greeted him with long-continued cheering." Of what followed, according to the newspaper, such as a speech by the governor and the like suitable performances, I remember nothing. But I can still see the tall figure standing up in the carriage; I can still hear the shout of the crowd, and I know now why that cheering, as the *Atlas* called it, branded itself on my young memory. It was the note of fierceness in it, of deep-seated anger, the cry for vengeance of a people who had been insulted, outraged, and wronged. It would have been well for the South if that scene and sound had made the same impression upon the Southern people which it made upon the boy of six, although I fear that they would have understood it as little as I did. Yet it might conceivably have caused them to think, a useful exercise in which they did not much indulge in those bitter days.

Some time afterward—it must have been in 1859 or 1860, because the scene was not in Winthrop Place but in our new house on Beacon Street—Mr. Sumner, who had been in Europe, came, as was his habit, to dine with us. In the middle of the dinner he arose from his chair and stretched himself upon the sofa because the pain in his back was so severe that he could not sit up longer without resting himself. He never fully recovered, I think, from the effects of the assault, for the spine was more or less affected.

Thus it came about that my first impressions of politics were tragic, and I imbibed in this way an intense hatred of slavery, which I connected with Southerners and Democrats. The details were misty and the reasoning vague, but the sentiment was vigorous and the general result fairly accurate.

Another figure that I recall in the Winthrop Place days was Rufus Choate, sometime Whig Senator from Massachusetts, always a great lawyer and advocate, a speaker of remarkable originality and compelling eloquence, a real scholar and a man of exceptional brilliancy and charm. He lived near us in Winthrop Place, and one evening in early summer, when my bedtime was drawing on, the maid said to me as we sat by the window: "There is Mr. Choate." I looked and saw a tall man with black hair and dark, deep-set eyes stroll slowly by, his hat pushed back and his coat-sleeves drawn up as if for coolness. That is all, and as it stands it is not a very interesting contribution to our knowledge of Mr. Choate, and yet that his figure should be vivid to me across all these years, that a

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single glimpse of him should have left such a lasting picture on a child's mind, shows, I think, what striking qualities the man must have had, so impalpable and yet so powerful that, piercing the vesture of decay, they fastened themselves indelibly upon the memory of a little boy. I do not remember ever seeing Mr. Choate again, and this one vision of him must have been shortly before his death, as he died prematurely in 1859. It is rather odd that I do not recall him on other occasions, for my father greatly admired Mr. Choate and we all knew the family well. A cousin of mine much older than I married one of Mr. Choate's daughters, and in after years, through which their friendship has been one of my best possessions, I have seen in her and in her sister, Mrs. Bell, the charm, the cleverness, the brilliancy, and the unending humor for which Mr. Choate was famous.

Mr. Choate's power with juries was universally known in his lifetime, but this side of a great lawyer's career is unfortunately evanescent, like the glories of great actors, which of necessity rest only upon tradition and upon what was written about them by their contemporaries. I was, of course, born too late to have seen Mr. Choate before a jury or to have heard him speak in public, but his reputation was still all-pervading at the bar when I studied law, and from the lawyers of that day and from his memoirs I have come to the conclusion, after comparison with the accounts of other great lawyers, that he ranks with Erskine and men of that class, and that he has never been surpassed before a jury except by Webster in the single speech at the White murder trial. Mr. Choate left behind him not only this great reputation, but also countless anecdotes of his wit and humor and picturesque habit of speech. These, for the most part, have been published, but there are one or two of the many I have heard which I think are not in print and are certainly not well known.

There was a story famous in its day of Mr. Choate cross-examining a man who had turned State's evidence against his companions, who were charged with murder on the high seas and whom Mr. Choate was defending. This man was the most important witness for the government, and Mr. Choate drew out of him the story of how the murder was planned and then asked: "How did they induce you to join?" "Why," said the witness, "they told me that we should be all right because, even if we were caught, there was a man in Boston named Choate who would get us off if we were found with the money in our boots." There was a roar of laughter in the court-room, and at this point the story always stopped. An eye-witness told me that Mr. Choate waited perfectly undisturbed until the laugh had subsided, then proceeded, and working on the reply just made, broke the witness down and greatly impaired the weight of his testimony. In fact, I believe that he secured the acquittal of his client.

In after years I never met, or heard of or from, Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, the eminent historian of the Constitution, who was always very civil to me, without Mr. Choate's remark about him forcing itself upon my mind: "There are some men whom we hate for cause and some peremptorily. I hate George Ticknor Curtis in both ways. I never want to see him again—except from a window and in a procession."

Another story which was always a favorite of mine, because the touch was so light, was that relating to a client in a great patent suit. After the junior counsel had thoroughly prepared the case he took the client, who wished to state his case to Mr. Choate personally, to see the senior counsel. The client began: "Of course, Mr. Choate, you understand the principle of the Jacquard loom?" "Certainly," said Mr. Choate, who had never heard of the loom before in his life; "of course, of course. But assume for the moment that I do not understand the principle of the Jacquard loom and expound it to me as a preliminary."

There is one more story, and it shall be the last, which I am sure has never been printed and which I heard in a curious way. When I was in Congress, General Butler, whom I had fought for years politically and whom I had never met, came one morning into the House. I happened to be passing near where he was standing and Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, stopped me and introduced me to him. After a few words General Butler asked us to come over to his house, which was near the Capitol and is now the office of the Coast Survey, and lunch with him. We had a very pleasant luncheon, but the one thing in the conver-

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sation which I remember was this story of Choate. It was apropos of a certain claimant who just then had a bill before Congress to pay him for some improvement in rifles which he had made at the time of the war. "He was always inventing things," said General Butler. "When he was a young man he invented some baking machinery and set up a factory equipped with it in New Hampshire. The invention wasn't worth a damn, and the concern failed, and, of course [I liked General Butler's 'of course' at this point], it burned down. The insurance companies refused to pay, and the claimant retained Mr. Choate and me to sue them. I took charge of the case, but the claimant insisted on seeing Mr. Choate, and so one day I took him to Mr. Choate's office and the claimant told his story. When he had gone I said to Mr. Choate: 'What a liar our client is.' Mr. Choate said, looking at me with his melancholy eyes: 'I would not say that, Mr. Butler; call him an inventor rather.'"

I have again wandered far from my early days, but Mr. Choate is always a temptation whenever one speaks or writes of him, and his early death prevented my ever knowing him after I had grown up.

With Mr. Motley (the historian) the case is different. He stands out very distinctly among my earliest memories, and I came to know him very well in later years. He and Mrs. Motley were intimate friends of my grandfather and of my father and mother. I used to call them "uncle" and "aunt," although there was no relationship, and when they were not in Europe they, with their daughters, used to pass several weeks with us every summer at Nahant. Mrs. Motley was a very handsome woman, strong in her affections and her dislikes, enthusiastic, earnest, and full of charm and fascination. I know that she charmed a small boy who became very fond of her, and years only served to confirm the boy's opinion. Mr. Motley I used to look at in those days with round eyes and loved to hear him talk, although naturally I did not understand very well all that he said; but he was so handsome, so spirited, with such an exciting and inspiring manner, that he compelled the vagrant attention even of a boy to whom the "Dutch Republic" and the "Beggars of the Sea" then first appeared above the mental horizon.

Mr. Longfellow lived at Nahant and I saw him from earliest boyhood, but for some reason not explicable now he did not become real to me, although I knew many of his poems, until much later. On the other hand, Mr. Agassiz is one of my earliest and strongest remembrances. This was the case partly, I suppose, because Mrs. Agassiz was an intimate friend of my mother, partly because my sister went to Mr. Agassiz's school in Cambridge, but chiefly, I think, because whenever a strange fish was caught off our shores my father always said that he was going to show it to Mr. Agassiz, who would know all about it. This struck me as an evidence of surprising wisdom, as indeed it was, although I did not know that it implied that the question was to be asked of the greatest living authority on fishes, past or present. Moreover, Mr. Agassiz was a man who impressed a boy just as he did every one who came in contact with him. His fluent English with the marked French accent, quite strange to a child; the atmosphere of strength, both physical and mental, which seemed to pervade him; the large, genial, kindly presence, the sense of power; all alike were at once imposing and reassuring, leaving a mark on the young memory not to be effaced.

I cannot recall the time when Benjamin Peirce, the great mathematician and a professor at Cambridge, was not at once familiar and impressive to me. Mrs. Peirce was a cousin of my mother and the "Professor" was constantly at our house. His successful criticism of Leverrier's computations of the variations of Uranus and his discovery of the fluidity of Saturn's rings had already made him famous and laid the foundation of that international reputation to which the long list of honors conferred upon him by foreign societies, as duly set forth in the Harvard catalogue, bears imposing witness. Of all this I knew nothing then, and the names of his mathematical achievements are all that I have learned since. But he made a profound impression on my imagination. I heard him spoken of always with admiration, and I gathered that he was a man of vast and mysterious knowledge, not understood by most people, which was true enough, but the effect on my mind was to make me regard him as a species of necromancer or magician. His ap-

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pearance fostered the idea. He wore his black hair very long, after the fashion of his youth. He had a noble leonine head and dark, deep-set eyes. His voice had a peculiar quality without any metallic or ringing note, but as if slightly veiled, and very attractive for some reason which I have never clearly defined. Altogether he had a fascination which even a child felt, and all the more because he was full of humor, with an abounding love of nonsense, one of the best of human possessions in this vale of tears. I know that I was always delighted to see him, because he was so gentle, so kind, so full of jokes with me and "so funny." As time went on I came as a man to know him well and to value him more justly, but the love of the child, and the sense of fascination which the child felt, only grew with the years.

Among the companions of my uncle, George Cabot, at the Latin School, was John Fitzpatrick, who became greatly attached to my uncle and kept up his friendship with our family after the latter's early death. Fitzpatrick rose to be Bishop of Boston, which was far from being then the Irish and Catholic city it has since become. He was known to every one as "Bishop John," and was a most excellent man, very popular and greatly beloved. He came a great deal to our house, especially in summer, for there was no Roman Catholic Church at Nahant then, and he or Father, afterward Bishop, Healey used to celebrate an early mass in our church, of which my father was warden and treasurer. Bishop "John" was not only very kind to me but the best of companions, genial, affectionate, and sympathetic. He had a great regard for my father, who used to help him very liberally with his poor people and was especially generous to the orphan asylum, for whose head, Sister Ann Alexis, he had deep admiration.

Yet another whom I remember well at that time was Dr. Henry Bigelow, the father of my friend, Sturgis Bigelow. He belonged, in common with my own parents and all those of my friends generally, to what Mr. Kenneth Grahame has so happily called the "Olympians," the grown-up persons who wield a despotic, unquestioned, and unreasoning authority over the destinies of small boys. But I distinguished him as different from the others, not merely because I heard my father speak of him with admiration, but because of the personal impression he made upon me. He was an ardent sportsman and his house was full of dogs and guns and firearms of all descriptions, which were, of course, irresistibly alluring to any properly constituted boy. But there was something about the man himself which makes him stand out in the past as I try to revive the boyish recollections. I think it was mainly his extraordinary clearness of statement, the feeling of finality in all he said, qualities which always give a sense of power and mastery. I knew of course that he was a doctor. I did not know that he was the greatest surgeon of the day in our country. Still less did I know, what many, many years after I was to learn, that by his introduction of the system of reducing dislocations of the hip by manipulation and by his revolution, then in the distant future, in the operation of lithotrity he was to relieve an incalculable amount of human suffering. I say that I came to know these facts, but they are not generally known even by the people who have profited by them. The great physicians and surgeons, who by their discoveries and their self-sacrifice have done more than all others to mitigate the physical miseries of humanity, are less recognized and remembered, I have often thought, than any other benefactors of the race. Their names may have an unpleasant association with a disease or an operation, but they themselves pass out of sight, although the lives they led and the work they did, and their observation of human nature, are more interesting than those of many of the men about whom volumes have been written. In Dr. Bigelow, whom I knew well and saw constantly until his death in 1890, there was also a remarkable dexterity and lucidity of mind, as well as a capacity for rapid and brilliant generalization, which as a boy I always felt while listening to him and which as a man I could define and appreciate.

Such were the men, seen by me now in the backward look, who impressed me in those early years as in some undefined way more interesting than the rest, and who were to my mind in their effect upon me or in what I heard of greater importance than others. Yet this serious sense of their importance, although strongly felt, did not put

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them at all in the class of those who were heroes to me at that moment. It merely set them apart. My heroes then were at once nearer and better understood, more familiar and more admired.

The event in which I think I felt the most passionate interest at that time was the great fight between Heenan and Sayers. The manner in which the English crowd broke the ropes, when Heenan had finally got Sayers in chancery and in another minute would have broken his neck or won the fight, filled me with an anger which I still think just, but at which I now smile and wonder. It seemed to me that no greater injustice had ever been committed than this act of violence, which led to the declaration that it was a drawn fight. It was my first experience of what is called fair play in England, and I do not think that I ever wholly recovered from it, although I have seen so many instances of it since that I have come to appreciate what it means. From this vivid recollection of the famous battle it may be gathered what sort of persons appeared really heroic to me when I was a small boy. They were men whose feats were chiefly physical, great prize-fighters, athletes, riders, hunters, and adventurers by sea and land, of whom I read, and their more humble exemplars in the stable, by the river, or on the playing-field, with whom I loved to associate and whom I watched admiringly from a distance.

(To be continued.)

THE EARLY DIVE

By Alice Blaine Damrosch

A BLEAK, flat space of autumn lake,
The red rim of the autumn shore
Ghost-lighted by the pallid rays
Of autumn sun thin veiled in haze,
That slowly seeks to clamber o'er
The heavens, now but half awake.

I fear the quiet, magic art,
I hate the waters lying there
So dark, so icy cold, and still,
I have not strength, I have not will
To hurl my body in the air,
And then down, down into its heart.

One moment long my feet I press
Upon the gritty rock in dread.
Below, the waters call—repel—
I long to leap, I cannot tell
What keeps me, high above my head
My arms outstretched are motionless.

Now of a sudden all my fears
Drop from me, and I leap on high,
Far from the rock, far into space,
The cold air rushes past my face,
The waters cleave to let me by,
The bubbles gurgle in my ears.

I'm up again, the waters sing,
I beat them, buffet them, in play,
My blood has changed to glowing wine,
The world laughs and the world is mine,
God has granted one more day,
I own that day, and I am king!

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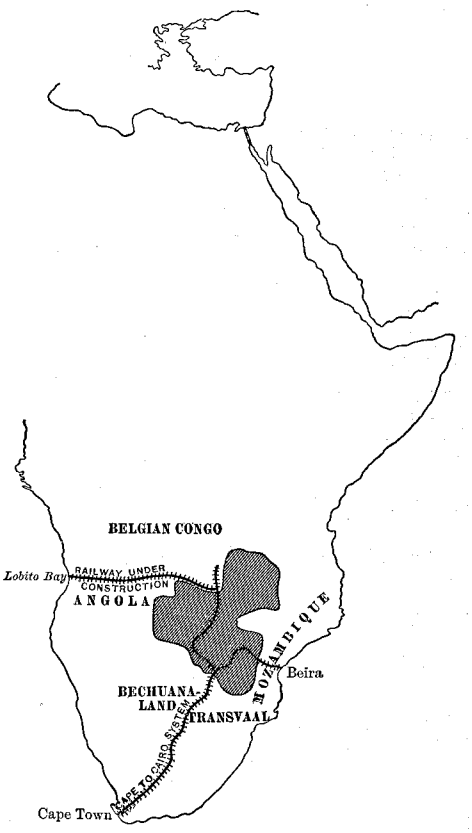
THE LAST FRONTIER

By E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN the penniless younger son of the English society play is jilted by the luxury-loving heroine, he invariably packs his portmanteau and betakes himself to Rhodesia to make his fortune. Fifty years ago he sought the golden fleece in California; thirty years ago he took passage by P. & O. boat for the Australian diggings; ten years ago he helped to swell the mad rush to the Yukon; to-day his journey's end is the newest of the great, new nations—Rhodesia. He returns in the fourth act, broad-hatted, bronzed, and boisterous, to announce that he is the owner of a ten-thousand-acre farm, or a diamond field, or a gold mine, or all of them, and that he has come home to find a girl to share his farm-house on the Rhodesian veldt, where good cooking is more essential in a wife than good clothes and a good complexion.



Sketch map showing Rhodesia and its railway systems.

Now, beyond having a vague idea that Rhodesia is a frontier country somewhere at the back of beyond, there is only about one in every fifty of the audience who has any definite notion where or what it really is. Picture, then, if you can, a territory about the size of all the Atlantic States, from Florida to Maine, put together, with the dry, dusty, sunny climate of Southern California and the fertile, rolling, well-watered and well-wooded surface of Indiana; picture such a country dropped down in the heart of equatorial Africa—that is Rhodesia. It lies a little above and to the right of that speckled yellow patch on the map of Africa which was labelled in our school geographies the Kalahari Desert. Bearing the name of the great empire-builder is the whole of that region which is bounded on the north by the Congo and the sleeping sickness, on the east by Mozambique and the blackwater fever, on the west by Angola and the cocoa atrocities, and on the south by the Transvaal and the discontented Dutch. It is watered by the Limpopo, which forms its southernmost boundary; by the Zambezi, which separates Southern Rhodesia from the north-east and north-west provinces; and by the innumerable streams which unite to form the Congo.

When the railway which English concessionaires are now pushing inland from the coast of Angola to the Zambezi is completed, the front door to Rhodesia will be Lobito Bay, thus bringing Bulawayo within

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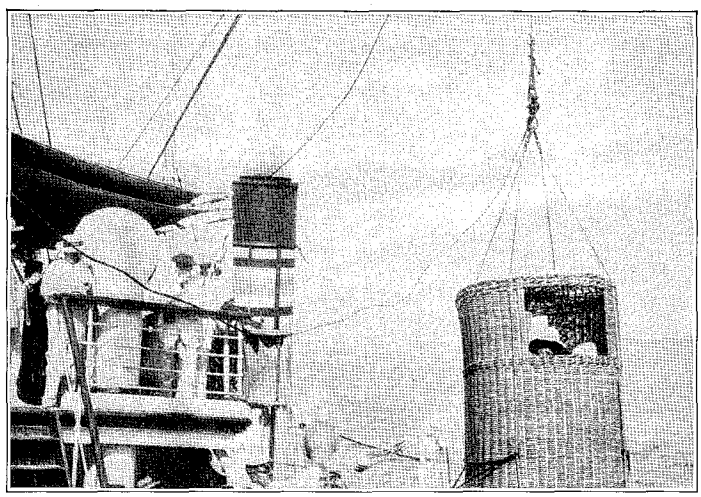

The disembarking passenger is put into a cylindrical, elongated basket when landing at Beira.

sixteen days of Trafalgar Square by boat and rail. At present, however, the country must be entered through the cellar, which means Cape Town and a railway journey of fourteen hundred miles; or by the side door at Beira, a fever-stricken Portuguese town on the East Coast, which is fortunate in being but a night's journey by rail from the Rhodesian frontier and is, in consequence, the gateway through which British jams, American harvesters, and German jackknives are opening up inner Africa to foreign exploitation.

The Rhodesia-bound traveller who escapes landing at Beira in a basket is fortunate, for it has a poorly sheltered harbor and neither dock, jetty, nor wharf, so that in the monsoon months, when the great combers come roaring in from the Indian Ocean mountain-high, there is about as much chance of getting the steam tender alongside the rolling liner as there is of getting a frightened horse alongside a panting automobile. If a dangerous sea is running, the disembarking passenger is put into a cylindrical, elongated basket, a sort of enlarged edition of those used for soiled towels in the lavatories of hotels; a wheezing donkey-engine swings it up and outward and, if the man at the lever calculates the roll of the ship correctly, drops it with a thud on the deck of the tender plunging off-side.

Built on a stretch of sun-baked sand, between a miasmal jungle and the sea, Beira is the hottest and unhealthiest place in all East Africa. "It is one of the places that the Lord has overlooked," remarked a sallow-faced resident, as he took his hourly dose of quinine. Even the paid-to-be-enthusiastic author of the steamship company's glowing booklet hesitates at depicting this fever-stricken, sun-scorched, sand-suffocated capital of Mozambique, contenting himself with the noncommittal statement that "it is indescribable; it is just

Scene in Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia.

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Beira." The town has but three attractions: a broad-verandaed hotel where they charge you forty cents for a lemonade with no ice in it; a golf course, laid out by a newly arrived Englishman, who died of sunstroke the first day he played on it; and a trolley system which makes every resident the terminus of the railway, and from which, in answer to my anxious queries, I was assured that a train departed twice weekly for Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia. I used to sit on the veranda of the hotel and stare across the stretch of burning sand at that wretched station as longingly as

Typical Rhodesian scenery. View in the Inyanga Mountains, Southern Rhodesia.

the owner of his own street car. The heat in Beira being too great to permit of walking —a shaded thermometer not infrequently climbs to one hundred and twenty degrees; the streets being too deep in sand for the use of vehicles; and the tsetse fly killing off horses in a few days, those European traders and officials who are condemned to dwell in Beira get about in "trolleys" of their own. These two-seated, hooded conveyances, which are a sort of cross between a hand-car, a baby-carriage, and the wheeled chairs on the Board Walk at Atlantic City, are pushed by half-naked and perspiring natives over a track which extends from one end of the town to the other and with sidings into every man's front yard. It struck me, however, that the most interesting thing in Beira was the corrugated-iron shanty and the stretch of wooden platfrom which marks the small boy stares at the red numeral on the calendar which indicates the Fourth of July.

A temperature of one hundred and eighteen degrees in my compartment of the sleeping-car; miasma rising in cloud wreaths from the jungle; a station platform, alive with slovenly Portuguese soldiers with faces as yellow as their uniforms, helmeted, gaunt-cheeked traders and officials and cotton-clad Swahilis comprised my last recollection of Beira and the terrible East Coast. The next morning I awoke in my compartment shivering, not from fever, but from cold. Gone, as though in a bad dream, were the glaring sands, the steaming jungle, and the sallow, fever-racked men. Instead, my car window framed a picture of rolling, grass-covered uplands, dotted here and there with herds

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of grazing cattle and substantial, white-washed farm-houses, while back of all was the gray-blue of distant mountains. As I looked at the transformed landscape incredulously, the train halted at a way-station swarming with broad-hatted, flannel-shirted, sun-tanned men with clean-cut Anglo-Saxon faces. A row of saddle-horses were tied to the station fence while their owners stamped up and down the platform impatiently, awaiting the sorting of the infrequent mail from home; a democrat wagon and a clumsy Cape cart were drawn up in the roadway; and at a house close by a woman in a sunbonnet was feeding chickens. "Where are we?" I inquired of the guard, as he passed through the train. "We're just into Rhodesia now, sir," said he, touching his cap. "This is Umtali, in Mashonaland." (Now, if I had asked that same question of a brakeman on one of our own railways, he would probably have answered, with the independence of his kind: "Can't you read the sign on the station for yourself?") "Surely there must be some mistake," I said to myself. "This cannot be Central Africa, for where are the impenetrable jungles through which Livingstone cut his way, the savage animals which Du Chaillu shot, and the naked savages with whom Stanley alternately battled and bartered? This is not Africa; this is our own West, with its men in corduroy and sombreros and its women in gingham, with its open, rolling prairies and its air like dry champagne." Indeed, throughout my stay in Rhodesia I could not rid myself of the impression that I was back in the American West of thirty years ago, before the pioneer, the prospector, and the cow-puncher had retreated before the advance of the railway, the harvester, and the motor-car.

The story of the taking and making of Rhodesia forms one of the most picturesque and thrilling chapters in the history of England's colonial expansion. About the time that the nineteenth century had reached its turning point, a strange tale, passing by word of mouth from native kraal to native kraal, came at last to the ears of a Scotch worker in the mission field of Bechuanaland. It was a tale of a water-fall somewhere in the jungles of the distant north; a water-fall so mighty, declared the natives, that the spray from it looked like a storm cloud on the horizon and the thunder of its waters could be heard four days' trek away. So the missionary, wearied with the tedium of proselyting amid a peaceful people and restless with the curiosity of the born explorer, set out on a long and lonely march to the northward, through a country which no white man's eyes had ever seen. It took him three years to reach the falls for which he started, but when at last he stood upon the brink of the canyon and looked down upon the waters of the Zambezi as they hurtled over four hundred feet of sheerest cliff, he was so awed by their majesty and their beauty that he named them after Victoria, the young English queen. Before he left the missionary-explorer carved his name on the trunk of a near-by tree, where it can be seen to-day; the name is David Livingstone.

For a quarter of a century the regions adjacent to the Zambezi were disturbed only by migratory bands of natives and marauding animals. Then Stanley came with his mile-long caravan of porters, halting long enough to explore and map the region, on his historic march from coast to coast. In the middle '80s a bulky, thickset, shabbily clad prospector, trekking through the country with a single wagon, found that for which he was seeking—gold. Likewise he saw that its verdure-clad prairies would support many cattle and that its virgin soil was adapted for many kinds of crops; that it was, in short, a white man's country. Unarmed and unaccompanied, he penetrated to the kraal of Lobenguela, the chief of the warlike Matabele, who occupied the region, and induced him to sign a treaty placing his country under British protection. The price paid him was five hundred dollars a month and a thousand antiquated rifles; cheap enough, surely, for a territory three times the size of Texas and as rich in natural resources as California. A year later the British South Africa Company, a corporation capitalized at thirty million dollars, under a charter granted by the Imperial Government, began the work of exploiting the concession; naming it, properly enough, after Cecil John Rhodes, the lone prospector who, with the vision of a prophet, had foreseen its possibilities, and by whose unaided efforts it had been obtained. Such was the first step in Rhodes's policy of British expansion northward; a policy so successful that in his own lifetime he saw

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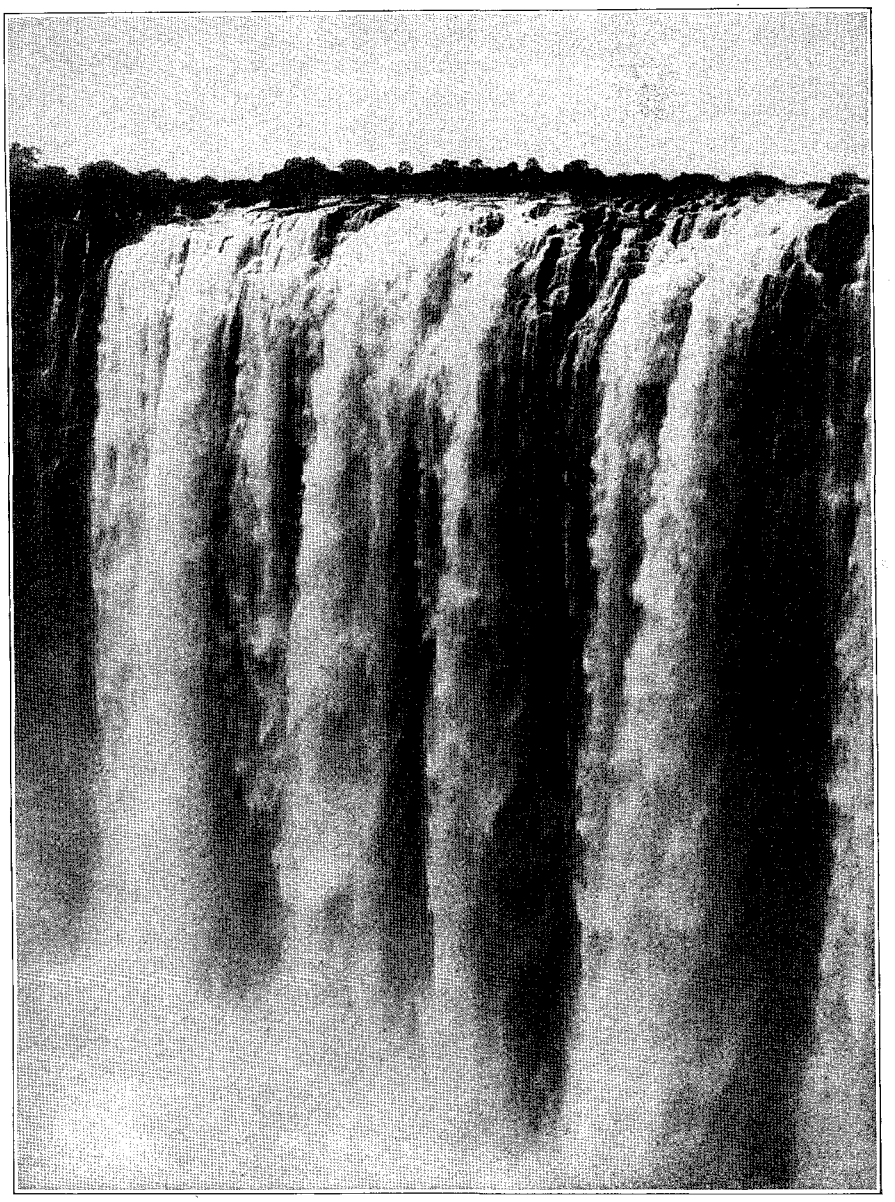

Victoria Falls.

When he looked down upon the waters of the Zambezi . . . he was so awed by their majesty . . . that he named them after Victoria, the young English queen.—Page 328.

the frontiers of British Africa pushed from the Orange River to the Nile.

To hand over a colonial possession, its inhabitants and its resources, to be administered and exploited by a private corporation, sounds like a strange proceeding to American ears. Imagine turning the Philippines over to the Standard Oil Company and giving that corporation permission to appoint its own officials, make its own laws, assess its own taxes, and maintain its own military force in those islands. That, roughly speaking, was about what England did when she turned Rhodesia over to the chartered company. It should be remembered, however, that, beginning when the European nations were entering upon an era of economic exploration of hitherto vir-

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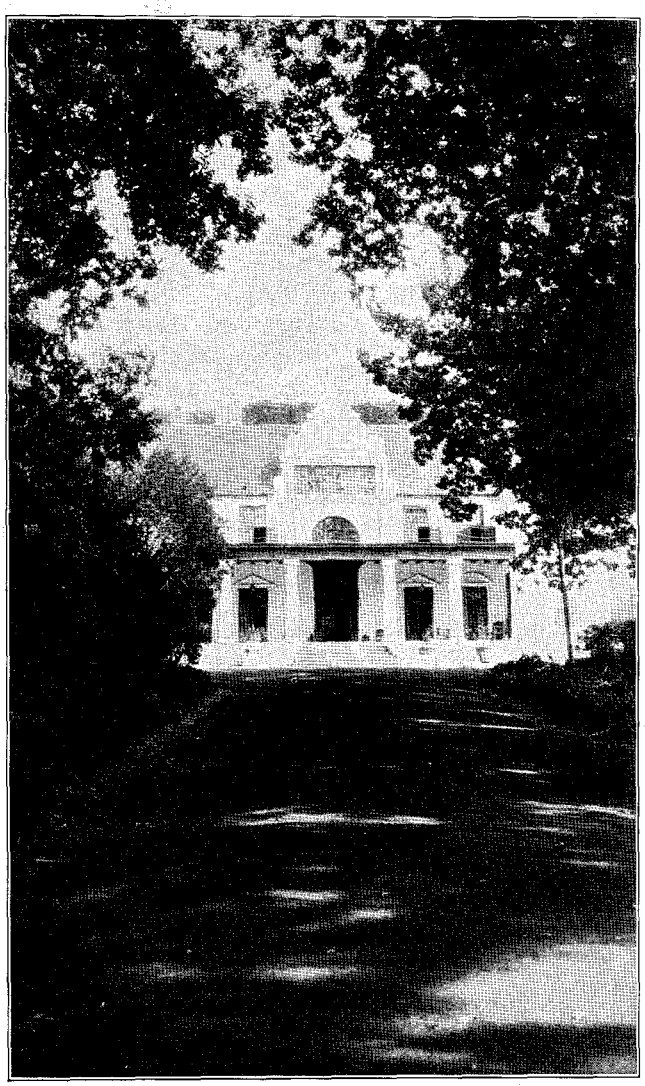
gin territories, these chartered companies have played a large part in the history of colonization in general and in the upbuilding of the British Empire in particular, though in the great majority of cases it was trade, not empire, at which they aimed. Warned, however, by the fashion in which the East India Company and the Hudson Bay Company abused their power, the British Government keeps a jealous eye on the activities of the Rhodesian concessionaires, their charter, while conferring broad trading privileges and great administrative powers, differing from earlier instruments in neither delegating sovereignty nor granting an exclusive monopoly.



"Groote Schur," the home of Cecil Rhodes, near Cape Town, now the residence of General Botha, Prime Minister of South Africa.

The Rhodesia protectorate is the result of the consolidation of four great native kingdoms: Mashonaland in the south-east, Matabeleland in the south-west, Barotseland in the north-west, and in the north-east a portion of the now separately administered protectorate of Nyassaland. Practically the whole country is an elevated veldt, or plateau, ranging from three thousand five hundred to five thousand feet above sea-level; studded with granite kopjes which in the south attain to the dignity of a mountain chain; well watered by tributaries of the Congo, the Zambezi, and the Limpopo; and covered with a luxuriant vegetation. Like California, *Southern* Rhodesia has a unique and hospitable climate, free from the dangerous heats of an African summer or from cold winds in winter. Though the climate of nearly all of Southern Rhodesia is suitable for Europeans, much of the trans-Zambezi provinces, especially along the river valleys and in the low-lying, swampy regions near the great equatorial lakes, reeks with malaria, while in certain other areas, now carefully delimited and guarded by governmental regulation, the tsetse fly commits terrible ravages among cattle and horses and the sleeping sickness among men. The climate as a whole, however, is characterized by a rather remarkable equability of temperature, especially when it is remembered that Rhodesia ex-

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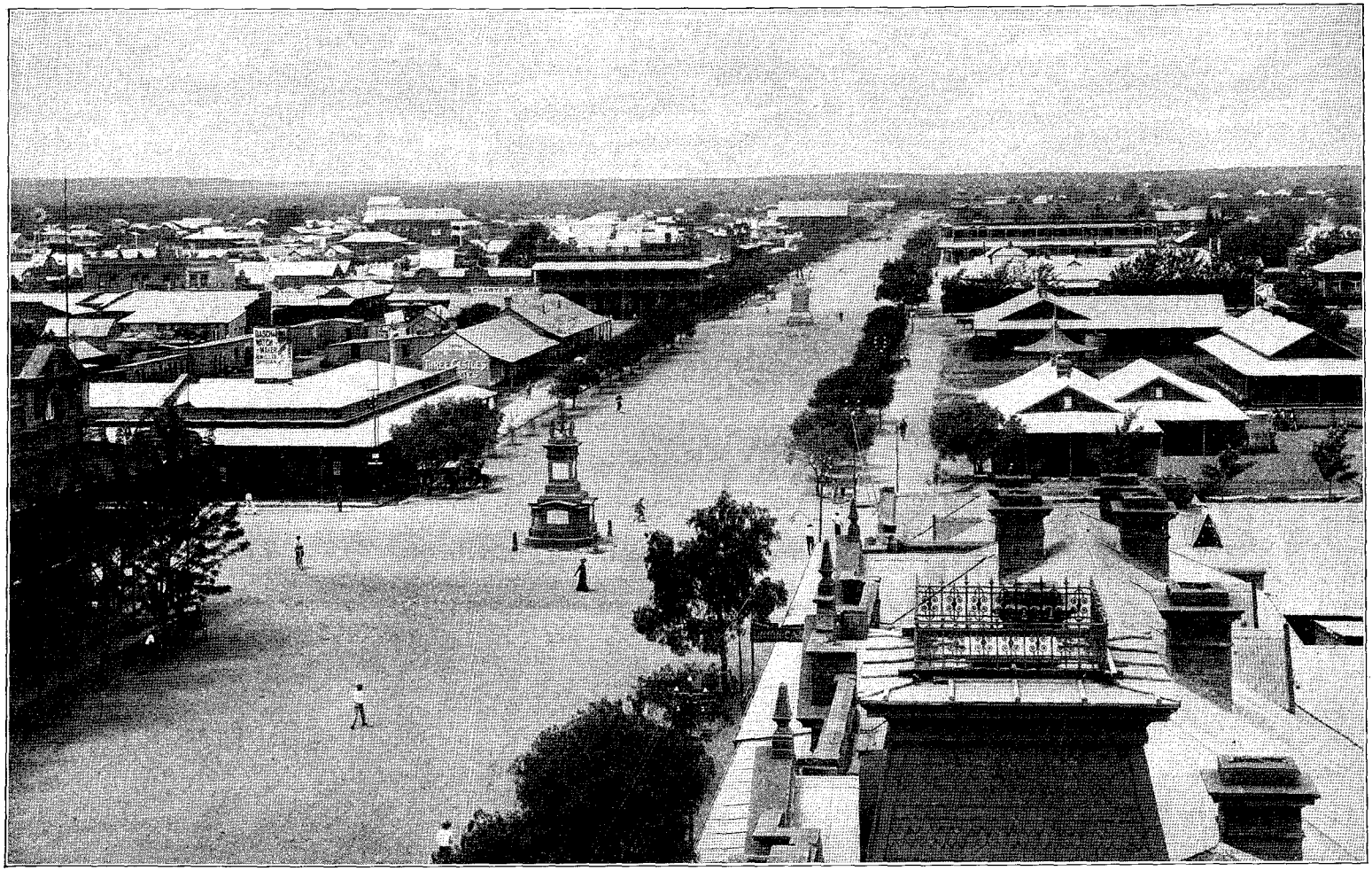

Bulawayo, showing Main Street and the statue of Cecil Rhodes in the middle distance.

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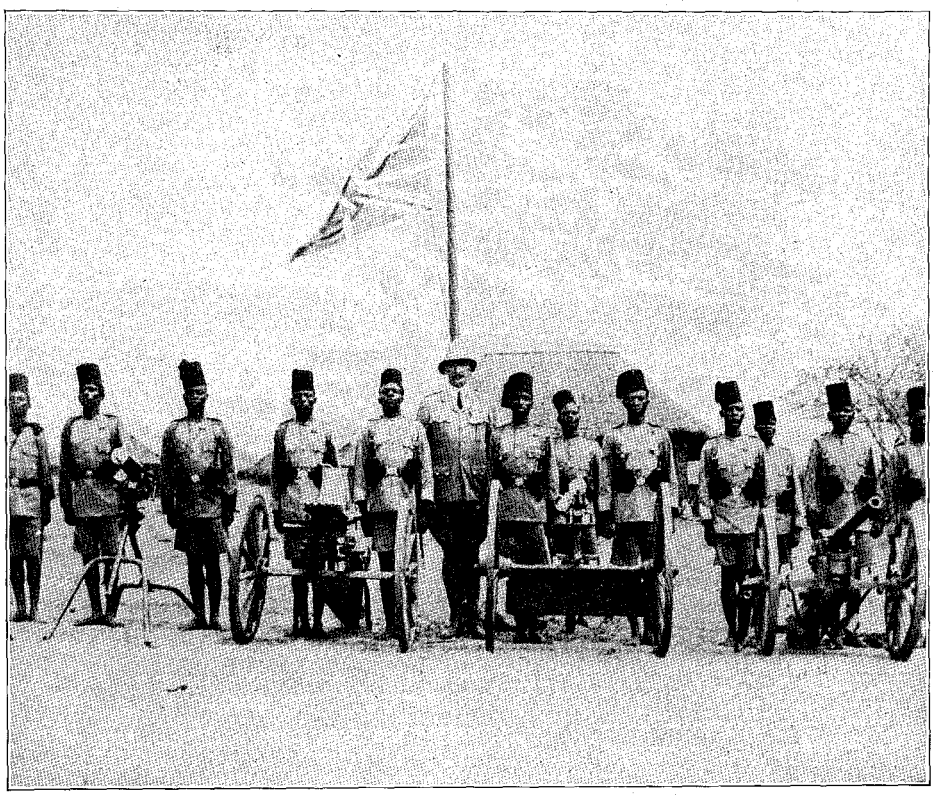
tends from the borders of the temperate zone to within a few degrees of the equator. At Salisbury, the capital, for example, the mean July temperature is 57.5° and for January 70.5°, the extremes for the year ranging from 34° to 93°. It is a significant fact, however, that the glowing prospectuses of the chartered company touch but lightly on the climatic conditions which prevail north of the Zambezi, a region from which, it struck me, the European settler who does not possess a system that is proof against every form of tropical fever, a head that is proof against sunstroke, and a mind which is proof against that ofttimes fatal form of homesickness which the army surgeons call nostalgia, is much more likely to go home in a coffin than in a cabin de luxe.



Barotse native police and white officer, Northern Rhodesia.

In mines of gold, of silver, of coal, and of diamonds Rhodesia is very rich; agriculturally it is very fertile, for in addition to the native crops of rice, tobacco, cotton, and india-rubber, the fruits, vegetables, and cereals of Europe and America are profitably grown. The great fields of maize, or "mealies," as all South Africans call it, through which my train frequently passed, constantly reminded me of scenes in our own "corn belt"; but in the watch-towers which rise from every corn-field, atop of which an armed Kaffir sits day and night to protect the crops from the raids of wild pigs and baboons, Rhodesia has a feature which she is welcome to consider exclusively her own.

Though Rhodesia is distinctly a frontier country, with many of a frontier's defects, her towns—Salisbury, Bulawayo, Umtali, and the rest—are not frontier towns as we knew them in Butte, Cheyenne, Deadwood, and Carson City. There are saloons, of course, but they are not of the "gin palace" variety, nor did it strike me that intoxication was particularly common; certainly nothing like what it used to be during the gold-rush days in Alaska, or in the cattle-towns of our own West. This may be due to the fantastic prices charged for liquor—a whiskey-and-soda costs sixty cents—and

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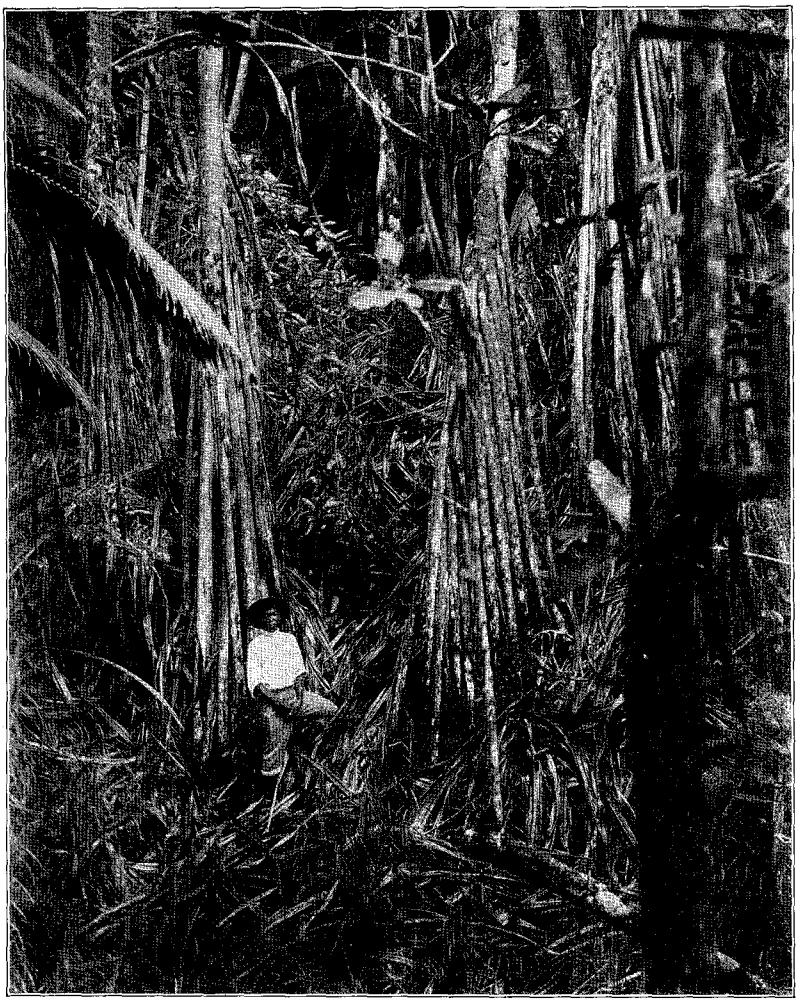

In the heart of the jungle, North-eastern Rhodesia, near the Congo border.
This is the sort of country through which portions of the Cape-to-Cairo railway will pass.

then again it may be due to the fact that most of the settlers have brought their families with them, so that, instead of spending their evenings leaning over green tables or polished bars, they devote them to cricket, gardening, or a six-weeks-old English paper. Though nearly every one goes armed, the streets of the Rhodesian towns are as peaceable as Commonwealth Avenue, in Boston, on a Sunday morning. Indeed, the commandant of police in Bulawayo assured me that he had had only one shooting affray during his term of office. In Rhodesia, should a man draw his gun as the easiest means of settling a quarrel, his companions, instead of responding by drawing theirs, would probably call a constable and have him bound over to keep the peace. Even the rights of the natives are rigidly safeguarded by law, an American settler in Umtali complaining to me most bitterly that "it's more dangerous for a white man to kick a nigger down here than it is for him to kill one in the States." Now all this was rather disappointing for one who, like myself, was on the lookout for the local color and picturesqueness and whoop-her-up-boys excitement which one naturally associates with life on a frontier; but I might have expected just what I found, for wherever the flag of England flies, whether over the gold-miners of the Yukon, the ivory-traders of Uganda,

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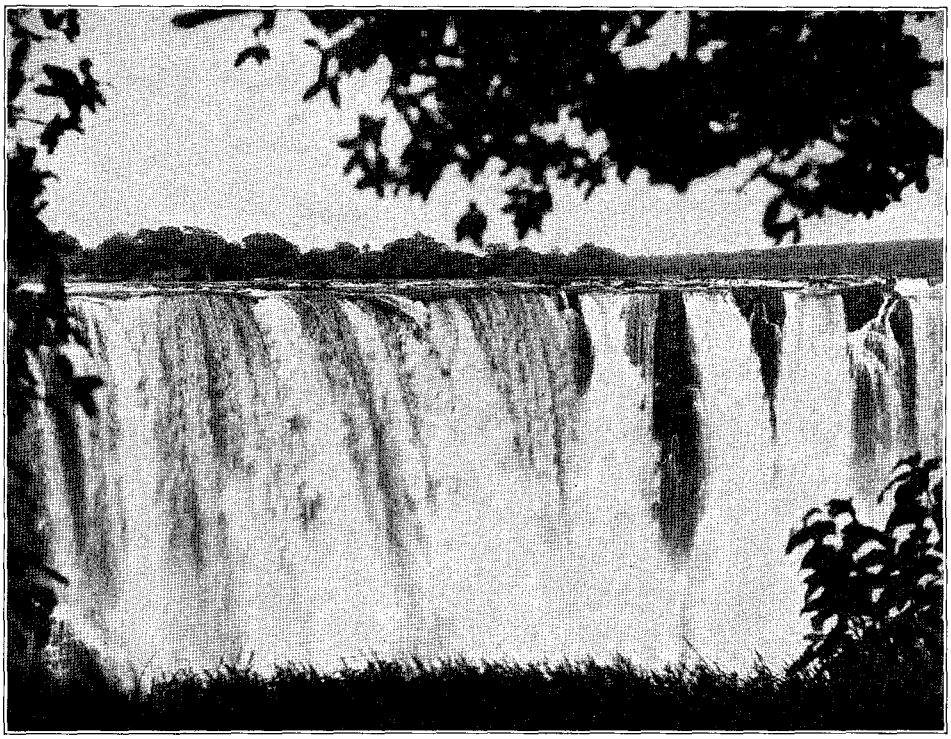

Victoria Falls.

or the settlers of Rhodesia, there will be found the deep-seated respect of the Englishman for English order and English law.

In my opinion the country club, more than any other single factor, has contributed most to the making, socially and morally, of Rhodesia. Though the American West is dotted with just such towns as Salisbury, Bulawayo, Gwelo, and Umtali, with the same limitations, pitfalls, and possibilities, the men's centre of interest, after the day's work is over, is the saloon, the dance-hall, or the barber-shop with a pool-room in the rear. They do things differently in Central Africa. In every Rhodesian town large enough to support one—and the same is true of all Britain's colonial possessions—I found that a "sports club" had been established in the edge of the town. Often it was nothing but a ramshackle shed or cottage that had been given a coat of paint and had a veranda added, but files of the English newspapers and illustrated weeklies were to be found inside, while from the tea-tables on the veranda one overlooked half-a-dozen tennis courts, a cricket ground, and a foot-ball field. It is here that the settlers—men, women, and children—congregate toward evening, to discuss the crop prospects, the local taxes, the latest gold discoveries, and, above all else, the news contained in the weekly mail from home. Why have not our own progressive prairie towns some simple social system like this? It was in speaking of this very thing that the mayor of Salisbury —himself an American—remarked: "In the little, every-day things which make for successful colonization of a new country, you fellows in the States are twenty years behind us."

Living is expensive in Rhodesia, the prices of necessaries usually being high and of luxuries ofttimes fantastic. To counterbalance this, however, wages are extraordinarily high. It is useless to attempt to quote wages, for the farther up-country a man gets the higher pay he can command; so I will content myself with the bare statement that for the skilled workman, be he carpenter, blacksmith, mason, or wheelwright, larger wages are to be earned than in any part of the world that I know. The same is true of the man who has had practical experience in agriculture or stock-

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Victoria Falls in the dry season.

raising, there being a steady demand for men conversant with dairying, cattle-breeding, and irrigation. Let me drive home and copper rivet the fact, however, that in Rhodesia, as in nearly all new countries where there is a considerable native population to draw upon, there is no place for the unskilled laborer.

For the man with resource and a little capital there are many roads to wealth in British Africa. I know of one, formerly a laundry employee in Chicago, who landed in Rhodesia with limited capital but unlimited confidence. Recognizing that the country had arrived at that stage of civilization where the people were tired of wearing flannel shirts, but could not afford to have white ones ruined by Kaffir washermen, he started a chain of sanitary, up-to-date laundries, and is to-day one of the wealthy men of the colony. If you ever had to pay one of his laundry bills you would understand why. Another American, starting business as a hotel-keeper in Salisbury, soon perceived that the people were ripe for some form of amusement other than that provided by the cricket-fields and saloons; so he built a string of cinematograph and vaudeville theatres combined, and to-day, on the very spot where Lobenguela's medicine-men performed their bloody rites a dozen years ago, you can hear the whirr of the moving-picture machine and see on the canvas screen a military review at Aldershot or a bathing scene at Asbury Park. Still another American whom I met has increased the thickness of his wallet by supplying prospectors and settlers with sectional houses which are easily portable and can be erected in an hour. Taking the circular, conical-roofed hut of the Matabele as his model, he evolved an affair of corrugated iron which combines simplicity, portability, and practicability with a low price, so that to-day, as you travel through Rhodesia, you will see these American-made imitations of Kaffir huts dotting the veldt.

Though Rhodesia has a black population of one million six hundred thousand, as against twenty thousand whites, there has thus far been no such thing as race troubles or a color question, due in large measure, no doubt, to the firm and just supervision

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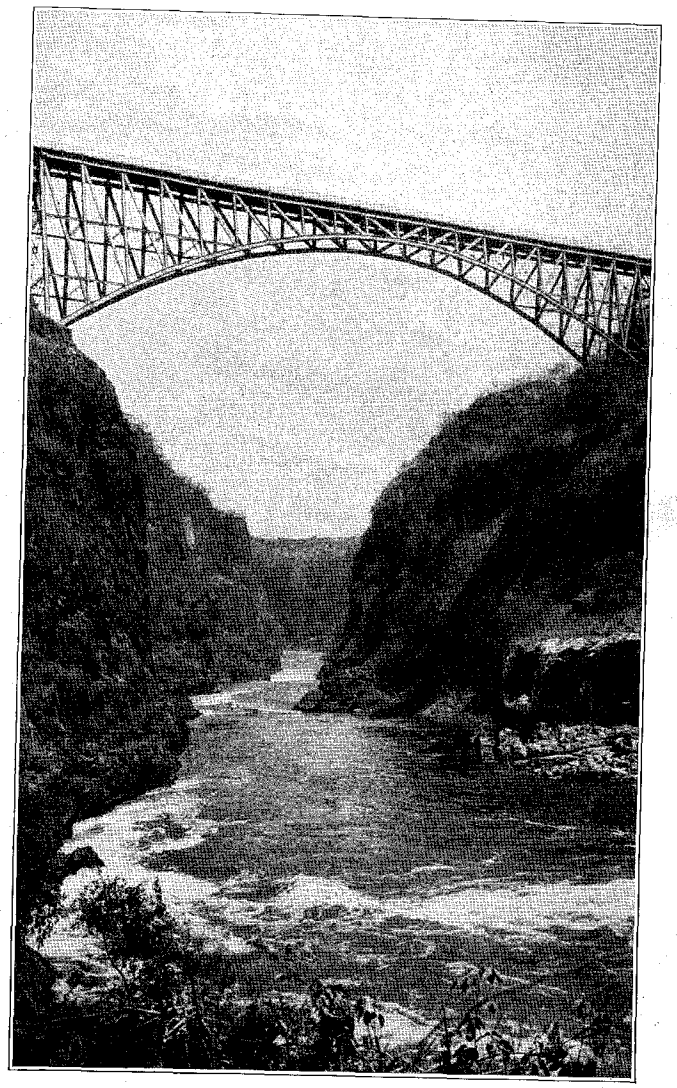
exercised by the British resident commissioners. Arms, ammunition, and liquor excepted, natives and Europeans are under the same conditions. Land has been set apart for tribal settlements, the mineral rights being reserved to the company, but, if the native occupation is disturbed, new lands must immediately be assigned, all disputes being ultimately referable to the British high commissioner. Those natives living near the towns are segregated in settlements of their own, a native under no circumstances being permitted to remain within the town limits after nightfall, or to enter them in the daytime without a pass signed by the commandant of police. Though possessing many of the temperamental characteristics of the American negro, and in particular his aversion for manual work, the Rhodesian native is, on the whole, honest and trustworthy, a well-disciplined and efficient force of native constabulary having been recruited from the warlike Barotse and Matabele.



Zambezi River Bridge at Victoria Falls, the highest railway bridge in the world.

Highways of steel bisect Rhodesia in both directions. From Plumtree, on the borders

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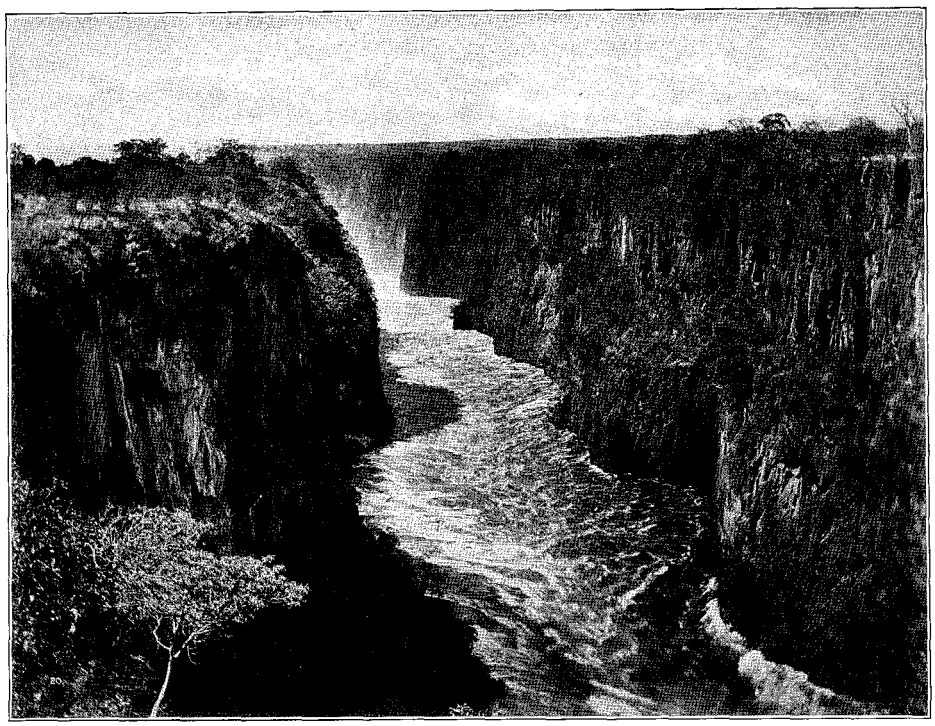

The gorge below the Victoria Falls.

The railway bridge crosses at the far end.

of Bechuanaland, the Rhodesian section of the great Cape-to-Cairo system stretches straight across the country to Bwana M'kubwa, on the Congo frontier, while another line, the Rhodesia, Mashonaland and Beira, links up, as its name indicates, the transcontinental system with the East Coast. Though the much-advertised Zambezi Express is scarcely the "veritable train de luxe" which the railway folders call it, it is a comfortable enough train nevertheless, with electric-lighted dining and sleeping cars, the latter being fitted, as befits a dusty country, with baths. The dining-car tariff is on a sliding scale, the farther up-country you travel the higher the prices ascend. Between Cape Town and Mafeking the charges for meals seemed to me exceedingly reasonable (fifty cents for breakfast, sixty cents for luncheon, and seventy-five cents for dinner); between Mafeking and Bulawayo they are only moderate; between Bulawayo and the Zambezi they are high; and north of the Zambezi—when you can get any food at all—the charges for it are exorbitant. When the section to Lake Tanganyika is completed, which will probably be during the coming year, only a millionaire can afford to enter the dining-car. It speaks volumes for the development of the country through which the railway passes, however, that one can get into a sleeping-car in Cape Town and get out of it again, six days later, on the navigable headwaters of the Congo, covering the distance of nearly two thousand five hundred miles at a total cost of eighty dollars—and most of it through a country which has been opened to the white man scarcely a dozen years.

Just as every visitor to the United States heads straight for Niagara, so every visitor to South Africa purchases forthwith a ticket to the Victoria Falls of the Zambezi, the mighty cataract in the heart of Rhodesia which is the greatest natural wonder in the Dark Continent and, perhaps, in the world. The natives call the falls *Mosi-oa-tunya*, which means "Thundering Smoke," and you appreciate the name's significance when your train halts at daybreak at a wayside station, sixty miles away, and you see above

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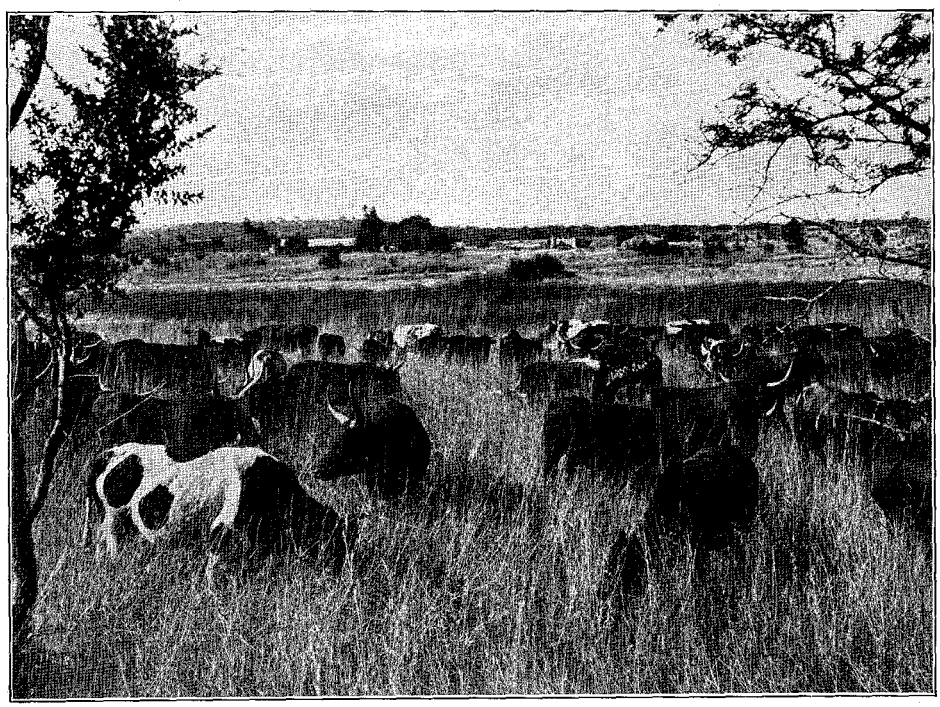
the tree-tops a cloud of smoky vapor and hear a low humming like a million sewing-machines. It is so utterly impossible for the eye, the mind, and the imagination to grasp the size, grandeur, and beauty of the Victoria Falls that it is futile to attempt to describe them. If you can picture an unbroken sheet of water forty city blocks in width, or as long as from the Grand Central Station, in New York, to Union Square, hurtling over a precipice twice as high as the Flatiron Building, you will have the best idea that I can give you of what the Victoria Falls are like. They are unique in that the level of the land above the falls is the same as that below, the entire breadth of the second greatest river in Africa falling precipitately into a deep and narrow chasm, from which the only outlet is an opening in the rock less than one hundred yards wide. From the Boiling Pot, as this seething caldron of waters is called, the contents of the Zambezi rush with unbridled fury through a deep and narrow gorge of basaltic cliffs, which, nowhere inferior to the rapids at Niagara, extends with many zigzag windings for more than forty miles. My first glimpse of the falls was in the early morning, and the lovely, reeking splendor of the thing, as the great, placid river, all unconscious of its fate, comes suddenly to the precipice's brink and plunges in one mighty torrent into the obscurity of the cavern below; the crush as of unceasing thunder, the rolling clouds of spray, the trembling earth, the sombre rain-forest on the opposite bank, and a rainbow stealing over all, made a picture which will hang on the walls of my memory as long as I live.

The Outer Lands are almost all exploited; the work of the pioneer and the frontiersman is nearly finished, and in another decade or so we will see their like no more. Rhodesia is the last of the great, new countries open to colonization under Anglo-Saxon ideals of government and climatically suitable for the propagation of the Anglo-Saxon race. Though the handful of hardy settlers who have already made it their home speak with the burr of the shires instead of the drawl of the plains; though they wear corded riding-breeches instead of leather "chaps"; and stuff Cavendish into their pipes instead of rolling



From a photograph copyright by The Burlington Studio.

Cattle on Bradley's Farm, Gwelo, Southern Rhodesia.

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Haymaking scene on a settler's farm in La Magundi District, Southern Rhodesia.

their cigarettes from Bull Durham, they and the passing plainsmen of our own West are, when all is said and done, brothers under their skins.

With the completion of the Cape-to-Cairo trunk line and its subsidiary systems to either coast, with the exploitation of the mineral deposits which constitute so much of Rhodesia's wealth, and with the harnessing of the great falls and the utilization of the limitless power which will be obtainable from them, this virgin territory in the heart of Africa bids fair to be to the home and fortune seekers of to-morrow what the American West was to those of yesterday, and what North-western Canada is to those of to-day. A few years more and it will be a developed and prosperous nation. To-day it is the last of the world's frontiers, where the hardy and adventurous of our race are still fighting the battles and solving the problems of civilization.

SONG

By Sara Teasdale

Oh there are eyes that he can see,
  And hands to make his hands rejoice,
But to my lover I must be
  Only a voice.

Oh there are breasts to bear his head,
  And lips whereon his lips can lie.
But I must be till I am dead
  Only a cry.

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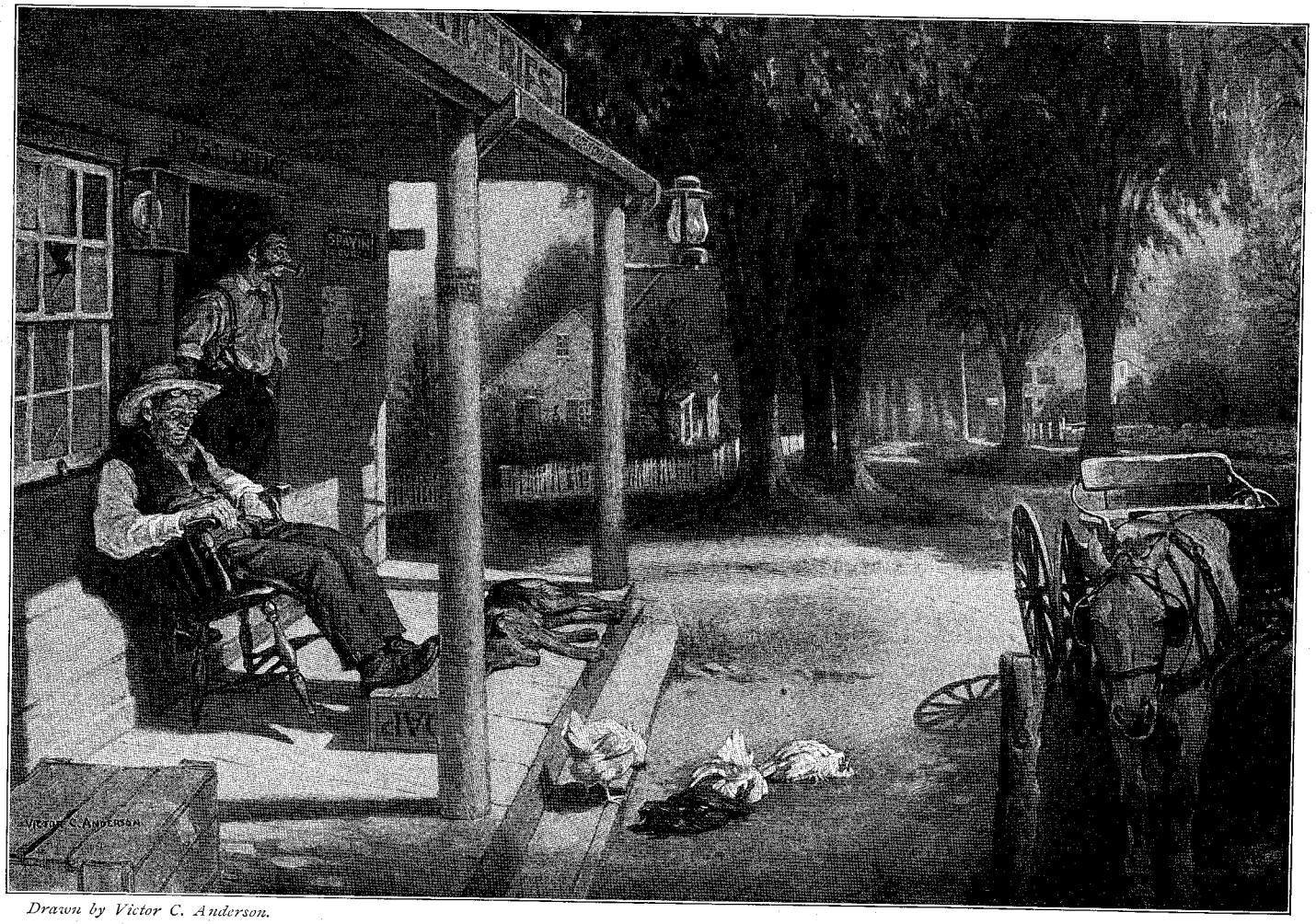

Drawn by Victor C. Anderson.

The Business Centre.

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

XVII

THERE was little about Jason and his school career that John Burnham had not heard from his friend St. Hilda, for she kept sending at intervals reports of him, so that Burnham knew how doggedly the lad had worked in school and out; what a leader he was among his fellows, and how, that he might keep out of the feud, he had never gone to his grandfather's even during vacations, except for a day or two, but had hired himself out to some mountain-farmer and had toiled like a slave, always within St. Hilda's reach. She had won Jason's shy heart from the start, so that he had told her frankly about his father's death, the coming of the rock-pecker, the sale of his home, the flight of his mother and Steve Hawn, his shooting at Babe Honeycutt, and his own flight after them, but at the brink of one confession he always balked. Never could St. Hilda learn just why he had given up the manly prerogatives of pistol, whiskey-jug, and a deadly purpose of revenge, to accept in their place, if need be, the despised duties of women-folks, but his grim and ready willingness for the exchange appealed to St. Hilda so strongly that she had always saved him as much of these duties as she could.

The truth was that the school-master had slyly made a diplomatic use of their mutual interest in Jason that was masterly. There had been little communication between them since the long-ago days when she had given him her final decision and gone on her mission to the mountains, until Jason had come to be an important link between them. Gradually, after that, she had slowly come to count on the school-master's sympathy and understanding, and more than once she had written not only for his advice but for his help as well. And wisely, through it all, Burnham had never sounded the personal note, and smilingly he had noted the passing of all suspicion on her part, the birth of her belief that he was cured of his love for her and would bother her no more, and now, in her last letter announcing Jason's coming to the blue-grass, there was a distinct personal atmosphere that almost made him chuckle. St. Hilda even wondered whether he might not care, during some vacation, to come down and see with his own eyes the really remarkable work he knew she was doing down there. And when he wrote during the summer that he had been called to the suddenly vacated chair of geology in the college Jason had been prepared for, her delight thrilled him, though he had to wonder how much of it might be due to the fact that her protégé would thus be near him for help and counsel.

His face was almost aglow when he drove out the gate that morning on his way to the duties of his first day. The neighborhood children were already on their way to school, but they were mostly the children of tobacco tenants, and when he passed the school-house he saw a young woman on the porch—two facts that were significant. The neighborhood church was going, the neighborhood school was going, the man-teacher was gone—and he himself was perhaps the last of the line that started in coonskin caps and moccasins. The gentleman farmers who had made the land distinct and distinguished were renting their acres to tobacco tenants on shares and were moving to town to get back their negro servants and to provide their children with proper schooling. And those children of the gentle people, it seemed, were growing more and more indifferent to education and culture and less and less marked by the gentle manners that were their birthright. And when he thought of the toll-gate war, the threat-

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ened political violence almost at hand, and the tobacco troubles which he knew must some day come, he wondered with a sick heart if a general decadence was not going on in the land for which he would have given his life in peace as readily as in war. In the mountains, according to St. Hilda, the people had awakened from a sleep of a hundred years. Lawlessness was on the decrease, the feud was disappearing, railroads were coming in, the hills were beginning to give up the wealth of their timber, iron, and coal. County schools were increasing, and the pathetic eagerness of mountain children to learn and the pathetic hardships they endured to get to school and to stay there, made her heart bleed and his ache to help them. And in his own land, what a contrast! Three years before the wedge of free silver had split the State in twain. Into this breach had sprung that new man with the new political method that threatened disaster to the commonwealth. To his supporters he was the enemy of corporations, the friend of widows and orphans, the champion of the poor—this man; to his enemies he was the most malign figure that had ever thrust head above the horizon of Kentucky politics: and so John Burnham regarded him. To both he was the autocrat, cold, exacting, imperious, and his election bill would make him as completely master of the commonwealth as Diaz in Mexico or Menelik in Abyssinia. The dazed people awoke and fought, but the autocrat passed his bill. It was incredible, but could he enforce it? No one knew, but the midsummer convention for the nomination of governor came and with these candidates he entered it, the last in public preference. But he carried that convention at the pistol's point, came out the democratic nominee, and now stood smilingly ready to face the most terrible political storm that had ever broken over Kentucky. The election was less than two months away, the State was seething as though on the trembling crisis of a civil war, and the division that John Burnham expected between friend and friend, brother and brother, and father and son had come. The mountains were on fire and there might even be an invasion from those black hills led by the spirit of the Picts and Scots of old, and aided and abetted by the head, hand, and tongue of the best element of the blue-grass. The people of the blue-grass had known little and cared less about these shadowy hillsmen, but it looked to John Burnham as though they might soon be forced to know and care more than would be good for the peace of the State and its threatened good name.

A rattle-trap buggy was crawling up a hill ahead of him, and when he passed it Steve Hawn was flopping the reins, and by him was Mavis with a radiant face and sparkling eyes.

"Where's Jason?" John Burnham called, and the girl's face grew quickly serious.

"Gone on, afoot," laughed Steve loudly. "He started 'bout crack o' day."

The school-master smiled. On the slope of the next hill, two carriages, each drawn by a spanking pair of trotters, swept by him. From one he got a courteous salute from Colonel Pendleton and a happy shout from Gray, and from the other a radiant greeting from Marjorie and her mother. Again John Burnham smiled thoughtfully. For him the hope of the blue-grass was in the joyous pair ahead of him, the hope of the mountains was in the girl behind and the sturdy youth streaking across the dawn-wet fields, and in the four the hope of his State; and his smile was pleased and hopeful.

Soon to his left were visible the gray lines of the old Transylvania University where Jefferson Davis had gone to college while Abraham Lincoln was splitting rails and studying by candle-light a hundred miles away, and its campus was dotted with swiftly moving figures of boys and girls on their way to the majestic portico on the hill. The streets were filled with eager young faces, and he drove on through them to the red-brick walls of the State University, on the other side of the town, where his labors were to begin. And when, half an hour later, he turned into the campus afoot, he found himself looking among the boys who thronged the walk, the yard, and the entrances of the study halls for the face of Jason Hawn.

Tremblingly the boy had climbed down from the fence after Marjorie galloped by him the day before, had crossed the pike slowly, dropped dully at the foot of an oak

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in the woods beyond and sat there, wide-eyed and stunned, until dark. Had he been one of the shepherds following the star of Bethlehem, and had that star vanished suddenly from the heavens, he could hardly have known such darkness, such despair. For the time Mavis and Gray passed quite out of the world while he was wrestling with that darkness, and it was only when he rose shakily to his feet at last that they came back into it again. Supper was over when he reached the house, but Mavis had kept it for him, and while she waited on him she tried to ask him questions about his school-life in the mountains, to tell him of her own in the blue-grass—tried to talk about the opening of college next day, but he sat silent and sullen and so, puzzled and full of resentment, she quietly withdrew. After he was through, he heard her cleaning the dishes and putting them away, and he saw her that night no more. Next morning, without a word to her or to his mother, he went out to the barn where Steve was feeding.

"If you'll bring my things on in the buggy, I reckon I'll just be goin' on."

"Why, we can all three git in the buggy."

Jason shook his head.

"I hain't goin' to be late."

Steve laughed.

"Well, you'll shore be on time if you start now. Why, Mavis says——"

But Jason had started swiftly on, and Steve, puzzled, did not try to stop him. Mavis came out on the porch, and he pointed out the boy's figure going through the dim fields. "Jason's gone on," he said, "afeerd he'll be late. That boy's plum' quar."

Jason was making a bee-line for more than the curve of the pike, for more than the college—he was making it now for everything in his life that was ahead of him, and he meant now to travel it without help or hindrance, unswervingly and alone. With St. Hilda, each day had started for him at dawn, and whether it started that early at the college in town he did not ask himself or anybody else. He would wait now for nothing—nobody. The time had come to start, so he had started on his own new way, stout in body, heart, and soul, and that was all.

Soft mists of flame were shooting up the eastern horizon, soft dew-born mists were rising from little hollows and trailing through the low trees. There had been a withering drought lately, but the merciful rain had come, the parched earth had drunk deep, and now under its mantle of rich green it seemed to be heaving forth one vast long sigh of happy content. The corn was ready for the knife, green sprouts of winter wheat were feathering their way above the rich brown soil, and the cut upturned tobacco stalks, but dimly seen through the mists, looked like little hunch-backed witches poised on broom-sticks, and ready for flight at dawn. Vast deviltry those witches had done, for every cut field, every poor field, recovering from the drastic visit of years before, was rough, weedy, shaggy, unkempt, and worn. The very face of the land showed decadence, and in the wake of the witches, white top, dockweed, ragweed, cockle burr, and sweet fern had upleaped like some joyous swarm of criminals unleashed from the hand of the law, while the beautiful pastures and grassy woodlands, their dignity outraged, were stretched here and there between them, helpless, but breathing in the very mists their scorn.

When he reached the white, dusty road, the fires of his ambition kept on kindling with every step, and his pace, even in the cool of the early morning, sent his hat to his hand, and plastered his long lank hair to his temples and the back of his sturdy sun-burned neck. The sun was hardly star-pointing the horizon when he saw the luminous smoke-cloud over the town. He quickened his step, and in his dark eyes those fires leaped into steady flames. The town was wakening from sleep. The driver of a milk-cart pointed a general direction for him across the roof-tops, but when he got into the wilderness of houses he lost that point of the compass and knew not which way to turn. On a street corner he saw a man in a cap and a long coat with brass buttons on it, a black stick in his hand, and something bulging at his hip, and light dawned for Jason.

"Air you the constable?" he asked, and the policeman grinned kindly.

"I'm one of 'em," he said.

"Well, how do I git to the college I'm goin' to?"

The officer grinned good-naturedly again, and pointed with his stick.

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"Follow that street, and hurry up or you'll get a whippin'."

"Thar now," thought Jason, and started into a trot up the hill, and the officer, seeing the boy's suddenly anxious face, called to him to take it easy, but Jason, finding the pavements rather uneven, took to the middle of the street, and without looking back sped on. It was a long run, but Jason never stopped until he saw a man standing at the door of a long, low, brick building with the word "Tobacco" painted in huge letters above its closed doors, and he ran across the street to him.

"Whar's the college?"

The man pointed across the street to an entrance between two gray stone pillars with pyramidal tops, and Jason trotted back, and trotted on through them, and up the smooth curve of the road. Not a soul was in sight, and on the empty steps of the first building he came to Jason dropped, panting.

XVIII

THE campus was thick with grass and full of trees, and there were buildings of red brick everywhere, and all were deserted. He began to feel that the constable had made game of him, and he was indignant. Nobody in the mountains would treat a stranger that way; but he had reached his goal, and, no matter, when "school took up" he was there.

Still, he couldn't help rising restlessly once, and then with a deep breath he patiently sat down again and waited, looking eagerly around meanwhile. The trees about him were low and young—they looked like maples—and multitudinous little gray birds were flitting and chattering around him, and these he did not know, for the English sparrow had not yet captured the mountains. Above the closed doors of the long brick building opposite the stone-guarded gateway he could see the word "Tobacco" printed in huge letters, and farther away he could see another similar sign, and somehow he began wondering why Steve Hawn had talked so much about the troubles that were coming over tobacco, and seemed to care so little about the election troubles that had put the whole State on the wire edge of quivering suspense. Half an hour passed and Jason was getting restless again, when he saw an old negro shuffling down the stone walk with a bucket in one hand, a mop in the other, and trailing one leg like a bird with a broken wing.

"Good mornin', son."

"Do you know whar John Burnham is?"

"Whut's dat—whut's dat?"

"I'm a-lookin' fer John Burnham."

"Look hyeh, chile, is you referrin' to Perfesser Burnham?"

"I reckon that's him."

"Well, if you is, you better axe fer him jes' that-a-way—Per*fes*ser—*Per*fesser Burnham. Well, *Perfesser* Burnham won't sanctify dis hall wid his presence fer quite a long while—quite a long while. May I inquire, son, if yo' purpose is to attend dis place o' learnin'?"

"I come to go to college."

"Yassuh, yassuh," said the old negro, and with no insolence whatever he guffawed loudly.

"Well, suh, looks lak you come a long way, an' you sutinly got hyeh on time—you sho did. Well, son, you jes' set hyeh as long as you please an' walk aroun' an' come back an' den ef you set hyeh long enough agin, you'se a-gwine to see Perfesser Burnham come right up dese steps."

So Jason took the old man's advice, and strolled around the grounds. A big pond caught his eye, and he walked along its grassy bank and under the big willows that fringed it. He pulled himself to the top of a high board fence at the upper end of it, peered over at a broad, smooth athletic-field, and he wondered what the two poles that stood at each end with a cross-bar between them could be, and why that tall fence ran all around it. He stared at the big chimney of the power-house, as tall as the trunk of a poplar in a "deadening" at home, and covered with vines to the top, and he wondered what on earth that could be. He looked over the gate at the president's house. Through the windows of one building he saw hanging rings and all sorts of strange paraphernalia, and he wondered about them, and, peering through one ground-floor window, he saw three beds piled one on top of the other, each separated from the other by the length of its legs. It would take a step-ladder to get into the top bed—good Lord,

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did people sleep that way in this college? Suppose the top boy rolled out? And every building was covered with vines, and it was funny that vines grew on houses, and why in the world didn't folks cut 'em off? It was all wonder—nothing but wonder—and he got tired of wondering and went back to his steps and sat patiently down again. It was not long now before windows began to bang up and down in the dormitory near him. Cries and whistles began to emanate from the rooms, and now and then a head would protrude, and its eyes never failed, it seemed, to catch and linger on the lonely, still figure clinging to the steps. Soon there was the rush of feet downstairs, and a crowd of boys emerged and started briskly for breakfast. Girls began to appear—short-skirted, with and without hats, with hair up and hair down—more girls than he had ever seen before—tall and short, fat and thin, and brunette and blonde. Students began to stroll through the campus gates, and now and then a buggy or a carriage would enter and whisk past him to deposit its occupants in front of the building opposite from where he sat. What was going on over there? He wanted to go over and see, for school might be taking up over there, and, from being too early, he might be too late after all; but he might miss John Burnham, and if he himself were late, why lots of the boys and girls he yet saw about him would be late too, and surely if they knew, which they must, they would not let that happen. So, all eyes, he sat on, taking in everything, like the lens of a camera. Some of the boys wore caps, or little white hats with the crown pushed in all around, and, though it wasn't muddy and didn't look as though it were going to rain, each one of them had his "britches" turned up, and that puzzled the mountain boy sorely, but no matter why they did it, he wouldn't have to turn his up, for they didn't come to the tops of his shoes. Swiftly he gathered how different he himself was, particularly in clothes, from all of them. Nowhere did he see a boy who matched himself, as so lonely and set apart, but with a shake of his head he tossed off his inner plea for sympathetic companionship, and the little uneasiness creeping over him—proudly. There was a little commotion now in the crowd nearest him, all heads turned one way, and Jason saw approaching an old gentleman on crutches, a man with a thin face that was all pure intellect and abnormally keen; that, centuries old in thought, had yet the unquenchable soul-fire of youth. He stopped, lifted his hat in response to the cheers that greeted him, and for a single instant over that thin face played, like the winking eye of summer lightning, the subtle humor that the world over is always playing hide and seek in the heart of the Scot. A moment, and Jason halted a passing boy with his eye.

"Who's that ole feller?" he blurted.

The lad looked shocked, for he could not know that Jason meant not a particle of disrespect.

"That 'ole feller,'" he mimicked indignantly and with scathing sarcasm, "is the president of this university;" and he hurried on while Jason miserably shrivelled closer to the steps. After that he spoke to nobody, and nobody spoke to him, and he lifted his eyes only to the gateway through which he longed for John Burnham to come. But the smile of the old president haunted him. There sat a man on heights no more to be scaled by him than Heaven, and yet that puzzling smile for the blissful ignorance in the young, of how gladly the old would give up their crowns in exchange for the swift young feet on the threshold—no wonder the boy could not understand. Through that gate dashed presently a pair of proud, high-headed black horses—"star-gazers," as the Kentuckians call them—with a rhythmic beat of high-lifted feet, and the boy's eyes narrowed as the carriage behind them swept by him, for in it were Colonel Pendleton and Gray, with eager face and flashing eyes. There was a welcoming shout when Gray leaped out, and a crowd of students rushed toward him and surrounded him. One of them took off his hat, lifted both hands above his head, and then they all barked out a series of barbaric yells with a long shout of Gray's full name at the end, while the blue-grass lad stood among them, flushed and embarrassed but not at all displeased. Again Jason's brow knitted with wonder, for he could not know what a young god in that sternly democratic college Gray Pendleton, aristocrat though he was, had made

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himself, and he shrank deeper still into his loneliness and turned wistful eyes again to the gate. Somebody had halted in front of him, and he looked up to see the same lad of whom he had just asked a question.

"And that *young* feller," said the boy in the same mimicking tone, "is another president—of the sophomore class and the captain of the foot-ball team."

Lightning-like and belligerent, Jason sprang to his feet. "Air you pokin' fun at *me?*" he asked thickly and clenching his fists.

Genuinely amazed, the other lad stared at him a moment, smiled, and held out his hand.

"I reckon I was, but you're all right. Shake!"

And within Jason, won by the frank eyes and winning smile, the tumult died quickly, and he shook—gravely.

"My name's Burns—Jack Burns."

"Mine's Hawn—Jason Hawn."

The other turned away with a wave of his hand.

"See you again."

"Shore," said Jason, and then his breast heaved and his heart seemed to stop quite still. Another pair of proud horses shot between the stone pillars, and in the carriage behind them was Marjorie. The boy dropped to his seat, dropped his chin in both hands as though to keep his face hidden, but as the sound of her coming loudened he simply could not help lifting his head. Erect, happy, smiling, the girl was looking straight past him, and he felt like one of the yellow grains of dust about her horses' feet. And then within him a high, shrill little yell rose above the laughter and vocal hum going on around him—there was John Burnham coming up the walk, the school-master, John Burnham—and Jason sprang to meet him. Immediately Burnham's searching eyes fell upon him, and he stopped—smiling, measuring, surprised. Could this keen-faced, keen-eyed, sinewy, tall lad be the faithful little chap who had trudged sturdily at his heels so many days in the mountains?

"Well, well, well," he said, "why, I wouldn't have known you. You got here in time, didn't you?"

"I have been waitin' fer you," said Jason. "Miss Hilda told me to come straight to you."

"That's right—how is she?"

"She ain't well—she works too hard."

The school-master shook his head with grave concern.

"I know. You've been lucky, Jason. She is the best woman on earth."

"I'd lay right down here an' die fer her right now," said the lad soberly. So would John Burnham, and he loved the lad for saying that.

"She said you was the best man on earth—but I knowed that," the lad went on simply; "an' she told me to tell you to make me keep out o' fights and study hard and behave."

John laughed.

"All right, Jason," he said with a smile. "Have you matriculated yet?"

Jason was not to be caught napping. His eyes gave out the quick light of humor, but his face was serious.

"I been so busy waitin' fer you that I reckon I must 'a' forgot that."

Again the school-master laughed.

"Come along."

Through the thick crowd that gave way respectfully to the new professor, Jason followed across the road to the building opposite, and up the steps into a room where he told his name and his age, and the name of his father and mother, and pulled from his pocket a little roll of dirty bills. There was a fee of five dollars for "janitor." Jason did not know what a janitor was, but John Burnham nodded when he looked up inquiringly and Jason asked no question. There was another fee for "breakage," and that was all, but the latter item was too much for Jason.

"S'pose I don't break nothin'," he asked shrewdly, "do I git that back?"

Register and professor laughed.

"You get it back."

Then they went down again.

"That's a mighty big word fer such little doin's," the boy said soberly, and the school-master smiled.

"You'll find just that all through college now, Jason, but don't wait to find out what the big word means."

"I won't," said Jason, "next time."

Many eyes now looked on the lad curiously when he followed John Burnham back through the crowd to the steps where the new professor paused.

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"I passed Mavis on the road. I wonder if she has come."

"I don't know," said Jason, and a curious something in his tone made John Burnham look at him quickly—but he said nothing.

"Oh, well," he said presently, "she knows what to do."

A few minutes later the two were alone in the new professor's recitation-room.

"Have you seen Marjorie and Gray?"

The lad hesitated.

"I seed—I saw 'em when they come in."

"Gray finishes my course this year. He's going to be a civil engineer."

"So'm I," said Jason; and the quick shortness of his tone again made John Burnham look keenly at him.

"You know a good deal about geology already—are you going to take my course too?"

"I want to know just what to do with that land o' mine. I ain't forgot what you told me—to go away and git an education—and when I come back what that land 'ud be worth."

"Yes, but——"

The lad's face had paled and his mouth had set.

"I'm goin' to git it back."

Behind them the door had opened, and Gray's spirited, smiling face was thrust in.

"Good morning, Professor," he cried, and then, seeing Jason, he came swiftly in with his hand outstretched.

"Why, how are you, Jason? Mavis told me yesterday you were here. I've been looking for you. Glad to see you."

Watching both, John Burnham saw the look of surprise in Gray's face when the mountain boy's whole frame stiffened into the rigidity of steel, saw the haughty uplifting of the blue-grass boy's chin, as he wheeled to go, and like Gray, he, too, thought Jason had never forgotten the old feud between them. For a moment he was tempted to caution Jason about the folly of it all, but as suddenly he changed his mind. Outside a bugle blew.

"Go on down, Jason," he said instead, "and follow the crowd—that's chapel—prayer-meeting," he explained.

At the foot of the stairs the boy mingled with the youthful stream pouring through the wide doors of the chapel hall. He turned to the left and was met by the smiling eyes of his new acquaintance, Burns, who waved him good-humoredly away:

"This is the sophomore corner—I reckon you belong in there."

And toward the centre Jason went among the green, the countrified, the uneasy, and the unkempt. The other half of the hall was banked with the faces of young girls—fresh as flowers and everywhere were youth and eagerness, eagerness and youth. The members of the faculty were climbing the steps to a platform and ranging themselves about the old gentleman with the crutches. John Burnham entered, and the vault above rocked with the same barbaric yells that Jason had heard given Gray Pendleton, for Burnham had been a mighty foot-ball player in his college days. The old president rose, and the tumult sank to reverential silence while a silver tongue sent its beautiful diction on high in a prayer for the bodies, the minds, and the souls of the whole buoyant throng in the race for which they were about to be let loose. And that was just what the tense uplifted faces suggested to John Burnham—he felt in them the spirit of the thoroughbred at the post, the young hound straining at the leash, the falcon unhooded for flight, when, at the president's nod, he rose to his feet to speak to the host the welcome of the faculty within these college walls and the welcome of the blue-grass to the strangers from the confines of the State—particularly to those who had journeyed from their mountain homes. "These young people from the hills," he said, "for their own encouragement and for all patience in their own struggle, must always remember, and the young men and women of the blue-grass, for tolerance and a better understanding, must never forget, in what darkness and for how long their sturdy kinspeople had lived, how they were just wakening from a sleep into which, not of their own fault, they had lapsed but little after the Revolution; how eagerly they had strained their eyes for the first glimmer from the outside world that had come to them, and how earnestly now they were fighting toward the light. So isolated, so primitive were they only a short while ago that neighbor would go to neighbor asking 'Lend us fire,' and now they were but ask-

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ing of the outer world,'Lend us fire.' And he hoped that the young men and women from those dark fastnesses who had come there to light their torches would keep them burning, and take them back home still sacredly aflame, so that in the hills the old question with its new meaning could never again be asked in vain."

Jason's eyes had never wavered from the speaker's face, nor had Gray's, but, while John Burnham purposely avoided the eyes of both, he noted here and there the sudden squaring of shoulders, and the face of a mountain boy or girl lift quickly and with open-mouthed interest remain fixed; and far back he saw Mavis, wide-eyed and deep in some new-born dream, and he thought he saw Marjorie turn at the end to look at the mountain girl as though to smile understanding and sympathy. A mental tumult still held Jason when the crowd about him rose to go, and he kept his seat. John Burnham had been talking about Mavis and him, and maybe about Marjorie and Gray, and he had a vague desire to see the school-master again. Moreover, a doubt, at once welcome and disturbing to him, had coursed through his brain. If secret meetings in lanes and by-ways were going on between Mavis and Gray, Gray would hardly have been so frank in saying he had seen Mavis the previous afternoon, for Gray must know that Jason knew there had been no meeting at Steve Hawn's house. Perhaps Gray had overtaken her in the lane quite by accident, and the boy was bothered and felt rather foolish and ashamed when, seeing John Burnham still busy on the platform, he rose to leave.

On the steps more confusion awaited him. A group of girls was standing to one side of them, and he turned hurriedly the other way. Light footsteps followed him, and a voice called:

"Oh, Jason!"

His blood rushed, and he turned dizzily, for he knew it was Marjorie. In her frank eyes was a merry smile instead of the tear that had fixed them in his memory, but the clasp of her hand was the same.

"Why, I didn't know you yesterday—did I? No wonder. Why, I wouldn't have known you now if I hadn't been looking for you. Mavis told me you'd come. Dear me, what a *big* man you are. Professor Burnham told me all about you, and I've been so proud. Why, I came near writing to you several times. I'm expecting you to lead your class here, and"—she took in with frank admiration his height and the breadth of his shoulders—"Gray will want you, maybe, for the football team."

The crowd of girls near by were boring him into the very ground with their eyes. His feet and his hands had grown to enormous proportions and seemed suddenly to belong to somebody else. He felt like an ant in a grain-hopper, or as though he were deep under water in a long dive and must in a moment actually gasp for breath. And, remembering St. Hilda, he did manage to get his hat off, but he was speechless. Marjorie paused, the smile did not leave her eyes, but it turned serious, and she lowered her voice a little.

"Did you keep your promise, Jason?"

Then the boy found himself, and as he had said before, that winter dusk, he said now soberly:

"I give you my hand."

And, as before, taking him literally, Marjorie again stretched out her hand.

"I'm so glad."

Once more the bugle sent its mellow summons through the air.

"And you are coming to our house some Saturday night to go coon-hunting—good-by."

Jason turned weakly away, and all the rest of the day he felt dazed. He did not want to see Mavis or Gray or Marjorie again, or even John Burnham. So he started back home afoot, and all the way he kept to the fields through fear that some one of them might overtake him on the road, for he wanted to be alone. And those fields looked more friendly now than they had looked at dawn, and his heart grew lighter with every step. Now and then a rabbit leaped from the grass before him, or a squirrel whisked up the rattling bark of a hickory tree. A sparrow trilled from the swaying top of a purple ironweed, and from grass, and fence-rail, and awing, meadow larks were fluting everywhere, but the song of no wood-thrush reached his waiting ear. Over and over again his brain reviewed every incident of the day, only to end each time with Marjorie's voice, her smile with its new

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quality of mischief, and the touch of her hand. She had not forgotten—that was the thrill of it all—and she had even asked if he had kept his promise to her. And at that thought his soul darkened, for the day would come when he must ask to be absolved of one part of that promise, and on that day he must be up and on his dead father's business. And he wondered what, when he told her, she would say. It was curious, but the sense of the crime involved was naught, as was the possible effect of it on his college career—it was only what that girl would say. But the day might still be long off, and he had so schooled himself to throwing aside the old deep, sinister purpose that he threw it off now and gave himself up to the bubbling relief that had come to him. That meeting in the lane must have been chance, John Burnham was kind, and Marjorie had not forgotten. He was not alone in the world, nor was he even lonely, for everywhere that day he had found a hand stretched out to help him.

Mavis was sitting on the porch when he walked through the gate, and the moment she saw his face a glad light shone in her own, for it was the old Jason coming back to her:

"Mavie," he said huskily, "I reckon I'm the biggest fool this side o' hell, whar I reckon I ought to be."

Mavis asked no question, made no answer. She merely looked steadily at him for a moment, and then, brushing quickly at her eyes, she rose and turned into the house. The sun gave way to darkness, but it kept on shining in Jason's heart, and when at bedtime he stood again on the porch, his gratitude went up to the very stars. He heard Mavis behind him, but he did not turn, for all he had to say he had said, and the break in his reserve was over.

"I'm glad you come back, Jasie," was all she said, shyly, for she understood, and then she added the little phrase that is not often used in the mountain world:

"Good-night."

From St. Hilda, Jason, too, had learned that phrase, and he spoke it with a gruffness that made the girl smile:

"Good-night, Mavie."

(To be continued.)

WITCHING HILL STORIES

BY E. W. HORNUNG

VI.—THE LOCKED ROOM

IT was no great coincidence that we should have been speaking of Edgar Nettleton that night. Uvo Delavoye was full of him just then, and I had the man on my mind for other reasons. Besides, I had to talk to Uvo about something, since he was down with a quinsy caught from the perfect sanitation in advertised vogue on the Estate, and could hardly open his own mouth. And perhaps I had to talk to somebody about the unpleasant duty hanging over me in connection with this fellow Nettleton, who had taken his house about the same time as Colonel Cheffins and his gang, had made up to Delavoye over that affair, and was himself almost as undesirable a tenant from my point of view.

"I know he's a friend of yours, and I haven't come to curse him to your face," I had been saying. "But if you would just tell Nettleton, when you see him again, that we're in dead earnest this time you might be doing both him and us a service. I sent him a third notice yesterday; if he doesn't pay up within the week, my orders are to distrain without further notice. Muskett's furious about the whole thing. He blames me for ever having truck with such a fellow in the first instance. But when a man has been science beak in a public school—and *such* a school

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—it sounds good enough for Witching Hill, doesn't it? Who would have thought he'd had the sack? Public-school masters don't often get it."

"They've got to do something pretty desperate first, I fancy," whispered Uvo, with a gleam in his sunken eyes. He had not denied the fact. I felt encouraged to elaborate my grievance against Edgar Nettleton.

"Then there was his banker's reference! That was all right; yet we had trouble to get our very first rent, more trouble over the second, and this time there's going to be a devil of a row. I shouldn't wonder if Nettleton had a bill of sale over every stick. I know he's owing all the tradesmen. He may be a very clever chap, and all that, but I can't help saying that he strikes me as a bit of a wrong 'un, Uvo."

Of course I had not started with the intention of saying anything like as much. But the brunt of the unpleasantness was falling on my shoulders; and the fellow had made friends with my friend, whose shoes he was not fit to black. Uvo, moreover, was still according me a patient, interesting hearing, as he lay like a bright-eyed log in his bed at the top of No. 7. Altogether, it was not in my allowance of human nature to lose such an opportunity of showing him his new friend in his true colors.

"He *is* clever," whispered Uvo, as though that was the bond between them. "He knows something about everything, and he's a wonderful carpenter and mechanic. You must really see the burglar-trap that he concocted after the scare. If another Cheffins paid him a visit, he'd put his foot in it with a vengeance."

"It would be six of one and very nearly half a dozen of the other," said I with hardihood. "Set a Nettleton to catch a Cheffins, as you might say, Uvo!"

But he only smiled, as though he would not have hesitated to say it in fun. "Of course you're only joking, Gilly, but I could quite understand it if you weren't. There's no vice in old Nettleton, let alone crime; but there's a chuckle-headed irresponsibility that might almost let him in for either before he knew it. He never does seem to know what he's doing, and I'm sure he never worries about anything he's once done. If he did, he'd have gone further afield from the scene of his downfall, or else taken rooms in town instead of a red elephant of a house that he evidently can't afford. But as a tenant I quite agree that he is hopeless."

"If only he hadn't come here!" I grumbled. "What on earth can have brought him to Witching Hill, of all places?"

Uvo's eyes were dancing in the light of the reading gas-lamp, with the smelly tube, which had been connected up with his bedroom bracket.

"Of course," he whispered, "you wouldn't admit for a moment that it might be the call of the soil, and all there's in it, Gilly?"

"No, I wouldn't; but I'll tell you one thing!" I exclaimed, as it struck me for the first time: "the man you describe is not the man to trust with all those morbid superstitions of yours. I know he enters into them, because you told me he did, and I know how much you wanted to find some one who would. But so much the worse for you both, if he's the kind you say he is! An idle man, too, and apparently alone in the world! I don't envy you if Nettleton really does come under the influence of your old man of the soil, and plays down to him!"

"My dear Gilly, this is a great concession," whispered Uvo, on his elbow with surprise.

"I don't mean it for one," said I sturdily. "I only mean the influence of your own conception of your old man and his powers. I disbelieve in him and them as much as ever, but I don't disbelieve in your ability to make both exist in some weaker mind than your own. And where they do catch on, remember, those wild ideas of yours may always get the upper hand. It isn't everybody who can think the things you do, Uvo, and never look like doing 'em!"

"I don't agree with you a bit, Gilly. I never believe those blithering blighters who attribute their crimes to the bad example of some criminal hero of the magazines or of the stage. Villain-worship doesn't carry you to that length unless you're a bit of a villain in the first instance."

"But suppose you are?" I cried, almost before I saw the point that I was

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making. "Suppose you have as few scruples, principles, 'pangs and fears'—call them what you like—as this fellow Nettleton. Suppose you're full of fire of sorts, but also as irresponsible and chuckle-headed as you yourself say he is. Well, then, *I* say, it's taking responsibility for two to go pumping your theories into as sensitive an engine as all that!"

Uvo clapped his thin hands softly as there came a knock at the door. "Well, he's a practical man, Gilly, I must admit, so let's leave it at that. Come in! What is it, Jane?"

"The servant from Mr. Nettleton's, sir, wants to see Mr. Gillon," said the maid.

I began by explaining why this scarcely comes into the category of Witching Hill coincidences. Yet it was rather startling at the time, and Uvo Delavoye looked as though his evil ancestor had materialized at the foot of the bed.

"All right, Jane! Mr. Gillon will be down directly."

It was the first time his voice had risen to more than a whisper, and it shook. The maid seemed to catch some echo of an alarm already communicated to herself, and faintly sounded in her own announcement.

"Sarah seems very anxious to see you, sir," she ventured, turning to me, and then withdrew in some embarrassment.

I rose to follow her. Sarah was almost as great a character as her master, and I for one liked her the better of the two. She was a simple, faithful, incompetent old body, who once told me that she had known Mr. Nettleton, man and boy, most of his life, but without betraying a page of his past. She had come with him to Witching Hill Road as cook-general. There had been a succession of auxiliary servants who had never in any instance outstayed their month. The last of them had left precipitately, threatening a summons, to the scandal of the neighbors; but beyond that fact the matter had been hushed up, and even I only knew that Sarah was now practically single-handed through her coming to me about a charwoman. I thought I ought to see her at once, but Uvo detained me with an almost piteous face.

"Do wait a moment! Of course it's probably nothing at all; but you've given me an idea that certainly never crossed my mind before. I won't say you've put the fear of God on me, Gilly, but you have put me in rather a funk about old Nettleton! He is a rum 'un, I must admit it. If he should have done anything that could possibly be traced to . . . all that . . . I'll never open my mouth about it again."

"Oh, bless your life, it's only more servant troubles!" I reassured him. "I shouldn't wonder if old Sarah herself finds him more than she can stick. They do say he assaulted that last girl, and that she could hardly limp into her cab!"

Uvo rolled his head on the pillow.

"It wasn't an assault, Gilly. I know what happened to her. But I must know what's happened to old Sarah, or to Nettleton himself. Will you promise to come back and tell me?"

"Certainly."

"Then off you go, my dear fellow, and I'll hang on to my soul till you get back. You may have to go along with her, if he's been doing anything very mad. Take my key, and tell them downstairs that you've got it."

Sarah was waiting for me on the front-door mat, but she refused to make any communication before we left the house. She really was what she herself would have described as an elderly party, though it is doubtful whether even Sarah would have considered the epithet appropriate to her years. She certainly wore a rather jaunty bonnet on her walks abroad. It had a garish plume that nodded violently with her funny old head, and simply danced with mystery as she signified the utter impossibility of speech within reach of other ears.

"I'm very sorry to trouble you, sir, very," said the old lady, as she trotted beside me up Mulcaster Park. "But I never did know such a thing to 'appen before, and I don't like it, sir, not at all I don't, I'm sure!"

"But what has happened, Sarah?"

As a witness Sarah would not have been a success; she believed in beginning her story very far back, in following it into every by-way and blind alley of immaterial fact, in reporting every scrap of dialogue that she could remember or improvise, and in eschewing the oblique ora-

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tion as an unworthy economy of time and breath. If interrupted, she would invariably answer a question that had not been asked, and on getting up to any real point she would shy at it like a fractious old steed. It was then impossible to spur her on, and we had to retrace much ground at her pleasure. The *ipsissima verba* of this innocent creature are therefore frankly unprintable. But toward the top of Mulcaster Park I did make out that a number of pointless speeches, delivered by Mr. Nettleton at his lunch, had culminated in the announcement that he was going to the theatre that night.

"The theatre!" I cried. "I thought Mr. Nettleton never even went uptown?"

I had gathered that from Delavoye, and Sarah confirmed it with much embroidery. I was also told his reasons for making such a sudden exception, and as given by Sarah they were certainly not convincing.

"Then he's in the theatre now, or ought to be?" I suggested; for it was then just after nine o'clock.

"Ah, that's where it is, sir!" said Sarah, weightily. "He *ought* to be, as you say, sir. But he's locked his lib'ry, and there's a light under the door, and I can't get no answer, not though I knock, knock, knock, till I'm tired of knocking!"

I now ascertained that Sarah also had been given money to make a night of it, in her case at the Village Hall, where one of the church entertainments was going on. Sarah made mention of every item on the programme, as far as she had heard it out. But then it seemed she had become anxious about her kitchen fire, which she had been ordered to keep up for elaborate reasons connected with the master's bath. There had been no fire in the lib'ry that day; it was late in February, but exceptionally mild for the time of year. She knew her master sometimes left his lib'ry locked, since that what happened the last house-parlor-maid, and serve people right for going where they had no business. She could not say that he had left it locked on this occasion; she only knew it was so now, and a light under the door, though he had gone away in broad daylight.

This room, in which Nettleton certainly kept his books, but also his carpenter's bench, test-tubes and retorts, and a rack of stoppered bottles, was the one at the back leading into the garden. It was meant for the drawing-room in this particular type of house, was of considerable size but only divided from the kitchen by a jerry-built wall. Sarah could not say that she had heard a sound in the lib'ry—though she often did hear master, as she was setting there of a evening—since he went away without his tea. Of course she had not noticed the light under the door till after dark; not, in fact, till she came back from her entertainment. No; she had not thought of going into the room to draw the curtains. The less she went in there, without orders, the better, Sarah always thought. And yet, when she trotted in front of me through her kitchen and scullery, and so round to the French windows of the sealed chamber, we found them closely shuttered, as they must have been left early in the afternoon, unless Nettleton had returned from his theatre and locked himself in.

It was with rather too vivid a recollection of the finding of Abercromby Royle, in a corresponding room in Mulcaster Park, that I went up to my office for an assortment of keys.

"Now, Sarah, you stand sentinel at the gate," I said on my return. "If Mr. Nettleton should come back while I'm busy, keep him in conversation while I slip out through your kitchen. I don't much like my job, Sarah, but neither do I think for a moment that there's anything wrong."

Yet there was a really bright layer of light under the door in which I now tried key after key, while the old body relieved me of her presence in order to keep a rather unwilling eye up the road.

At last a key fitted, turned, and the door was open for me to enter if I dared; and never shall I forget the scene that presented itself when I did.

The room was unoccupied. That was one thing. Neither the quick nor the dead lay in wait for me this time. A mere glance explored every corner; the scanty furniture was that of a joiner's shop and a laboratory in one, and all the library to be seen was a couple of standing bookcases, not nearly full. But my eyes

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were rooted in horror to the floor. It also was bare, in the sense that there was no carpet, though a rug or two had been roughly folded and piled on the bench. In their place, from skirting-board to skirting-board, the floor was ankle-deep in shavings. And among the shavings, like so many light-houses in a yellow sea, burnt four or five fat ecclesiastical candles. They were not in candlesticks; at first I thought that they were mounted merely in their own grease. But Nettleton had run no such risk of one toppling before its time. Their innocent little flames were within an inch or so of the shavings—one was nearer still—but before I could probe the simple secret of the vile device, there was a rustle at my elbow, and there stood Sarah with her nodding plume.

"Well, I never did!" she exclaimed in a scandalized whisper. "Trying to set fire to the 'ouse—oh, fie!"

The grotesque inadequacy of these comments, taken in conjunction with her comparative composure, made me suspect for one wild moment that Sarah herself was an accomplice in the horrible design. She grasped it at a glance, much quicker than I had done, and it seemed to shock her very much less. I snatched up one of the candles—they were only pinned in place with black-headed toilet pins—and I lit the gas with it before stalking through the shavings and setting a careful foot upon the rest in turn.

When I had extinguished the last of them, I turned to find my innocent old suspect snivelling on the threshold, and nodding her gay plume more emphatically than ever.

"'Ow awful!" she ejaculated in hushed tones. "Madness, I call it. Setting fire to a nice 'ouse like this! But there, he's been getting queer for a long time. I've often said so—to myself, you know, sir—I wouldn't say it to nobody else. That burgular business was the beginning of it."

"Well, Sarah," I said, "he's got so queer that we must think what's to be done, and think quickly, and do it double-quick! But I shall be obliged if you'll stick to your excellent rule of not talking to outsiders. We've had scenes enough at Witching Hill, without this getting about."

"Oh! I sha'n't say a word, sir," said Sarah, solemnly. "Even pore Mr. Nettleton, he shall never know from *me* how I found him out!"

I could hardly believe my ears. "Good God, woman! Do you dream of spending another night under this maniac's roof?"

"Why, of course I do, sir," cried old Sarah, bridling. "Who's to look after him, if I go away and leave him, I should like to know? The very idea!"

"I'll see that he's looked after," said I, grimly, and I went and bolted the front door, lest he should return before I had decided on my tactics.

In the few seconds that my back was turned, Sarah seemed to have acquired yet another new, and equally novel, point of view. I found the old heroine almost gloating over her master's dreadful handiwork.

"Well, there, I never did see anything so artful! Him at his theatre, to come home and look on at the fire, and me at my concert, safe and sound as if I was at church. Oh, he'd see to that, sir; he wouldn't've done it if he 'adn't've arranged to put me out of 'arm's way. That's Mr. Nettleton, every inch. Not that I say it was a right thing to do, sir, even with the 'ouse empty as it is. But what can you expect when a pore gentleman goes out of 'is 'ead? There's not many would care what 'appened to nobody else! But the artfulness of 'im: in another minute the whole 'ouse might've been blazing like a bonfire! Well, there, you do 'ear of such things, and now we know 'ow they 'appen."

To this extraordinary tune, with many such variations, I was meanwhile making up my mind. The first necessity was to place the intrepid old fool really out of harm's way, and the next was to save the house if possible, but also and at all costs the good name of the Witching Hill Estate. We had had one suicide, and it had not been hushed up quite as successfully as some of us flattered ourselves at the time; one case of gross intemperance, most scandalous while it lasted, and one gang of burglars actually established on the Estate. People were beginning to talk about us as it was; a case of attempted arson, even if the incendiary were proved a criminal lunatic, might

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be the end of us as a flourishing concern. It is true that I had no stake in the company whose servant I was, but one does not follow the dullest avocation for three years without taking a certain interest of another kind. At any rate I intended the secret of this locked room to remain as much a secret as I could keep it, and this gave me an immediate leverage over Sarah. Unless she took herself off before her master returned, I assured her I would have him sent, not to an asylum, but to the felon's cell, which I described as the proper place for him. I was not so sure in my own mind that I meant him to go to one or the other. But this was the bargain that I proposed to Sarah.

It came out that she had friends, in the shape of a laboring brother and his wife and family, whom I strongly suspected of having migrated on purpose to keep in touch with Sarah's kitchen, no further away than the almost adjoining Village. I succeeded in packing the old thing off in that direction, after making her lock her door at the top of the house. Previously I had removed the marks of my boot from the extinguished candles, and had left the locked room locked once more and in total darkness. Sarah and I quitted the house together before ten o'clock.

"I'll see that your master doesn't do himself any damage to-night," were my last words to her. "He'll think the candles have been blown out by a draught under the door—which really wouldn't catch them till they burnt quite low—and he'll think you're asleep in your bed at the top of the house. You've left everything as though you were; and that alone, as you yourself have pointed out, is enough to guarantee his not trying it on again to-night. You see, the fire was timed to break out before you left your entertainment, as it would have done if you'd seen the programme through. Tell your people that Mr. Nettleton's away for the night, and you've gone and locked yourself out by mistake. Above all, don't come back, unless you want to give the whole show away; he'd know at once that you'd discovered everything, and even your life wouldn't be safe for another minute. Unless you promise, Sarah, I'll just wait for him myself—with a policeman!"

My reasoning was cogent enough for that simple mind; on the other hand, the word of such an obviously faithful soul was better than the bond of most; and altogether it was with considerable satisfaction that I heard old Sarah trot off into the night, and then myself ran every yard of the way back to the Delavoyes' house.

Up to this point, as I still think, I had done better than many might have done in my place. But for my promise to Uvo, and the fact that he was even then lying waiting for me to redeem it, I would not have rushed to a sick man with my tale. Yet I must say that I was thankful I had no other choice, as matters stood. And I will even own that I had formed no definite plans beyond the point at which Uvo was to have heard all, and to give me the benefit of his sound judgment in any definite dilemma.

To my astonishment he took the whole thing in an absolutely different way from any that I had anticipated. He took it terribly to heart. I had entirely forgotten the gist of our conversation before I left him; he had been thinking of nothing else. The thing that I had expected to thrill him to the marrow, that would have done nothing else at any other time, simply harrowed him after what I seemed to have said three-quarters of an hour before. Whatever I had said was overlaid in my mind, for the moment, by all that I had since seen and heard. But Uvo Delavoye seemed to remember every syllable.

"You said you wouldn't envy me," he cried, huskily, "if poor old Nettleton fell under the influence in his turn. You spoke as if it was *my* influence; it isn't, but it may be that I'm the sort of medium for its transmission! Sole agent, eh, Gilly? My God, that's an awful thought, but you gave it me just now and I sha'n't get shot of it in a hurry! None of these beastly things happened before *I* came here—I, the legitimate son of this infernal soil! I'm the lightning-conductor, I'm the middleman every time!"

"My dear Uvo, we've no time for all that," I said. He had started up in bed, painfully excited and distressed, and I began to fear that I might have my work cut out to keep him there. "We agreed

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to differ about this long ago," I reminded him.

"It's only another way of putting what you said just now," he answered. "You said you did believe in my power of infecting another fellow with my ideas; you spoke of my responsibility if the other fellow put them into practice; and now he's done this hideous thing, had done it even when we were talking!"

"He hasn't done it yet, and I mean to know the reason if he ever does," said I, perhaps with rather more confidence than I really felt. I went on to outline my various notions of preventions. Uvo found no comfort in any of them.

"You can't trust him alone there for the night, after this, Gilly! He'll pull it off, Sarah or no Sarah, if you do. And if you send him either to prison or an asylum—but *you* won't send him! That's just it, Gilly. He'll have been sent by me!"

It was a case of the devil quoting scripture, but I was obliged to tell Uvo, as though I had found it out for myself, that criminals and criminal lunatics were not made that way. Villain-worshippers did not go to such lengths unless they had the seeds of madness or of crime already in them. Uvo could not repudiate his own thesis, but he said that if that were so he had watered those seeds in a way that made him the worst of the two. There was no arguing with him, no taking his part against this ruthless self-criticism. He owned that in Nettleton he had found a sympathetic listener at last, that he had poured the whole virus of his ideas into those willing ears, and now here was the result. He threatened to get up and dress, and to stagger into the breach with me or instead of me. No need to recount our contest on that point. I prevailed by undertaking to do any mortal thing he liked, as long as he lay where he was with that quinsy.

"Then save the fellow somehow, Gilly," he cried, "only don't you go near him tonight! He obviously isn't safe; take the other risk instead. Since the old soul's out of the house, let him set fire to it if he likes. It's a lesser evil than his murdering you on the spot. Then we must get him quietly examined, without letting him know that we know anything at all; and if a private attendant's all he wants, I swear I'm his man. It's about the least I can do for him, and it would give me a job in life at last!"

I did not smile at my dear old lad. I gave him the assurance his generosity required, and I meant to carry it out, subject to a plan of my own for watching Nettleton's house all night. But all my proposals suffered a proverbial fate within ten minutes, when I was about to pass the still dark house, and was suddenly confronted by Nettleton himself, leaning over the gate as though in wait for me.

And here I feel an almost apologetic sense of the inadequacy of Nettleton's personality to the part that he was playing that night; for there was nothing terrifying about him, nothing sinister or grotesque. The outward man was flabbily restless and ineffective, marked out from the herd by no stronger features than a goatee beard and the light, quick, instantaneously responsive eye of an uncannily intelligent child. And no more than a child did I fear him; man to man, I could have twisted his arm out of its socket, or felled him like an ox with one blow from mine. So I thought to myself, the very moment I stopped to speak to him; and perhaps, by so thinking, recognized some subtler quality, and confessed a subtle fear.

"I was looking for my old servant," said Nettleton, after a civil greeting. "She's not come in yet."

"Oh! hasn't she?" I answered, and I liked the ring of my own voice even less than his.

"Anyhow I can't make her hear, and the old fool's left her door locked," said Nettleton.

"That's a bad plan," said I, not to score a silly point, but simply because I had to say something with conviction. It was a mistake. Nettleton peered at me by the light from the nearest lamp-post.

"Have you seen anything of her?" he asked suspiciously.

"Yes!" I answered, in obedience to the same necessity of temperament.

"Well?" he cried.

"Well, she seemed nervous about something, and I believe she's gone to her own people for the night."

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We stood without speaking for nearly a minute. A soft step came marching round the asphalt curve, throwing a bright beam now upon its indigo surface, and now over the fussy fronts of the red houses, as a child plays with a bit of looking-glass in the sun. "Good-night, officer," said Nettleton as the step and the light passed on. And I caught myself thinking what an improvement the asphalt was in Witching Hill Road, and how we did want it in Mulcaster Park.

"We can't talk out here, and I wish to explain about this wretched rent," said Nettleton. "Come in—or are you nervous too?"

I gave the gate a push, and he had to lead the way. I should not have been so anxious to see a real child in front of me. But Nettleton turned his back with an absence of hesitation that reassured me as to his own suspicions; and indeed none were to be gleaned from his unthoughtful countenance when he had lit up his hall without waiting for me to shut the front door. At that I did shut it, and accepted his invitation to smoke a pipe in his den; for I thought I could see exactly how it was.

Nettleton, having found his candles out and his servant flown, having even guessed that I knew something and perhaps suspected more, was about to show me my mistake by taking me into the very room where the conflagration had been laid for lighting. Of course I should see no signs of it, and would presently depart at peace with a tenant whose worst crime was his unpunctuality over the rent. Nothing could suit me better. It would show that the house really was safe for the night, while it would give time for due consideration, and for any amount of conferences with Uvo Delavoye.

So I congratulated myself as I followed Nettleton into the room that had been locked; of course it was unlocked now that he was at home, but it was still in perfect darkness as I myself had left it. The shavings rustled about our ankles; but no doubt he would think there was nothing suspicious about the shavings in themselves. Yet there was one difference, perceptible at once and in the dark. There was a smell that I thought might have been there before, but unnoticed by Sarah and me in our excitement. It was a strong smell, however, and it reminded me of toy steamers and of picnic teas.

"One moment, and I'll light the gas. We're getting in each other's way," said Nettleton. I moved instinctively, in obedience to a light touch on the arm, and I heard him fumbling in the dark behind me. Then I let out the yell of a lifetime. I am not ashamed of it to this day. I had received a lifetime's dose of agony and amazement.

My right foot had gone through the floor, gone into the jaws of some frightful monster that bit it to the bone above the ankle!

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Nettleton, but not from the part of the room where I had heard him fumbling, neither had he yet struck a light.

"You know, you blackguard!" I roared, with a few worse words than that. "I'll sort you for this, you see if I don't! Strike a light and let me loose this instant! It's taking my foot off, I tell you!"

"Dear, dear!" he exclaimed, striking a match at once. "Why, if you haven't got into my best burglar-trap!"

He stood regarding me from a safe distance, with a sly pale smile, and the wax vesta held on high. I dropped my eyes to my tortured leg: a couple of boards had opened downward on hinges, and I could see the rusty teeth of an ancient man-trap embedded in my trousers, and my trousers already darkening as though with ink, where the pierced cloth pressed into quivering flesh and bone.

"It's the very same thing that happened to that last maid of mine," continued Nettleton. "I shouldn't wonder if you'd never seen a trap like that before. There aren't so many of 'em, even in museums. I picked this one up in Wardour Street; but it was my own idea to set it like that, and I went and quite forgot I'd left it ready for the night!"

That was the most obvious lie. He had set the thing somehow when he had pretended to be going to light the gas. But I did not tell him so. I did not open my mouth—in speech. I heard him out in a dumb horror; for he had stooped, and was lighting the candles one by one.

They were all where they had always been, except one that I must have kicked

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over on entering. Nettleton looked at that candle wistfully, and then at me, with a maniacally sly shake of the head; for it lay within my reach, but out of his; and it lay in a pool, beneath glistening shavings, for the whole room was swimming in the stuff that stank.

The lighting of the candles—in my brain as well as on the floor—had one interesting effect. It stopped my excruciating pain for several moments. We stood looking at each other across the little low lights, like Gullivers towering over Liliputian lamp-posts; that is, he stood, well out of arm's-length, while I leant with all my weight on one bent knee. Suddenly he gleamed and slapped his thigh.

"Why, I do believe you thought I was going to set fire to the house!" he cried.

"I knew you were."

"No—but now?"

"Yes—now—I see it in your damned face!"

"Really, Mr. Gillon!" exclaimed Nettleton, with a shake of his cracked head, "I hadn't thought of such a thing; but I am in a difficulty. The gas is on your side of the room, just out of your reach. So is the control of the very unpleasant arrangement that's got you by the heel. Is it the ankle? Oh! I'm sorry; but it's no use your looking round. I only meant the trap-door control; the trap itself has to be taken out before you can set it again, and it's a job even with the proper lever. After what's happened and the language you've been using, Mr. Gillon, I'm afraid I don't care to trust myself within reach of your very powerful arms, either to light the gas or to meddle with my little monster."

"See here," I said through the teeth that I had set against my pain. "You're as mad as a hatter; that's the only excuse for you——"

"Thank you!" he snapped in. "Then it won't be the worse for me if I *do* give you a taste of hell before your death and cremation!"

"I'm sorry for you," I went on, partly because I did not know that the insane call for more tact than the sane, and partly because I was far from sure which this man was, but had resolved in any case to appeal with all my might to his self-interest. "I'm sorry for anybody who loses his wits, but sorriest for those who get them back again and have to pay for what they did when they weren't themselves. You go mad and commit a murder, but you're dead sane when they hang you! That seems to me about the toughest luck a man could have, but it looks very like being your own."

"Which of these four candles do you back to win?" inquired Nettleton, looking at them and not at me. "I put my money on the one nearest you, and I back this one here for a place!"

"Two people know all about this, I may tell you," said I with more effect. Nettleton looked up. "Uvo Delavoye's one, and your old Sarah's the other!"

"That be blowed for a yarn!" he answered, after a singularly lucid interval, if he was not lucid all the time. "I think I see you walking into a trap like this if you knew it was here!"

"It's the truth!" I blustered, feeling to my horror that the truth had not rung true.

"All right! Then you deserve all you get for coming into another man's house——"

"When your servant came for me, and when we found out together that you were trying to burn it down?"

I was doing my best to reason with him now, but he was my master, sane or crazy. His cleverness was diabolical. He took the new point out of my mouth. "Yes—for going away and standing by to see me do it!" he cried. "But that's not the only crow I've got to pluck with you, young fellow, and the other jacks-in-office behind you. Must pay your dirty extortionate rent, must I? Very last absolutely final application, was it? Going to put a man in possession, are you? Very nice—very good! You're in possession yourself, my lad, and I wish you joy of your job!"

He made for the door, hugging the wall with unnecessary caution, leaving a bookcase tottering as an emblem of his respect. But at the door he recovered both his courage and his humor.

"I always meant to give him a warm reception," he cried—"and you're going to get one!"

He opened the door—made me a grotesque salute—and it was all that I could

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do to keep a horrified face till he was gone. Never had I thought him mad enough to leave me before he was obliged. Yet the front door closed softly in its turn; now I was alone in the house, and could have clapped my hands with joy. I plunged them into my pockets instead, took out the small shot of my possessions, and fired them at the candles, even to my watch. But my hand had shaken. I was balanced on one leg and suffering torments from the other. The four flames burnt undimmed. Then I stripped to the waist, made four bundles of coat and waistcoat, shirt and vest. It was impossible to miss with these. As I flung the fourth, darkness descended like a kiss from heaven—and a loud laugh broke through the door.

Nettleton came creeping in along the wall, lit the candles one by one, and said he was indebted to me for doing exactly what he had thought I would, and throwing away my own last means of meddling with his arrangements.

I went mad myself. I turned for an appreciable time into the madder man of the two; the railing and the raving were all on my side. They are not the least horrible thing that I remember. But I got through that stage, thank God! I like to think that one always must if there is time. There was time, and to spare, in my case. And there were those four calm candles waiting for me to behave myself, burning away as though they had never been out, one almost down to the shavings now, all four in their last half-inch, yet without another flicker between them of irresolution or remorse, true ecclesiastical candles to the end!

I had spat at them till my mouth was like an ash-pit; but there they burnt, corpse candles for the living who was worse than dead, mocking me with their four charmed flames. But mockery was nothing to me now. Nettleton had killed the nerve that mockery touches. When I shouted he gave me leave to go on till I was black in the face; nobody would hear me through the front of the house, and perhaps I remembered the heavy shutters he had made for the French windows at the time of the burglar scare. He went round to see if he could hear me through them, and he came back rubbing his hands. But now I took no more notice of his taunts. The last and cruelest was at the very flecks of blood on floor and shavings, flung far as froth in my demented efforts to tear either my foot from the trap or myself limb from limb. . . . And I had only sworn at him in my terrible preoccupation.

"No, that's where *you're* going, old cock," he had answered. "And by the way, Gillon, when you get there I wish you'd ask for your friend Delavoye's old man of the soil! Tell him his mantle's descended on good shoulders, will you? Tell him he's not the only pebble on the shores of Styx!"

That gave me something else to think about toward the end; but I had no longer any doubt about the man's inveterate insanity. His pale eyes had rolled and lightened with unstable fires. There had been something inconsecutive even in his taunts. Consistent only in keeping out of my way, he had explained himself once when I was trying to picture the wrath to come upon him, in the felon's dock, in the condemned cell, on the drop itself. It was only fools who looked forward or back, said Edgar Nettleton.

And I, who have done a little of both all my life, like most ordinary mortals, as I look back to the hour which I had every reason to recognize as my last on earth, the one redeeming memory is that of the complete calm which did ultimately oust my undignified despair. It may have been in answer to the prayers I uttered in the end instead of curses; that is more than man can say. I only know that I was not merely calm at the last, but immensely interested in what Nettleton would have called the winning candle. It burnt down to the last thin disk of grease, shining like a worn florin in that jungle of shavings that seemed to lean upon the flame and yet did not catch. Then the wick fell over, the last quarter-inch of it, and I thought that candle had done its worst. Head and heart almost burst with hope. No! the agony was not to be prolonged to the next candle, or the next but one. The very end of the first wick had done the business in falling over. I had forgotten that strong smell and the pools now drying on the floor.

It began in a thin blue spoonful of flame, that scooped up the worn grease

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coin, grew into a saucerful of violet edged with orange, and in ten or twenty seconds had the whole jungle of shavings in a blaze. But it was a violet blaze. It was not like ordinary fire. It was more like the thin blue waves that washed over the rocks of white asbestos in so many of our tenants' grates. And like a wave it passed over the surface of the floor, without eating into the wood.

There were no hangings in the room. The incendiary had relied entirely on his wood-work, and within a minute the floor was a sea of violet flames with red crests. There was one island. I had stooped after Nettleton left me for the last time, and swept the shavings clear of me on all sides, garnering as many as possible into the hole in the floor where the trap had been set, and drying the floor within reach as well as I could with the bare hand. There was this island, perhaps the size of a hearth-rug; and I cannot say that I was ever any hotter than I should have been on such a rug before a roaring fire.

But this fire did not roar, though it surged over the rest of the floor in its blue billows and its red-hot crests, flowing under the carpenter's bench as the sea flows under a pier. And the floor was not on fire; the fire was on the floor; and it was dying down! It was dying down before my starting eyes. Where the violet wave receded, it left little more mark than the waves of the sea leave on the sands. It was only the fiery crests that lingered, and crackled, and turned black . . . and my senses left me before I saw the reason, or more than the first blinding ray of hope!

It was not Uvo Delavoye, and it was not Sarah, who was standing over me when I awoke to the physical agony on which that of the mind had acted latterly as a perfect anodyne. It was the Delavoyes' doctor. Uvo had sent for him in the middle of the night, telling his poor people he felt much worse—having indeed a higher temperature—but being in reality only unbearably anxious about Nettleton and me. He wanted to know what Nettleton was doing. He wanted to be sure that I was safe in my bed. If his sister had not been nursing him, he would have made a third madman by crawling out to satisfy himself; as it was, he had sent for the doctor and told him all. And the doctor had not only come himself, but had knocked up his partner on the way, as they were both tenants on the Estate.

They might have been utter strangers to me that night, and for a little time after. Nor was it in accordance with their orders that I got to know things as soon as I did. That was where Uvo Delavoye did come in, and with him his mother's new cook, Sarah, in the bonnet with the nodding plume, just as she had been to see her pore old master.

"It's a beautiful mad-'ouse," said Sarah, with a moist twinkle in her funny old eye. "I only hope he won't want to burn it down!"

"*I* only hope you're keeping his effort to yourselves," said I. "It'll do the Estate no good, if it gets out, after all the other things that have been happening on it."

"Trust us and the doctors!" said Uvo. "We're all in the same boat, Gilly, and your old Muskett's the only other soul who knows. By the way"—his glance had deepened—"both they and Sarah think it must have been coming on for a long time."

"I'm quite sure it 'as," said Sarah, earnestly. "I never did 'ear such things as Mr. Nettleton used to say to me, or to hisself, it didn't seem to matter who it was. But of course it wasn't for me to go about repeating them."

I saw Uvo's mouth twitching, for some reason, and I changed the subject to the miraculous preservation of the house in Witching Hill Road. The doctors had assured me that the very floor, which my own eyes had beheld a sea of blazing spirit, was scarcely so much as charred. And Uvo Delavoye confirmed the statement.

"It wasn't such a deep sea as you thought, Gilly. But it was the spirit that saved the show, and that's just where our poor friend overshot the mark. Spirit burns itself, not the thing you put it on. It's like the brandy and the Christmas pudding. Those shavings would have been far more dangerous by themselves, but drenched in methylated spirit they burnt like a wick, which of course hardly burns at all."

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"*My* methylated!" Sarah chimed in. "He must have found it when he was looking for me all over in my kitchens, pore gentleman, and me at my brother's all the time! I'd just took a gallon from Draytons' Stores, because you get it ever so much cheaper by the gallon, Mr. Hugo. I must remember to tell your ma."

A SEEKER IN THE NIGHT

Florence Earle Coates

I LIFT my eyes, but I cannot see:
I stretch my arms and I cry to Thee—
And still the darkness covers me.

Where art Thou? In the chill obscure
I wander lonely, and endure
A yearning only Thou canst cure.

Once, once, indeed, in every face
I seemed thy lineaments to trace,
And looked in all to find thy grace:

I thought the thrush—sweet worshipper!—
From the minaret of the balsam-fir
Hymned forth thy praise, my soul to stir;

I thought the early roses came
To lisp in fragrant breaths thy name,
And teach my heart to do the same;

I thought the stars thy candles, Lord!
I thought the skylark as he soared
Rose to thy throne, and Thee adored.

But now a labyrinth I wind,
And needing more thy hand to find,
Grope darkling, Lord—for I am blind!

Ah, bridge for me the shadowy vast,
That I may find Thee, at the last!—
Then draw me close, and hold me fast!

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THE WEDDING-RING

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

BEFORE Toinette Girard made up her mind to marry Prosper Leclère,—you remember the man at Abbéville who had such a brave heart that he was not willing to fight with an old friend,—before Toinette perceived and understood how brave Prosper was, it seemed as if she were very much in doubt whether she did not love some one else more than she loved him, whether he and she really were made for each other, whether, in short, she cared for him enough to give herself entirely to him.

But after they had been married six weeks there was no doubt left in her mind. He was the one man in the world for her. He satisfied her to the core—although by this time she knew most of his faults. It was not so much that she loved him in spite of them, but she simply could not imagine him changed in any way without losing a part of him, and that idea was both intolerable and incredible to her. Just as he was, she clung to him and became one with him.

I know it seems ridiculous to describe a love like that, and it is certainly impossible to explain it. It is not common, nor regular, nor altogether justifiable by precept and authority. Reason is against it; and the doctors of the church have always spoken severely of the indulgence of any human affection that verges on idolatry. But the fact remains that there are a few women in the world who are capable of such a passion. Capable? No, that is not the word. They are created for it. They cannot help it. It is not a virtue, it is simply a quality. Their whole being depends upon their love. They hang upon it, as a wreath hangs from a nail in the wall. If it breaks they are broken. If it holds they are happy. Other things interest them and amuse them, of course, but there is only one thing that really counts—to love and to be loved.

Toinette was a woman of that rare race. To the outward view she was just a pretty French Canadian girl with an oval face, brown hair, and eyes like a very dark topaz. Her hands were small, but rather red and rough. Her voice was rich and vibrant, like the middle notes of a 'cello, but she spoke a dialect that was as rustic as a cabbage. Her science was limited to enough arithmetic to enable her to keep accounts, her art to the gift of singing a very lovely contralto by ear, and her notions of history bordered on the miraculous. She was obstinate, superstitious, and at times quick-tempered. But she had a positive genius for loving. That raised her into the first rank, and enabled her to bestow as much happiness on Prosper as if she had been a queen.

It was a grief to them, of course, that they had no children. But this grief did

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not destroy, nor even diminish, their felicity in each other; it was like the soft shadow of a cloud passing over a landscape—the sun was still shining and the world was fair. They were too happy to be discontented. And their fortunes were thriving, too, so that they were kept pretty hard at work—which, next to love, is the best antidote for unhappiness.

After the death of the old *bonhomme* Girard, the store fell to Prosper; and his good luck—or his cleverness, or his habit of always being ready for things, call it what you will—stuck by him. Business flourished in the *Bon Marché* of Abbéville. Toinette helped it by her gay manners and her skill in selling. It did people good to buy of her: she made them feel that she was particularly glad that they were getting just what they needed. A pipe of the special shape which Pierre affected,—a calico dress-pattern of the shade most becoming to Angélique,—a brand of baking-powder which would make the batter rise up like mountains,—*v'là, voisine, c'est b'en bon!* Everything that she sold had a charm with it. Consequently trade was humming, and the little wooden house beside the store was *b'en trimée.*

The only drawback to the happiness of the Leclères was the fact that business required Prosper to go away for a fortnight twice a year to replenish his stock of goods. He went to Quebec or to Montreal, for he had a great many kinds of things to get, and he wanted good things and good bargains, and he did not trust the commercial travellers.

"Who pays those men," he said, "to run around everywhere, with big watch-chains? You and me! But why? I can buy better myself—because I understand what Abbéville wants—and I can buy cheaper."

The times of his absence were heavy and slow to Toinette. The hours were doped out of the day as reluctantly as black molasses dribbles from a jug. Only a professional instinct kept her up to her work in the store. She jollied the customers, looked after the accounts, made good sales, and even coquetted enough with the commercial travellers to send them away without ill-will for the establishment which refused to buy from them.

"A little *badinage* does no harm," she said, "it keeps people from getting angry because they can't do any more business."

But in the house she was dull and absent-minded. She went about as if she had lost something. She sat in her rocking-chair, with her hands in her lap, as if she were waiting for something. The yellow light of the lamp shone upon her face and hurt her eyes. A tear fell upon her knitting. The old *tante* Bergeron, who came in to keep house for her while she was busy with the store, diagnosed her malady and was displeased with it.

"You are love-sick," said she. "That is bad. Especially for a married woman. It is wrong to love any of God's creatures too much. Trouble will come of it—*voyons voir.*"

"But, aunty," answered Toinette, "Prosper is not justany of God's creatures. He is mine. How could I love him too much? Besides, I don't do it. It does itself. How can I help it?"

"It is a malady," sighed the old woman, shaking her head. "It is a malady of youth, my child. There is danger in it—and for Prosper too! You make an idol of a man and you spoil him. You upset his mind. Men are like that. You will bring trouble upon your man, if you don't take care. God will send you a warning—perhaps a countersign of death."

"What is that," cried Toinette, her heart shaking within her breast, "what do you mean with your countersign of death?"

The old woman nodded her head mysteriously and leaned forward, putting her gnarled hand on Toinette's round knee and peering with her faded eyes into the girl's wild-flower face.

"It is the word," said she, "that death speaks before he crosses the threshold. He gives a sign—sometimes one thing, and sometimes another—before he comes in. Our folk in Brittany have understood about that for a long time. My grandmother has told me. It always comes to one who has gone too far, to one who is like you. You must be careful. You must go to mass every day and pray that your malady may be restrained."

So Toinette, having tasted of the strange chalice of fear, went to the church early every morning while Prosper was away and prayed that she might not love him so

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Drawn by Charles S. Chapman.

It did people good to buy of her.—Page 362.

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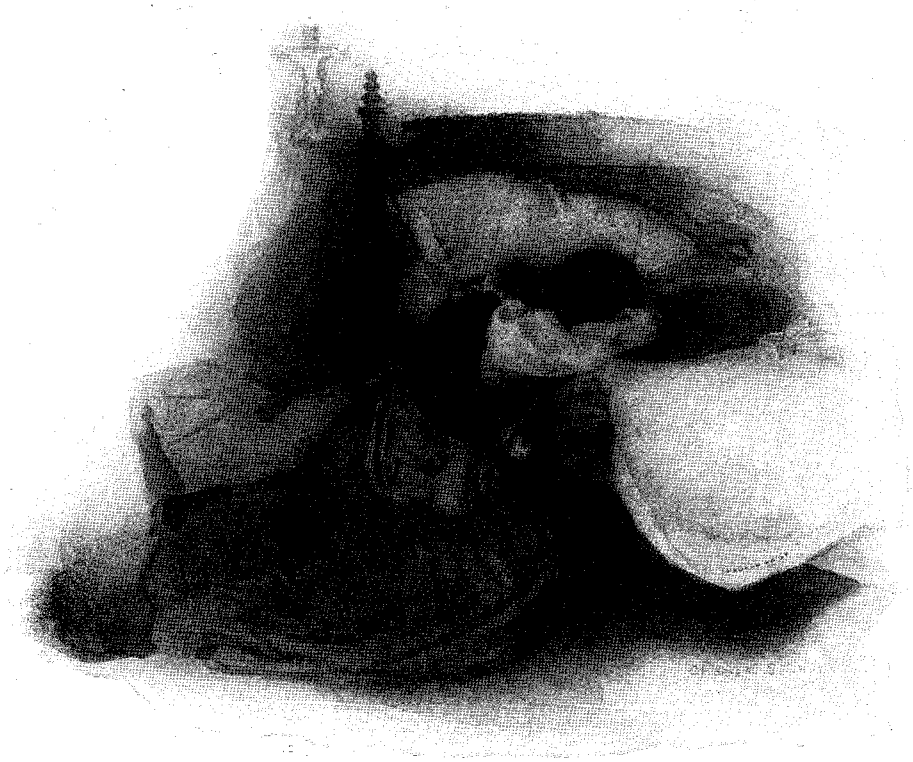
much as to make God jealous. The absurdity of such a prayer never occurred to her. She made it with childish simplicity. Probably it did no harm. For when Prosper came home she loved him more than ever. Then she went to high mass every Sunday morning with him and prayed for other things.

After four years there came a day when Prosper must go away for a longer absence. There was an affair connected with the Department of Forests and Fisheries, which could only be arranged at Ottawa. Thither he must go to see the lawyers, and there he must stay perhaps a month, perhaps two.

You can imagine that Toinette was desolate. The draught of fear that *tante* Bergeron had given her grew more potent and bitter in her simple heart. And the strange thing was that, although she was ignorant of it, there was apparently something true in the warning which the old woman had given. For jealousy—that vine with flying seeds and strangling creepers—had taken root in the heart of Prosper Leclère.

Yes, I know it is contrary to all the rules and to all the proverbs, but so it happened. It is not true that the strongest love is the most jealous. It is the lesser love, the love which receives more than it gives, that lies open to the floating germs of mistrust and suspicion. And so it was Prosper who began to have doubts whether Toinette thought of him as much when he was away as when he was with her; whether her gladness when he came home was not something that she put on to fool him and humor him; whether her *badinage* with the commercial travellers (and especially with that good-looking Irishman, Flaherty from Montreal, of whom the village gossips had much to say) might not be more serious than it looked; whether—ah, well, you know, when a man begins to follow fool thoughts like that they carry him pretty far astray in the wilderness.

Prosper was a good fellow with a touch of the prig in him. He was a Catholic



She fell on her knees beside her bed, sobbing as if her heart would break.—Page 366.

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"But that is a bad sign—the worst of all."—Page 368.

with a Puritan temperament and a Gallic imagination. The idolatry of Toinette had, as a matter of fact, spoiled him a little; it was so much that he weakly questioned the reality of it, as if it were too good to be true. All the time he was in Ottawa and on the journey those fool thoughts hobbled around him and misled him and made him unhappy.

Meantime Toinette was toiling through the time of separation, with a laugh for the store, and a sigh for the lonely house, and a prayer for the church. Tired as she was at night, she did not sleep well, and her dreams were troubled by aunty Bergeron's warning against loving too much.

In the cold drab dawn of a March morning it seemed to her as if the church bell had just stopped ringing as she awaked from a dream of Prosper. She put on her clothes quickly and hurried out. The road was deserted. In the snowy fields the little fir-trees stood out as black as ink. Against the sky rose the gray-stone church like a fortress of refuge.

But as she entered the door, instead of

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five or six well-known neighbors kneeling in the half-darkness, she saw that the church was filled with a strange, thick, blinding radiance like a mist of light. Everything was blurred and confused in that luminous fog. There was not a face to be seen. Yet she felt the presence of a vast congregation all around her. There were movements in the mist. The rustling of silks, the breath of rich and strange perfumes, the shuffling of hob-nailed shoes, the smell of the sea and of the forest, came to her from every side. There were voices of men and women, young and old, rough and delicate, hoarse and sweet, all murmuring the same prayer in many tongues. She could not hear it clearly, but the sound of their murmurs and sighs was like the whisper of the fir-wood when the wind walks through it.

She was bewildered and frightened. Part of going to church means having people that you know near you. Her heart fluttered with a vague terror, and she sank into the first seat by the door.

She could not see the face of the priest at the altar. His voice was unfamiliar. The tinkle of the bell sounded from an infinite distance. The sound of footsteps came down the aisle. It must be some one carrying the plate for the offering. As he advanced slowly she could hear the clink of the coins dropping into it. Mechanically she put her hand in her pocket and drew out the little piece of silver and the four coppers that by chance were there.

When the man came near she saw that he was dressed in a white robe with a hood over his face. The plate was full of golden coins. She held out her poor little offering. The man in the cowl shook his head and drew back the plate.

Tante Bergeron clumped sullenly away, muttering, "A mistress without a wedding-ring! . . . There's a big misery in that."—Page 368.

"It is for the souls of the dead," he whispered, "the dead whom we have loved too much. Nothing but gold is good enough for this offering."

"But this is all I have," she stammered.

"There is a ring on your hand," he answered in a voice which pierced her heart.

Shivering dumbly like a dog, palsied with pain, yet compelled by an instinct which she dared not resist, she drew her wedding-ring from her finger and dropped it into the plate.

As it fell there was a clang as if a great bell had tolled; and she rose and ran from the church, never stopping until she reached her own room and fell on her knees beside her bed, sobbing as if her heart would break.

The first thing that roused her was the clatter of the dishes in the kitchen. The yellow light of morning filled the room. She wondered to find herself fully dressed and kneeling by the bed instead of sleeping in it. It was late, she had missed the hour of mass. Her glance fell upon her

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Drawn by Charles S. Chapman.

The door opened, Prosper stood before her.—Page 369.

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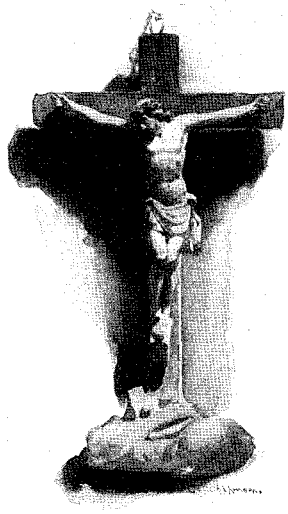
left hand, lying stretched out upon the bed. The third finger was bare.

All the scene in the church rushed over her like a drive of logs in the river when the jam breaks. She felt as helpless as a little child in a canoe before the downward sweeping flood. She did not wish to cry out, to struggle—only to crouch down, and cover her eyes, and wait. Whatever was coming would come.



Then the force of youth and hope and love rose within her and she leaped to her feet. "Bah!" she said to herself, "I am a baby. It was only a dream—the curé has told us not to be afraid of them—I snap my fingers at that old Bergeron with her stupid countersigns—*je m'en fricasse!* But, my ring—my ring? I have dropped it, that's all, while I was groping around the room in my sleep. After a while I will look for it and find it."

She washed her face and smoothed her hair and walked into the kitchen. Breakfast was ready and the old woman was grumbling because it had been kept waiting.

"You are lazy," she said; "a love-sick woman is good for nothing. Your eyes are red. You look bad. You have seen something. A countersign!"

She peered at the girl curiously, the wrinkles on her yellow face deepening like the cracks in drying clay, and her thin lips working as if they mumbled a delicious morsel—a foretaste of the terrible.

"Let me alone with your silly talk," cried Toinette gayly. "I am hungry. Besides, I have a headache. You must take care of the store this morning. I will stay here. Prosper will come home to-day."

"*Frivolante,*" said the old woman, with her sharp eyes fixed on the girl's left hand, "why do you think that? Where is your wedding-ring?"

"I dropped it," replied Toinette, drawing back her hand quickly and letting it fall under the table-cloth; "it must be somewhere in my room."

"She dropped it," repeated the old woman, with wagging head, "*tiens!* what a pity! The ring that not even death should take from her finger—she dropped it! But that is a bad sign,—the worst of all,—a countersign of——"

"Will you go? Old babbler," cried Toinette, springing up in anger, "I tell you to go to the store. I am mistress in this house."

Tante Bergeron clumped sullenly away, muttering, "A mistress without a wedding-ring! Oh, là-là, là-là! There's a big misery in that."

Toinette rolled up her sleeves and washed the dishes. She tried to sing a little at her work, because she knew that Prosper liked it, but the notes seemed to stick in her throat. She wiped her eyes with the hem of her apron, and went upstairs, bare-armed, to search for her ring.

She looked and felt in every corner of the room, took up the rag-carpet rugs and shook them, moved every chair and the big chest of drawers and the wash-stand, pulled the covers and the pillows and the mattress off the bed and threw them on the floor. When she had finished the room looked as if the big north-west wind had passed through it.

Then Toinette sat down on the bed, rubbing the little white mark on her finger where the ring had been, and staring through the window at the church as if she were hypnotized. All sorts of dark and cloudy thoughts were trooping around her. Perhaps Prosper had met with an accident, or he was sick; or perhaps the suspicions and unjust reproaches with which he had sometimes wounded her lately had grown into his mind, so that he was angry with her and did not want to see her. Perhaps some one had been telling lies to him, and made him mad, and there was a fight, and a knife—she could see him lying on the floor of a tavern, in a little red puddle, with white face and staring eyes, cold and reproachful. Would he never come back, come home?

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In front of the store sleigh-bells jingled. It was probably some customer. No, she knew in her heart it was her husband!

But she could not go to him—he must come to her, here, away from that hateful old woman. A step sounded in the hall, the door opened, Prosper stood before her. She ran to him and threw her arms around him. But he did not answer her kiss. His voice was as cold as his hands.

"Well," he said, "I come back sooner than you expected, eh? A little surprise—like a story-book."

She could not speak, her heart was beating in her throat, her arms dropped at her side.

"You are fond of your bed," he went on, "you rise late, and your room,—it looks like mad. Perhaps you had company. A party?—or a fracas?"

Her cheeks flamed, her eyes filled with tears, her mouth quivered, but no words came.

"Well," he continued, "you don't say much, but you look well. I suppose you had a good time while I was gone. Why have you taken off your wedding-ring? When a woman does that, she——"

Her face went very white, her eyes burned, she spoke with her deepest, slowest note.

"Stop, Prosper, you are unjust, something has made you crazy, some one has told you lies. You are insulting me, you are hurting me,—but I,—well, I am the one that loves you always. So I will tell you what has happened. Sit down there on the bed and be quiet. You have a right to know it all,—and I have the right to tell you."

Then she stood before him, with her right hand covering the white mark on the ring-finger, and told him the strange story of the mass for the dead who had been too much loved. He listened with changing eyes, now full of doubt, now full of wonder and awe.

"You tell it well," he said, "and I have heard of such things before. But did this really happen to you? Is it true?"

"As God lives it is true," she answered. "I was afraid I had loved you too much. I was afraid you might be dead. That was why I gave my wedding-ring—for your soul. Look, I will swear it to you on the crucifix."

She went to the wall behind the bed where the crucifix was hanging. She lifted her hand to take it down.

There, on the little shelf at the feet of the wounded figure, she saw her wedding-ring.

Her hands trembled as she put it on her finger. Her knees trembled as she went back to Prosper and sat beside him. Her voice trembled as she said, "Here it is,—*He* has given it back to us."

A river of shame swept over him. It seemed as if chains fell from his heart. He drew her to him. He felt her bare arms around his neck. Her head fell back, her eyes closed, her lips parted, her breath came soft and quick. He waited a moment before he dared to kiss her.

"My dove," he whispered, "the sin was not that you loved too much, but that I loved too little."

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THE FAMILY AND THE PANAMA CANAL

By Mary Gay Humphreys

CONSULTING the feelings this would be a rhapsody. But recalling one's scepticism over the rhapsody of others suggests confining one's statements to obvious facts.

In all this wide, wide world the most orderly community is that of the Panama Canal Zone. Here is the least crime; here are the fewest misdemeanors, the least exercise of the functions of the courts, the most industrious, the fewest idlers, absolutely no poor, equally conspicuous the absence of the rich.

With its steam-shovels working like sentient beings; its locomotives rushing about like screaming busybodies; its cement buckets skimming over the earth and riding the air to perform their varied tasks; with the long dirt trains weaving and turning on their tortuous tracks like pythons; still the most persistent impression is of beauty, orderliness, and propriety.

The greatest public work the world has ever seen is carried on not only with unremitting diligence, enthusiasm, and honesty, but with elegance, a high standard of living, and a *morale* to which the oldest and most opulent cities have never attained. These are the words of truth and soberness. The problems of the engineer are greater than man has ever before encountered but in kind. The cubic yards of dirt and cement transcend experience, but only in bulk. It is the organization that is without precedent in the whole history of public works—it is this that is the eighth wonder of the world. In this organization there is no detail so minute not to have received attention, from the most puzzling problems in engineering to the American youth's love of ice-cream nothing seems to have been left unconsidered. This elaboration of detail has doubtless been gradual; but to the visitor coming upon its completeness to-day, the impression is staggering, and not unmixed with envy.

Whether it is the unconscious working out of the genius of our own people, or a keenness of perception on the part of the supreme powers, it was determined as early as 1904 that to build the Panama Canal the workers must be not only healthy but happy; that to be either or both they must be surrounded by normal family life; that married men must be able to bring their wives and children, and that in doing this these must not be deprived of the privileges they enjoy at home. Thus, for the first time in the history of great undertakings, the important place of wives, mothers, and children was recognized, and on this is largely based that organization which is the astonishment and admiration of every visitor to the Canal Zone, and of which we at home know so little. As a corollary it may be observed that young married couples swarm. Looking over a recent report one learned that while the demand for bachelor quarters was one hundred and ninety-two, that for married quarters was over five hundred. A glimpse into the rooms of some of the bachelors—such is the technical term on the Canal Zone for the unmarried men—showed them comfortable, well furnished, and with club pennants, photographs, and sofa pillows much like those of college boys. Notwithstanding, there seems to be a premium on marriage, possibly due to the commissariat, and only the scarcity of marriage quarters checks an epidemic that would otherwise sweep the isthmus from Colon to Panama. That so considerate a government does not provide more married quarters is presumably due to the fact that everything tends toward the disbandment of the canal force, for all eyes are now looking toward the completion of the work.

There are four types of dwelling-houses on the Canal Zone, and these are assigned, military fashion, according to rank. The high dignitaries and heads of bureaus have their own houses. Those of lesser rank live in two-family houses; that is to say,

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each floor being a separate apartment. After these are the four-family houses, each apartment being cut into two. In every case, the great and small, the type is the same. The houses are of wood, painted gray with white trimmings, surrounded by galleries above and below which are screened with copper-wire netting and raised several feet from the ground, allowing for the free circulation of air beneath. The luxuriant growths of the tropics have draped these houses with bourgainvillas and other vines, the flaming hibiscus and the snowy ginger flower frame them in, and thus kept with that neatness the military exacts, these charming groups of houses, like beads on a string, follow the line of the great ditch.

These houses are furnished by the government with grass rugs prettily bordered, white iron bedsteads with their accompanying bureaus and tables, wicker chairs, stoves, and kitchen furniture. Each apartment has its shower bath and the most important houses porcelain baths. All this, including fuel and electric light, is furnished free. There is still another style of house which we have received from the French. This is a low one-storied house, and much coveted, since it is designed for only one family. It has been remarked that in no quarter of the world have four families been known to dwell under one roof in perfect amity. Regarding so nearly one another's belongings and privileges there are apt to be heart-burnings and jealousies.

It was profitable as well as agreeable to talk with the rank and file during chance encounters at the stations and in the quartermaster's brake, which generously hauls one up the steep slopes. These ladies were the wives of locomotive engineers and those who commanded steam-shovels. My good fortune was to listen to their appreciation, and this indicated different points of view held by others.

"I've no patience with some of these women standing in their husbands' light by complainin' and complainin'. They want to go back home, and try to make their husbands dissatisfied. I tell 'em you jus' wait until you have to pay your own rent, an' buy your own fuel an' gas that you get here for nuthin'. Jus' wait until ye have to buy blankets an' wool underwear, an' winter clothes, an' shoes an' mittens for the children; you jus' wait an' then you'll look back an' see how well off you are here. Why, these men get from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars a month. We're savin' to buy a farm when we get back. Catch me complainin' to my old man. So long." And she waved me a smiling adieu.

In the early days the student-lamp was deemed the best and safest illumination; but gradually the electric light was installed. The relative importance, however, was not understood. One of the historic disturbances brought to head-quarters was the complaint that the wife of a one-thousand-two-hundred-dollar man had two student-lamps, while she, the wife of a one-thousand-four-hundred-dollar man, had only electric light. But as a source of trouble the ice-box is to the Canal Zone what the clothes-line is to the city tenement. The lady upstairs forgets to empty the pan beneath, which overflows and leaks through on to the lady below. Hence ructions and complaints. Some of these get into the courts, but many are settled by Colonel Goethals at his Sunday mornings. These are an institution. Thither every one who has a grievance of any sort may come and tell it to him, whom a shrewd observer calls an example of Carlyle's Benevolent Despot authority in its most ideal form. What the colonel says "goes," and no one has estimated what he has saved his country in the matter of courts.

Colonel Goethals is a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, who is never seen in uniform, notwithstanding through his mail he is frequently addressed by his West Indian subjects as "Lord High Mightiness," "Royal Highness," and kindred high-sounding titles. Even man and wife disputes are brought to him to settle. A Jamaica negro came to him on one of these occasions and asked the colonel to compel his wife, who was with him, to give him her money. The colonel listened to his tale, and even the English of a Jamaica negro is worth hearing. The colonel asked but one question; this to the wife:

"Did you earn the money?"

She had earned the money; this the man admitted.

"Then the money is hers."

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The negro persisted. He was a British subject, and by British law he had a right to his wife's earnings.

"Very well," said the colonel, "I'll deport you both and you can settle it in the Jamaica courts. On the Canal Zone the money belongs to your wife." They were not deported.

Housekeeping on the Canal Zone presents unusual features. The commissary at Colon can only be compared to our finest city groceries, if these also had attachments for shoes, hats, trunks, clothes of all sorts—including evening dresses, which may be supposed to represent the taste of the administration—and fancy work. There are two entrances with the usual legends above—"Gold Employees" and "Silver Employees." I never saw the silver end when it was not crowded with the West Indian women buying supplies. One may easily hazard that Uncle Sam gets back in this manner a large part of what he pays out in wages. There are two peculiarities that distinguish commerce with the commissary. One is that no money passes. Employees only are privileged to buy, and these purchase books and pay with coupons. Outsiders in this manner, and in the interest of the Colon merchants, are barred. The second distinction is that the commissary offers but one grade, and that is the best. The prices are in almost every instance less than prices at home, as one may see in the published lists of the *Canal Record*. But there is another side to the situation.

"My table costs me just about what it does at home," said the president of the Cristobal Woman's Club. "The commissary has no 'seconds.' If I want to make an apple-pie I must buy the best quality of canned apples, when the less handsome would serve as well. I must use the best sugar and the best butter in cooking. Also, if I want a glass of jelly, I must buy it. At home I would make it, as I would my pickles. So if I keep up the same standard of living, notwithstanding the cheaper prices, it costs me just about the same as at home."

The government in its paternal aspect feeds about sixty-five thousand people a day. It "runs" fourteen government hotels and various kitchens for its different grades of employees; and for its visitors the luxurious Hotel Tivoli at Ancon, with a panorama of the beautiful Bay of Panama always before its eyes. At a government hotel one may eat at one end in shirt sleeves; at the other end a coat is obligatory. At the kitchens one holds out a pan, and may take it home or eat in the open. All these are managed for a modest profit. The great cold-storage plant is at Cristobal. Saturated with the torrid sun, one wanders through its ice-encrusted rooms as through Jack Frost's caverns, and shivers while wrapped in the heaviest of great-coats considerately kept for the curious. The contents come down in cold-storage ships, are unloaded into cold-storage cars, unloaded into the cold storage-plant, and thence distributed in cold-storage cars along the line. One could drive nails with the chickens and break stones with chunks of blue-fish.

It is needless to go into the statistics of food supply. It is the attention to economy in details and the regard for the welfare of the community that are impressive. At first the butter was brought down in pound rolls. Now it is shipped in tubs and weighed and stamped in pound rolls; because in doing this it can be sold for three cents a pound cheaper. The milk is now brought in cans and here bottled for the same reason, the cans being thoroughly sterilized before they are sent back. In a darkened cell, like two malefactors, two men spend their days before powerful electric lights testing eggs. The government discharges thirty-six thousand eggs daily, and the integrity of each one of these is assured before it leaves. The zeal with which this speck of the United States is guarded in the matter of pure food is almost humorous in the light of our pitiful struggles at home; and again the mind recurs to the advantage of Carlyle's Benevolent Despot over an elective administration and a congress given to debate.

The staff of the ice-cream plant is as active as the men in command of the steam-shovels. It requires two hundred and fifty gallons of ice-cream daily to satisfy the cries of our sweets-loving youth, while a hundred thousand pounds of ice are made and consumed in one way or another. Pies, even this competent government was obliged to give over, because they looked so disreputable after shipment,

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for on the Canal Zone appearances are regarded. The colossal bakery, however, makes all the bread and cake consumed, swallowing up nearly a hundred barrels of flour each day. I asked the young man managing it if he was a baker.

"Mercy, no. At home I was a bank clerk."

Uncle Sam washes the clothes. At Cristobal is the government laundry. This is organized, as everything else, on a Titanic scale and with the most modern equipment. Here everything from overalls to what is known as lingerie is impartially considered. Clothes delivered Tuesday will be sent home on Thurdsay. Scores of West Indian women are here employed in ironing, as they are at the bakery weighing out and packing coffee and spices.

The servant question on the Canal Zone is of that burning importance it assumes elsewhere. This is complicated by the fact that many families are here able to "keep a girl" who were not accustomed to enjoy one at home. Some of the higher dignitaries have brought their household staffs from home. But for the most part the organ of domestic service is the West Indian negro. When one mentions the Jamaican, mistresses smile at one another as at some joke current, and relate the latest. The houseman is asked about the weather.

"I think, ma'am, that rain may be momentarily expected." Or remonstrated with as to cobwebs replies, "I will remove them with the utmost diligence." He loves to take his pen in hand. A complaint addressed to the secretary of the commission begins, "Honored Sir, Good Morning," and after four pages concludes with "Honored Sir, Good Evening." He is proud of his nationality. "I am a British object, sir"—his ordinary protest when confronted by the requirements of the United States—is a phrase current. His sense of dignity, his high-flown language, and problematic speech furnish unlimited topics of conversation. His speech has perhaps been acquired from a Yorkshireman, a Scotchman, or a Cockney, and this he carefully uses to his superiors. Among themselves speech is a patois which might have come down from their ancestral Guinea. The housewives of the Canal Zone have acquired a certain connoisseurship. One will say:

"I find the Jamaican servants dull. They never learn. I have to tell them the same thing over and over. I prefer the Barbadoes. Their minds are more alert."

"I like those I get from Martinique," says another. "They have the quickness of the French, and are so willing. You can't say that of the Jamaican."

Others will discriminate in favor of Antigua. Except in a few instances there do not seem to be any negroes from the Southern States.

Having imported the wives and children of the employees to the isthmus, and having provided them with attractive homes and material comforts, the administration set about making them happy and contented. Nothing is more eloquent of our sturdy determination to build the Panama Canal and on schedule time. Coming from widely separated parts of the country, and out of widely varying conditions, these women arrived friendless and unknown. They were lonely; they missed chatting from door-steps and neighbors "running in"; for when one's government does the baking and washing, how can there be any borrowing of flour or clothes-pins? They were consequently unhappy and discontented. Some even prevailed on their husbands to throw up their profitable engagements and go home. Nothing seemed to daunt the Canal Commission. The government in response engaged an experienced organizer of women's clubs, Miss Boswell, and sent her to Panama to get these women together. This is, perhaps, the first time that reading papers on art and Shakespeare's heroines has borne any relation to carrying out successfully intricate problems in engineering. This is the latest thing in public works.

Women's clubs were organized from Cristobal to Ancon and appropriately federated, with Mrs. Goethals for president and Mrs. Gorgas as vice-president. The democracy of women's clubs touched its height. If a woman could not read papers, at least she could listen to them; and if many of these ladies held their hands over their mouths to conceal their yawns, at least there was acquaintance-

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ship and afternoon tea. The Woman's Club at Gorgona entertained the Woman's Club at Corazal; Culebra and Cristobal listened to one another's papers and exchanged comments. Out of the conditions of life on the Canal Zone there arose mutual interests and matters of common welfare that were carried forward in this new spirit of comity. There were the negro children to be looked after, school gardens to be started, covers for litters to shield the sick from the sun. There might be afternoons with Grieg, and something of the World's Great Cathedrals; but there were also lectures on the disposal of garbage and the art of nursing from experts; for the Canal Zone abounds in experts—it is a picked class that inhabits this strip of earth.

In time natural cohesion and mutual attraction made much of this club work unnecessary. The women formed alliances with those most congenial, and listening to papers was frequently given up for euchre clubs and five hundred. This showed that the important work was accomplished. Only five of the fourteen clubs are now active. I was privileged to attend a meeting of the Cristobal Woman's Club held in the reading-room of the Y. M. C. A., and met the wives of the judges, doctors, and engineers, who were its members. Here, after listening to a paper on "Home Life in the Philippines," these exiles gathered around the teacups after the hospitable manner of home. Some of these women were brides; others had been on the Canal Zone since the earliest days, but the grit to stand by until the end of the great enterprise and get all there is to get out of the alien life to which they are committed characterized them all. The enthusiasm of the stranger could not be galvanized out of familiarity with the daily routine; but they knew their parts and they were doing them as faithfully as any employees on the zone.

Directly opposite the club-house was the Cristobal Public School. The afternoon session was at hand when as if the heavens were opened there came up a sudden tropical shower. Hatless, bare-legged, the children came strolling through the downpour; even those with waterproofs, carrying them on their arms and dripping like retrievers, went in to their lessons.

"We think nothing of rain," said one of the club mothers. "The children play out-of-doors sun or rain, and thrive like the vegetation."

Every one agrees that young children grow and strengthen like weeds on the Canal Zone. "Nothing like it for children," said a father. "We took our baby from New York to Denver and then South in search of health, but without avail. Here in ten months it has grown robust."

But no beguilement or public spirit will persuade American women to go where there are neither churches nor schools. The school she places first, for her children are considered before herself. The public schools of the Canal Zone are as thoroughly organized as those at home, even to preparatory work and examinations for college.

The school-houses conform to the prevailing type in being surrounded by screened galleries and made attractive by vines and shrubs; but the outer frame is not carried up to the ceilings, and through this wide opening sweeps the perfumed air from without. A feature of the trains on the Panama road is the bevies of young girls going to the high-schools, which, unlike the primary and grammar schools, are confined to certain towns. These young girls in their pretty summer gowns and bare heads have the perennial charms of youth, and it was observed that the ribbon bows on the backs of their heads were as large as if they had been at home. At the station they climbed into the quartermaster's brake, which whisked them up to school. A comfortable Irish matron told me that it was her duty to look after them and chaperon them during the noon hour.

The church also is planted and thrives with its choir meetings, its prayer meetings, its altar guilds, Sunday-school picnics, church bazaars; even the Foreign Missionary meetings punctuate the month. The Sunshine Society works for blind babies leagues away, and the Little Workers stitch at petticoats and baby aprons for the destitute across the sea. It is touching to see how tenaciously these exiles keep their grip on all the habits and customs of home. In explanation one of the zealous said: "You see we have no poor, sick, or destitute here to work

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for." This seems the most staggering truth of all.

Six club-houses were built and the Y. M. C. A. asked to take charge of them. It is difficult to conceive what the Canal Zone would be without these centres of hospitality, amusement, and attractiveness; for these are among the most imposing of the houses on the Canal Zone. Here are billiard halls, gymnasium, reading-room, library, and posted on the bulletin board, among notices of concerts, lectures, and debates, notices of approaching balls, for dancing is among the enlarged duties of the Y. M. C. A., whose contests in bowling, basket-ball, and duck-pins, whatever these may be, are as much a part of public record as the daily results of ditch-digging.

Here the vagrant travellers are made welcome and permitted to partake of sandwiches, baked beans, ice-cream, and soft drinks, and to lounge in the luxurious depths of easy-chairs with the latest magazines. Each club-house has its piano and its phonograph. At Gatun four times within the hour I listened to "The Girl from the Saskatchewan," set going by different pink and blue shirted youths who, after cranking up, sank back listening blissfully with half-closed eyes and dreamily keeping in touch with Broadway. Amusement is part of the routine of digging the Panama Canal. In the early days the administration imported a group of singing girls who gave concerts all along the line. Now concerts, moving pictures, and dances are matters of course, and the Isthmian Brass Band has its regular Sunday-night engagements. This band is made up out of clerks, boiler-makers, and various other trades doing their eight hours daily. I heard them one ravishing Sunday night at the Hotel Tivoli. The moon, which there has the curious habit of rising in the Pacific Ocean, amid high rolling clouds, was tracing its sparkling path across the Bay of Panama. From the screened galleries a company gathered from the four quarters of the globe—for the isthmus is the tramping ground of the nations—listened to a programme ranging from Sousa to Schumann discoursed from the vine-clad band-stand without. It was a bewitching scene, and its deeper meaning touched the heart with love and pride. Surely if we at home could realize the beauty and decorousness which accompany the doing of a work we believe to be imperishable, and for the good of the whole world, the matter of profit and tolls, of national rivalries, and commercial advantage would take their place among minor considerations in view of the great example.

Here has sprung up every sort of organization that exists at home with the addition of a purely isthmian order mysteriously known as the Kangaroos, of whose doings one hears much. It is these having such female attachments as the Eastern Star and Daughters of Rebecca that have done so much to get wives and daughters into congenial circles and render superfluous the work of the women's clubs. Nor should be forgotten the Boy Scouts, who explore and camp out under the Southern Cross as they do under the Great Bear.

After watching a party of German travellers partake of *Kaffee* and *Kuchen* at the Gatun Club House, whither I had found refreshment and now sought repose, I was attracted by the insouciance of a young girl who sat down at the piano, where she played vigorously, while disdaining that team work with her hands so conspicuously observed among the steam-shovels and cement buckets. Weary at last of her efforts, she flung herself into a chair and looked accessible, as she proved to be.

"You bet we've seen changes. Father is a locomotive engineer, and we come down here in 1904. Gee! The mosquitoes and the mud! We lived in tents, and had tent dining-rooms. Now we live fine. No, I ain't never been back. Father takes his vacation in Cuba or Porto Rico or Costa Rica. There it's cool. The colonel won't let anybody loaf round here in vacation. You've got to git or stay on your job. And you can't go where you might get sick either. You can't go to South America. Father says it's his chance to see things. When we do go home we're going to have a farm—that is, if we don't settle here—and raise chickens. That's what mother and me are doing now over on the island."

"You are a young girl. How do you amuse yourself?"

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"Oh, I go to balls. Why, I've been to a ball at the Hotel Tivoli. Mother and I belong to the Alfaretta Lodge of the Daughters of Pocahontas and father's a Mason and a Kangaroo, and we get asked to their doings. The Kangaroos get the biggest turnout on the zone."

While we were thus pleasantly engaged, it was impossible not to notice her teeth gleaming with gold. It was not the first time I had noticed the dentistry of the isthmus. Never was there such a dazzling display of gold, gums, and ivory as among the canal workers. This was explained by the fact that the benevolent administration looks after the teeth as a condition of health. Nobody has time for the toothache.

The young girl, continuing our conversation, explained her presence on the mainland.

"You see I've got an appointment at the hospital at two o'clock. Oh, they know me. I've been operated on for appendicitis and for rupture. Now I'm going to get X-rayed to find out what makes these pimples on my face."

Before this excess of surgical luxuries one felt very modest indeed. Colonel Mason, the director of the Ancon Hospital, had already remarked on the opportunity for surgery as one of the perquisites most appreciated.

"They even bring their friends down for operation," he laughed.

Of the sanitation of the Canal Zone, on which the success of the undertaking is based, it is needless to comment, since the reputation of Colonel Gorgas marches beside that of Colonel Goethals. Of the hospitals we know less. Make the "hospital attractive," was one of his first orders, since it was essential to get the sick under the immediate supervision of the authorities. The problem now one might think would be to induce the patients to leave. The hospital at Colon looks over the Caribbean Sea, whose waves play beneath. Perched on the hill in the rear of the Hotel Tivoli, approached through an avenue of royal palms and overlooking a tropical landscape with the foot-hills of the Cordilleras in the distance, is the group of buildings that make the Ancon Hospital. In this French initiative has been carried out and elaborated. One wonders if with our practical ideas we would have conceived a system of such beauty and elegance. These buildings are composed and set in a landscape filled with tropical plants, labelled, and kept as if in a botanical garden. The gray buildings with their white lines and screened galleries conform to the type which distinguishes the Canal Zone, and the gravity of their color under the brilliant skies and brilliant foliage sinks into agreeable relief.

If the æsthetic side of the Ancon Hospital we owe to the French, its practical administration is all our own. This is controlled by Lieutenant-Colonel Mason, who has under him a staff of civilian doctors and nurses. This hospital takes charge of from two thousand to three thousand patients daily as they are drafted off from the hospital camps along the line. These are in charge of the different medical districts, and if the doctor in charge permits a mosquito to present his bill he has something to explain. Personally, I saw one fly on the back of a coachman in Panama, and was bitten by a stealthy mosquito one night at the Gatun station. This immunity from insect life makes visitors querulous. It is touching to hear them complain. "Why can't we have this at home?" On the Canal Zone it is obtained at the cost of two millions yearly. The mosquito is not exterminated; he is kept down. The black patrol with his squirt gun and pack is one of the features of the scene. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

"We have practically no typhoid here, and no case of yellow fever since 1905," said Colonel Mason. "Our most common disease is malarial fever, for we cannot prevent the negro from going to live in the jungle where he encounters the mosquito."

The excess of West Indians inevitably furnishes the greater number of the patients. The color-line is a diplomatic question here as elsewhere. "Gold and silver employees" is the euphemism current. This is misunderstood at home as relating to values, and believed to refer to the silver question. By no means. The canal is on a gold basis. These terms pertain to delicate sensibilities and indicate the color-line. At the hospital this is observed; but in a country where the

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varying shades of race and nationality confound the wisest the difficulties are increased.

"I gave up," said one of the commission, "when I saw a coal-black baby with Chinese features."

"This is my plan," said Colonel Mason. "On certain days the patients are allowed visitors. When the color of the patient is problematic, and this is usually in the case of women, I ask if she wants her husband to visit her. If she does, and he proves to be a negro, she goes into the colored ward. If she prefers to be considered white, she waives his visits and goes into the white ward."

As we strolled through the beautiful grounds, Colonel Mason called attention to his chicken and squab ranch and to his young banana plantation, that these delicacies might be furnished at less cost. In one building nurses were rolling surgical gauze bandages that had been used, washed, and resterilized. "We've cut down the cost just one-half," he exulted.

All my life I have heard of the wasteful methods of the government as compared with private enterprise. In the Philippines one became somewhat sceptical, observing the sense of responsibility soldiers developed toward battered tin plate and cups. I have seen a man's temperature go up because his mess kit could not be found, knowing that tears would not replace them except for cause. On the Canal Zone one is met by small economies on a large scale such as even careful housewives rarely practise. In that interesting periodical the *Canal Record* one reads an order from Colonel Goethals that the corners of coal cars be scrupulously scraped out, wastefulness not being tolerated. On every side, even to minutes and half minutes, one saw this regard for the greatest service at the least expense. Economy is frequently squalid; this is perhaps the reason we are disinclined to practise it. But economy which goes alongside with beauty and decorousness shares in their charms.

On the fertile slopes was a herd of a hundred cows whose part is to furnish milk to the hospital. These were also assisting in some experiments in cross-breeding by Colonel Mason in order to combine the giving of the most milk with the greatest ability to thrive under tropical conditions, which the average cow declines to do. In the same manner the imported chickens were being persuaded to keep company with the native fowls in order to withstand the climate and keep up their average of fresh eggs. Thus one thing leads to another and multiplies the varied interests one encounters aside from the great work.

Since the hospitals have in their keeping the health also of Panama and Colon, the charity cases number sixty-six thousand a year. Looking over a hospital report I counted patients from seventy different nationalities who have enjoyed the ministrations of our revered uncle. Beyond the attractive homes of the nurses and doctors, with all the accompaniments of easy living and entertainment, is the area, bounded by a high wire fence, set apart for the insane. Here were only three or four Americans. The negroes furnish the largest number. With almost all these it was the result of superexcitation, being simply unable to keep up the pace which life on the Canal Zone exacts. In the last analysis, whatever unpopularity we may undergo with our isthmian neighbors may be traced to the same cause. The matter of clean streets in Panama and Colon, both of which cities look as newly scrubbed as the faces of unwilling schoolboys, and of public order which our trim mounted police oversees, will always be regarded as an imposition until public order and clean streets have become a habit. Thus it will be seen that quite aside from the digging and the building of the Panama Canal a larger and equally important work is going on that is bound permanently to influence our isthmian neighbors. Even the negro who is bound to keep the space beneath his house swept if not garnished, to keep up a certain standard of living, to observe the laws of health and of propriety, will doubtless carry these habits to the isles of the sea where he belongs.

It is a piece of our good fortune that through various vicissitudes the building of the Panama Canal was transferred to the army. That the morale of the army is higher than that of business; that the building of the canal is being accomplished with economy and without graft,

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we must all recognize. This may not have been beyond the power of others. But only a man accustomed to command could have filled the place of Colonel Goethals as he has filled it. Only men accustomed to have had in their care the material welfare of others could have evolved this organization so intricate, so complete in all its parts, and these so successfully welded together. Contrasting the ugliness of railroad settlements, the grime of factory and forge, of furnace and mine, with the beauty, the orderliness, and the decency of the little villages that are the centres of the great work, one realizes that only out of the army could have come so astonishing and so humane an illustration of the Art of Doing.

THE POINT OF VIEW

MANY years ago an eminent Englishman remarked to an American friend that the Military Academy at West Point seemed to him the most uncharacteristic thing which he had seen in the United States. The length and thoroughness of the course might indeed be surprising to any one who knows how short a period of preparation is considered sufficient to obtain a commission in his Britannic Majesty's service, where the fledgling officer has frequently to be coached by his sergeants in the minutiæ of the day's duties. But what chiefly impressed our English friend was the fact that in free and easy America it should ever have occurred to any one to maintain a discipline so rigid.

Sword and Ploughshare

For our own part, we accept the discipline as a necessary part of the training of a soldier and are rather proud of our well-drilled military and naval cadets, even though some of us may deprecate not only war, but fitness for war. Comparatively few of us, however, realize how many supplementary schools the army maintains and the extent to which these technical schools are educating men in the handicrafts of peace. Some two thousand men graduate from them each year, of whom about ten per cent are officers. A very large proportion of the enlisted men—perhaps three-fourths—go out as soon as possible into civil life. Many of them enlist and willingly accept the military duties of a soldier simply for the sake of this training, purchasing their discharge as soon as they graduate; although in any case the period of enlistment is so short that they are soon free to go. It may seem at first sight that the government is thus defrauded of the service which it has a right to expect, but, on the whole, the benefit to the country is probably greater than if the men remained in the army, and the government may well content itself with the effective residue left to it and with the reflection that it has performed a patriotic service.

When the army undertakes the business of teaching it does its work with admirable efficiency; and a strict military discipline is of great advantage. For its students cannot get away and cannot shirk. Your soldier, be he officer or enlisted man, must obey orders. He must be steady at his job. Yet even with the advantage of discipline the schools did not make much headway until they had succeeded in getting together a group of enthusiastic officer instructors. The enthusiasm has been passed on from one set of officers and men to their successors and is a permanent and important factor in the success of the schools.

These by-products of the army are very interesting. Take, for instance, the Mounted Service School, which graduates about two hundred men annually. Its department of farriery alone enables a graduate to command a hundred dollars a month in civil life. For the methods are advanced and no such instruction is to be obtained outside of the army school. Whereas ordinarily a blacksmith may learn his trade in two years, here he gets a much better training in six months, and that with far less torture of defenceless beasts. For he

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practises on a wax foot and learns to make and manipulate a leaden horseshoe before he is allowed to work on the horse. Not for him the injurious practice of clapping a red-hot shoe on the hoof and letting it burn its way to a good fit. Yet with all his nicety of preparation and fitting he works far more expeditiously than your ordinary blacksmith. Where the latter takes an hour for the job, he accomplishes it in twenty minutes. He also has a course in veterinary science and finds in the horse's infirmary all the most modern appliances.

As for the riding in the Mounted Service School, it is the last word in the practical education of a horseman. The training is severe, involving many casualties, but it results in finished horsemanship. These officers and men of the cavalry and field artillery ride with marvellous daring, skill, and grace. Nor should we quite forget the equal enthusiasm of the horses—those horses, so well set up by their training, so different in bearing from the work-a-day civilian horse. Who can fail to remember the beautiful and frolicsome mare who, for pure joy, always took an extra jump between hurdles?

We have two Schools of Cooks and Bakers turning out each year about five hundred men. Very good cooks and bakers they are, equally well versed in in-door and out-door cooking. They get both theoretical and practical education, with much scientific knowledge of food values. Incidentally the school supplies all bread, cakes, pies, etc., to the garrison and mans the mess kitchens. A special point is the training of mess sergeants who order the supplies and keep the accounts of the mess, arranging each day's bill of fare with due regard to variety and nourishing quality. With a skilful mess sergeant the fare is excellent on a daily expenditure of twenty-two cents per capita. If occasionally the sergeant can bring it down to a trifle less than the allowance the surplus goes into the company fund, from which comes the money for gala occasions. The Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners set before the enlisted men, with their oyster soup, their turkeys, cranberry sauce, and vegetables, and their innumerable pies, cakes, and other sweets, would win the approval of the Pilgrim mothers. It would be refreshing to a jaded housewife to see the lively interest taken by both student officers and enlisted men in this branch of domestic science. A graduate of these schools also commands a hundred dollars a month in civil life.

The coast artillery has its schools where men are made into competent electricians and electrical engineers, who can get their seventy-five to a hundred dollars a month as soon as they leave. The output of these schools is about five hundred men annually.

From the handicrafts we advance toward the arts. In our sixty bands we train musicians and qualify them to be wage-earners. Over eight hundred of them are made each year into competent band-players. These, too, find themselves very well off when they get their discharge. Their best paid job is the training of other musicians, but many of them are in demand to supply music for moving-picture shows. Wherever they go they are fitted to command good salaries.

The Schools of Fire and Marksmanship are of course to be classed as strictly military institutions, but the training which they give in accuracy of eye and effective rapidity of thought is an asset in any kind of occupation and any manner of life.

It may be said that, after all, our two thousand graduates are but as a drop in the ocean. I should prefer to liken them to the lump of leaven. For, thanks to the thoroughness of their training, each man takes with him into civil life not only his own increased productiveness, but a high standard of efficiency which is bound to have some little effect on his surroundings. Since your competent blacksmith or cook is not going to put up with incompetent assistants he trains other blacksmiths and cooks. And there are, of course, other ways, more intangible but no less important, in which a man of this stamp benefits his community. It is not in vain that he has submitted to a period of strict discipline. He is able to see the value of regular habits, cleanliness and order, devotion to duty, and respect for authority, and he is likely to do his share in impressing this value on others. And finally, when he has served under the flag, will not his sense of patriotism be thereby quickened, making of him a better citizen? It truly seems that we may be indebted to our army for more than a material defence against our enemies.

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As to Having an "Air"

ONE of the things as to which Greyson and I are fully agreed is the value and importance of an air in man or woman. In these days of many disintegrations we are of one mind in considering the look and manner of personal distinction as one of the last things left for the æsthetic sense to take satisfaction in. But where we diverge is that Greyson finds it difficult to admit that having things—just merely having concrete, tangible things in plenty—may give such a look and manner. He will not agree that sheer materialities, if only they be in sufficient numbers and of adequate opulence, may bestow something of the poise, simplicity, directness, which is of the essence of the *grand air*. Yet I have been pointing out to him recently that he might profitably observe, in this connection, the appearance in public places of some of the plutocratic personages of the great Middle West. Greyson, of course, is familiar with certain facts. He knows that importers of the most rarefied Continental ideas in jewelry, furniture, and clothes, that dealers in rare "museum-piece" rugs, that purveyors of all the sensuously exquisite appurtenances of a luxurious material existence, send their wares in a continuous stream to this Middle West. But having met certain rather resonant beings from those parts he clings to the notion that there can be no rapport between the beautiful and artistic objects bought there and those that buy them. Still, he is prepared with no denial when I put it to him that people who appear to have come straight out of the novels of Phillips or Robert Herrick—people who may have culture and antecedents, but are frankly disdainful of "going in" for either (in the way, at least, known and practised in the East)—often have, with all their casualness, distinctly a "look." See them in the throng of any cosmopolitan gathering, at the races in Paris, at restaurants in London during the season, at a Newport tennis tournament, at a great foot-ball game, and they are noticeable; though for none of the reasons that hitherto have been supposed to make people noticeable. Theirs is not the elegance of the old world, but a large, easy, balanced mien, an implication of power and assurance, that speaks of the new.

"I do own," says Greyson, "that such personages 'stand up' at moments which reduce less distinct personalities to insignificance. The rich Western American has much, usually, of the unruffled self-confidence of one who has always known and seen abundance. He has lived at a time and place in which poverty has probably come nearer to being non-existent than ever before in the history of the world. He has seen money come easily to every one; and he and his have travelled everywhere. Even people in the small towns, people who live in modest frame houses with little gardens around them, go every winter to Florida or California and every summer to Europe. The home-keeping side of their lives may be as democratic as you will, but they see, do, buy, and know the best. Yet some little old Southern lady in darned laces, in a bare house, with one or two slip-shod negroes to wait upon her, may be more than a match for them in manner; and some family of middle-aged, carefully speaking Bostonians, with excellent, self-conscious clothes, and traditions of wealth alike and of queer small economies, may make them seem very new and 'unaccustomed.'"

"But can they make them seem as 'unaccustomed' as once they might?" I interrupt. "No, and there's the crux. This is the day of things; and he who is a conqueror among things, and glories in them frankly, instead of making a feint (which is never genuine) of despising them, has many of the advantages of the grander manner easily on his side. Let us confess it. The tide is rising, and——"

But Greyson is unconvinced. In the end he hedges in so far as to acknowledge that possessions *indirectly* count in giving men an air; but indirectly only, since they have importance for that purpose to the extent that the individual is independent of them, and not further. In this view one's rich Westerners, impressive, in such a "different" way, among the impressive personages of the London restaurants, derive their look of power—held in a rather loose, undressed fashion, to be sure—from the fact that most of them could turn, from one day to another, to pioneer work in overalls, and not perhaps so very much mind. Which is, in another aspect, really the case of the little old Southern lady, reduced to quite the bare necessities, but rising above such estate through remembered familiarity with another, and taking both conditions, in the last analysis, with an equal spirit.

And doubtless, when one thinks of it, this view of Greyson's is the right view.

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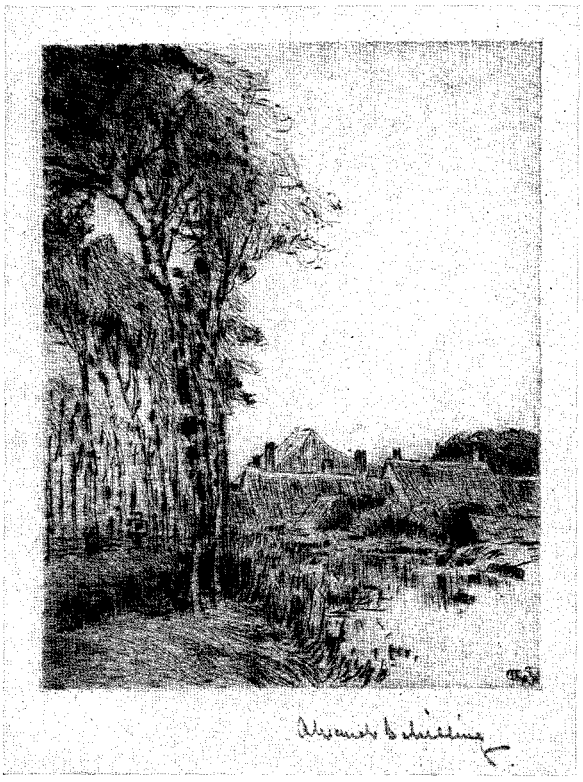
THE FIELD OF ART



The Waal near Oostendam.
From the dry-point etching by Alexander Schilling.

AMERICAN PAINTER-ETCHING: A REVIVAL

THE exhibitions of the New York Etching Club, founded in 1877, for a number of years formed an interesting pendant to the annual show of the American Water Color Society. The best work of this period illustrated in a creditable—and in numerous cases a very noteworthy—manner the variety of effect possible to the etching process employed with sympathetic understanding of its peculiar nature. But there came the time when painter-etching languished.

In recent years, the appeal of the medium has again been heeded, and artists of the younger generation have been enlisted in the service of this fascinating art. Etchings again constitute an interesting addition to the yearly water-color exhibitions, and "one-man shows" of American work are seen in museums and print-shops. In its most conspicuous and satisfactory manifestation the artistic outcome of this activity evidences an understanding of the significance of the art in its resources and limitations. That is, the nature of the medium is respected and is adapted to each individuality, a necessity in the practice of any art. And, what is quite as important, not a few of these etchers really have something to say.

The present revival is not only more than a passing fad, but it has in it certain elements which make it a hopeful sign, a possible factor of some moment in the future development of American art.

The frequent occurrence of American subjects is a gratifying feature. That beauty and interest can be found in our every-day surroundings is an old truth that has to be emphasized again in every generation. This is

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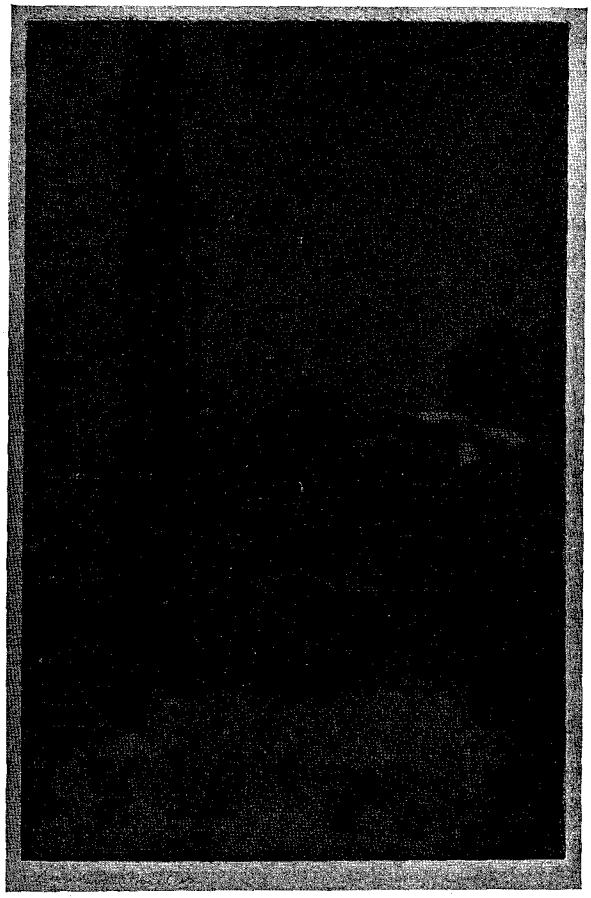
brought out anew by our younger etchers; for example by Charles Henry White, who has set before us, with discriminating accent, the picturesque qualities of street and alley, of tenement and stately residence, of water-front and factory district in New York, Boston, New Orleans, Pittsburg, and other American cities.



The Storm, Church of St. Vincent de Paul.
From the etching by Addison T. Millar.

Henry Winslow, B. J. Olssen-Nordfeldt, A. T. Millar, H. H. Osgood, J. C. Vondrous, Washburn, H. A. Webster, and J. André Smith are others who have found attraction in the metropolis and other cities, giving us individual impressions of every-day scenes often either without our vision or seen by us unseeing.

The architecturally picturesque qualities of our urban surroundings have been presented with particular frequency and emphasis by two who were already identified with the earlier movement for original etching—Pennell, who has in recent years again exercised his mastery in the delineation of scenes in his homeland, of the tall buildings of New York and the industrial establishments of Pittsburg, and C. F.W. Mielatz.

Mielatz, who has long been pre-eminently the etcher of New York city scenes, is to-day not only in the maturity of his powers, but is striking out into new fields, both in method and in choice of subject. Fertile in resources, with the experimentative spirit of a Buhot or a Guérard, he finds new possibilities of effect, as in his recent delightful views at Lakewood. His strong interest in technical processes is shared to some extent by artists who have made judicious use of certain aids to etching. So the suave quality of soft ground etching is utilized by A. T. Millar, and by George Senseney in his color prints, while Vaughan Trowbridge employed aquatint as a vehicle for color, and Ozias Dodge combines sun-printing and the etching bath to produce plates with a lithograph-like softness of grain.

Among the few who have devoted themselves to figure work is Otto J. Schneider, who has portrayed some of our notabilities in letters and in political life (Lincoln, Emerson, Mark Twain) with a style in which swing and easy mastery of line have been used not for parade of technical ability but in directness of characterization. His portrait of his friend Nordfeldt, the etcher, is an interesting example of free and vigorous handling. In contrast to these are his distinguished female portraits, with a suggestion of Helleu, but individual nevertheless, and with a note of elegance echoed in portraits by A. G. Learned, such as that of John W. Alexander.

Different in style, slightly reminiscent of the period of John Leech, are John Sloan's grimly humorous, but not malicious, pictures of New York life, somewhat akin to W. J. Glackens's in sketchy method and choice of subject. His "Fun, One Cent," "The Woman's Page,"

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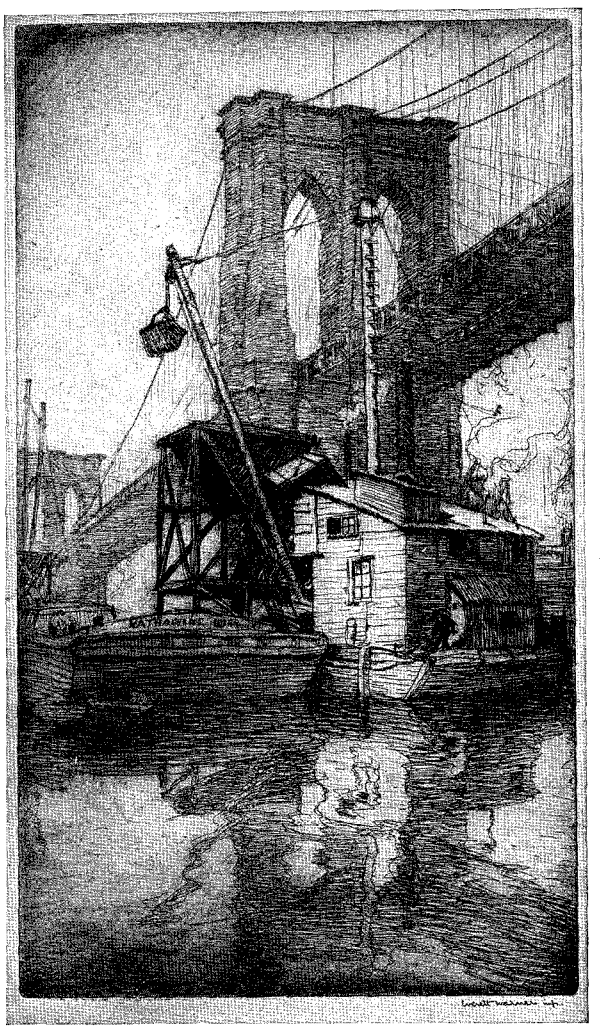
"Fifth Avenue Critics," "Connoisseurs at a Print Exhibit," and similar scenes point their moral with a frank acceptance of the illustrator's function to illustrate. This last is a quality none too common in these days when slick drawings of swagger men and smart women do duty as illustrations with a wearisome sameness and irrelevancy.

So we are reminded again that subjects are at our door, that art with us, too, can be of the soil, a reflection of American life and aims and traditions and progress, clarified, if you will, by the idealizing and selecting vision of the artist, seen through his temperament, summarized by his power of grasping and suggesting the prevailing spirit of time and place and people.

Some of the names here mentioned are, like Pennell's, associated more particularly with foreign subjects. Our younger etchers have seen with their own eyes and thus rendered for us Paris (once glorified by Meryon) and other parts of France, that apparently inexhaustible storehouse of attractive subjects. They have recorded on copper their sense of the picturesque qualities of Italy, the charm of the cities with their buildings enshrining the associations of generations and centuries—Venice (city of



Under the Brooklyn Bridge.
From the etching by Everett Warner.

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beauties approved by Whistler), Florence, Perugia. The influence of the strange, mad French genius and of our distinguished countryman abroad is potent in much of this activity, but it is shown mainly in an infusion of the spirit of those masters into disciples proclaiming the everlasting principles of beauty in their own words.

Herman A. Webster, for instance, delighting in out-of-the-way quarters of old French towns, with sun-baked walls and mysterious shadows in dark corners, has felt the compelling, stern attraction of Meryon, yet he goes his own way. In some of his plates, the definite sureness of his touch is linked with a certain severity, while in others there is a richness which in some original drawings becomes a lusciousness that makes one regret that he has not tried the lithographic crayon. This feeling of independent expression similarly characterizes the plates of Donald Shaw MacLaughlan—whose personal interpretation of locality is well defined by Wedmore as neither eccentric nor commonplace—Everett L. Warner, Albert C. Worcester, and George C. Aid, who managed five times to contrast the cool arches of the Pont Neuf in Paris and the houses beyond exposed to the quivering sunlight of a hot summer day, with difference of aspect and vision in each case. In the plates of Lester G. Hornby, light yet precise records of life and surroundings in various corners of Paris, neither buildings nor humanity predominate, but all is seen and shown as an assemblage of necessary parts of a scene of life and movement and sunshine and rich shadows. Everything has its place and you cannot well characterize any individual plate as architectural or picturesque or genre, because all those elements are there in proper subordination.

A like assertion of individuality in varied manner may be traced in the etchers of Italian scenery, G. W. Chandler, Cadwallader Washburn, and Ernest D. Roth. The last named's careful adherence to detailed fact and the use of the line to render tones, while in contrast to the suggestive summariness now in vogue, give a noteworthy personal impression of local spirit.

In the case of Washburn, the few Venetian scenes formed the starting point for a series of etching trips which took him to Japan, Cuba, and Mexico. The architectural subjects in the last-named country, done with synthetic and direct sureness, and always showing the buildings as modified by local climatic and atmospheric conditions, perhaps mark his highest achievement at present, with the possible exception of his studies of Mexican peons. These last, like his capital head of a Buddhist priest, are delightfully characterized and of an effective richness in shadow accent. This artist has furthermore expressed the charm of pure landscape etching, strangely rare, for the rest, in this present revival, apart from the work of Schilling, André Smith, and Millar. In his "Norlands Series" he has pictured meadow, woods, and streams of Maine with sympathetic understanding of the beauty of the simple, ordinary home country.

Many different notes in the range of possibilities have been sounded by those whose names have been mentioned. And more might be added—Augustus Koopman, A. A. Lewis, Ernest Haskell, John Marin, R. F. Williams, Maud Hunt Squire, Charles K. Gleason, Thomas W. Stevens, and Mrs. Bertha E. Jaques, and others of the recently founded Chicago Society of Etchers, or George E. Burr, Helen Hyde, and others whose efforts in the cause bridge the space to the Pacific coast.

Widely differing individualities thus seek and find expression in this art of such extended possibilities, of such infinite suppleness, yet of so intimate a character. There is no violent novelty in the various personal phases of this movement, no obstreperous shriek, no blatant blare of revolt. Individuality finds due and full expression, but finds it in an orderly use of the vehicle through which it is conveyed. That is a significant factor in this revival—the spirit which finds technical expression for a realization of the possibilities of the medium in combination with a given personality. For the medium, be it brush and canvas, chisel and stone, graver and wood-block, or needle and copper-plate, has its potentialities and its limits, both of which must be clearly understood to produce the best results. Respect for the medium does not imply hampering of individuality, but simply its orderly expression. In other words, submission to the necessities imposed by the tool is no more a curb on genius than is the grammar of a language. Genius will mould the method to its manner and its needs, and without doing violence to it. It is the very diversity in this language of needle and acid which increases the attractiveness of this phase of American art.

This renewed interest in etching, therefore, with its implied opportunity for refreshing the painter's observation, means an infusion of healthy spirit into our art life.

FRANK WEITENKAMPF.

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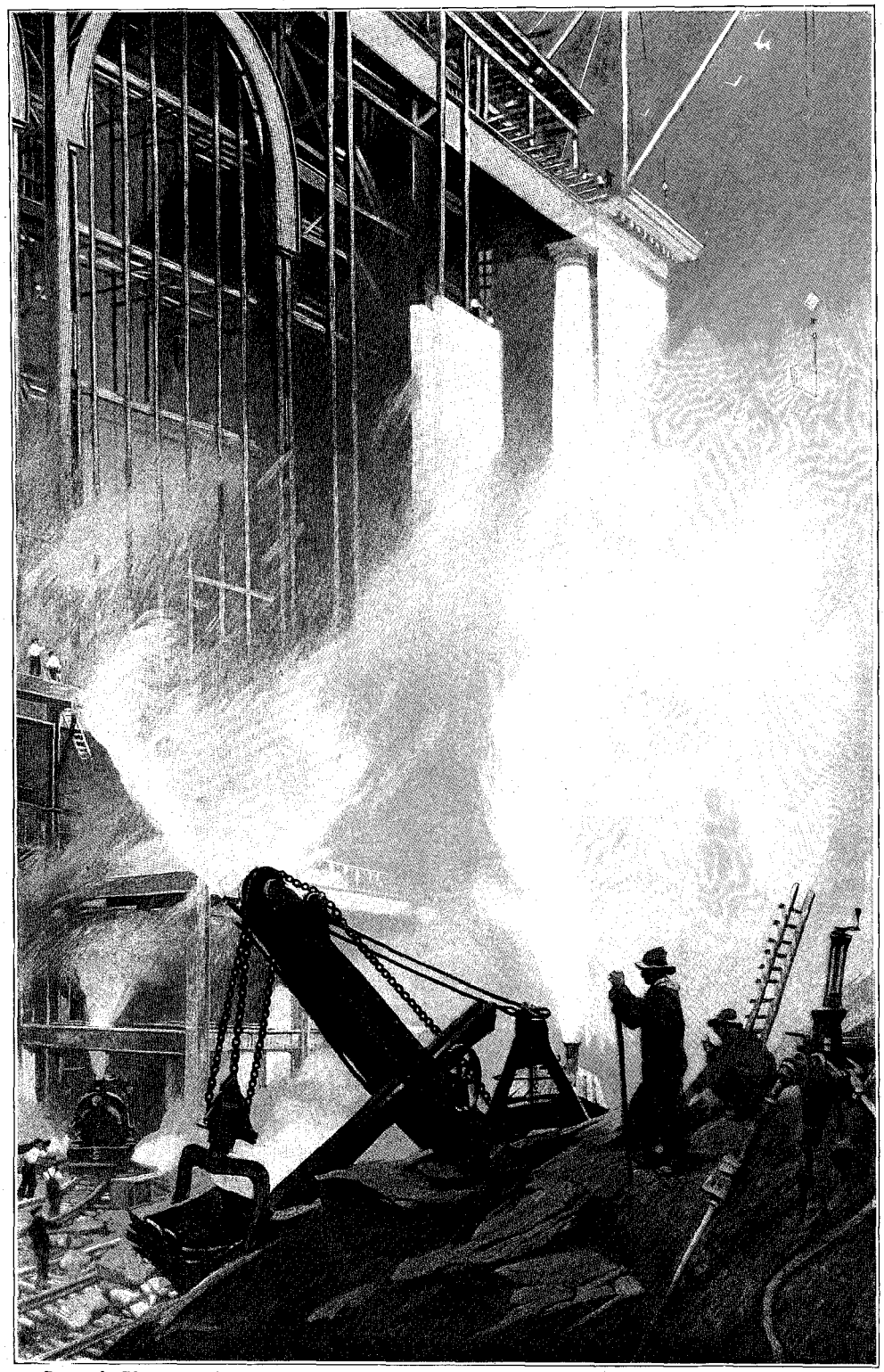

Drawn by Thornton Oakley.

THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.
EXCAVATING AND ERECTING GOING ON SIMULTANEOUSLY.
A VIEW FROM THE WEST SIDE.

—"The Terminal—The Gate of the City."

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